The Outlook

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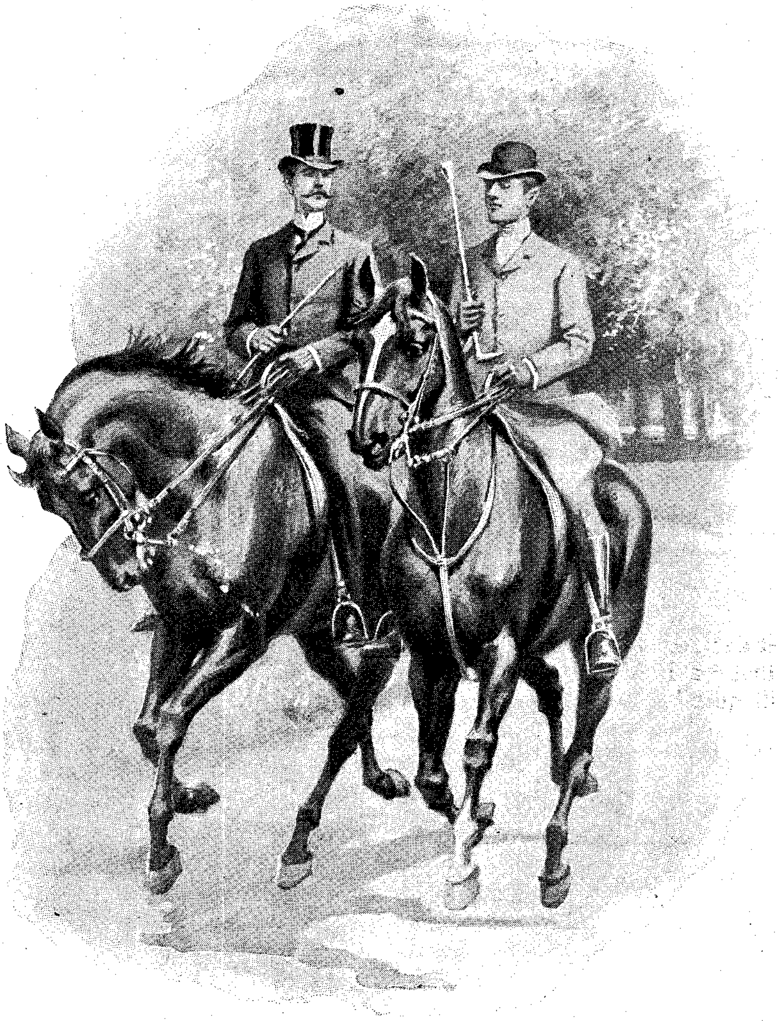

"People, generally, care more about comfortable living these days. The simplest houses have the new plumbing, and families who used to get along with one bathroom now have several."

"Naturally, too, the substantial white tub and stationary stand, so clean looking in themselves, seem to call for a soap that is substantial, white and cleansing. A proof of this is in the fact that wherever you find the modern ideas of cleanliness, a plain pure soap, Ivory Soap, is almost invariably preferred."

IT FLOATS.

The Outlook

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The New York Campaign: The Jerome-Fulton Correspondence The source of Mr. Jerome's information on which he based his charge that Mr. Low was unpopular and could not be elected has been disclosed in an extraordinary correspondence between Mr. Jerome and Mr. Thomas A. Fulton, the paid Secretary of the Citizens' Union Committee. Mr. Fulton in these letters wrote to Mr. Jerome telling him that there was much opposition to the nomination of Mr. Low, that much of the so-called unanimous support was insincere, that Mr. Low had not yet decided to take the nomination, and that "a little more pounding and he will quit." This, and more to the same effect, was written with much protestation that it was in confidence. Mr. Fulton had a right to oppose the nomination of Mr. Low provided he did so openly; but that he should, by secret correspondence, work to defeat the action of the Executive Committee under whose general direction he was placed, indicates in him an extraordinarily low standard of honor. He seems to have been excited by the dangerous passion for playing politics, and to have undertaken the game without knowing how to play it. That these letters should have been accepted by Mr. Jerome as a basis for his action, and that he should have allowed himself to be instigated by such a man to give in public the "pounding" called for to induce Mr. Low to "quit," indicates in Mr. Jerome an incapacity to measure men which surprises his friends. That he should have given these confidential letters to the press indicates in Mr. Jerome also a lack of that sense of honor which his friends supposed he possessed in the highest degree. His provocation for so doing was that he was pounded himself, and his excuse for so doing was that Mr. Fulton, frightened by the tempest he had stirred up, in his last letter urged Mr. Jerome to "keep quiet," and enforced this counsel by a threat implied in the statement that "a lawyer who should know said to me to-day, 'Jerome's is the rottenest department in the city.'" No one who knows Mr. Jerome believes this, any more than he who knows Mr. Low believes that there is rottenness in any municipal department for which Mr. Low is responsible. Mr. Fulton has been dismissed from his position in the Committee. Mr. Jerome has so far discredited himself that it is not a matter of grave importance whether he takes any part in the municipal campaign or not. The two men who have emerged with increased honor from this unfortunate affair are Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, the Chairman of the Citizens' Union, who has carried himself throughout with dignity and reserve, and Mr. Low, who has not only kept absolute silence under the "pounding," but has managed, with remarkable tact and skill, to prevent any appearance even of an interview or attempted interview with him by the ubiquitous reporters.

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The New York Campaign: Nominations and Platforms Quite apart from the Jerome-Fulton incident, last week was an exceptionally eventful one in New York politics. It began with a concerted movement on the part of the Citizens' Union to secure the nomination of the city's most honored men for Aldermen. In politics, as well as in religion, reformations are often attempts to restore earlier conditions, and this effort to restore the name of Alderman to its earlier significance commanded the approval of all good citizens. Mr. Cutting, the President of the Citizens' Union, who two years ago declined a unanimous offer of the nomination for Mayor tendered him by the responsible leaders of the Fusion forces, has accepted the nomination for Alderman from the ward in which he was born. In doing this he has set an example which will help in the work of municipal reform all over the country.——When the Fusion conventions were held to nominate the city ticket, all the present city officers were renominated. The Republican platform, as well as the Citizens' Union's, declares for the complete separation of National issues from municipal campaigns, and the Citizens' Union platform, in reaffirming the principles announced two years ago, calls particular attention to its position in favor of municipal ownership and control of public franchises, and the support which the Low administration has given to this reform.——While Mr. Jerome's course has apparently had the effect to unite the Fusion forces more completely, there is indication of a serious split in the pro-Tammany forces in the publication of a protest from "Boss" McLaughlin, of the Brooklyn Democracy, against the nomination of Congressman McClellan, Tammany Hall's favorite for the Democratic mayoralty nomination. Mr. McLaughlin's letter was rather more embarrassing to Tammany than Mr. Jerome's to the Citizens' Union, because it was a breach of discipline in circles where discipline is regarded as a supreme virtue. Mr. McLaughlin declared very pointedly that the independent Democrats of Brooklyn would not support a Democratic mayoralty candidate whose name did not guarantee the suppression of "graft," and stated specifically that Mr. McClellan's nomination would be at the risk of party defeat. This letter made it clear to every one that the Brooklyn boss saw no chance of carrying his borough against Mr. Low if Tammany Hall insisted upon naming a recognized Tammany adherent for Mayor. Mr. McLaughlin's letter stirred up much resentment in Tammany Hall, and has apparently increased the probability of the nomination of the Tammany candidate against whom it was directed. The leader of Tammany, Mr. Murphy, now asserts, with some force, that he cannot abandon Mr. McClellan after Mr. McLaughlin's public attack.

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The Ohio Campaign Altogether the most picturesque and important State campaign this year is that in Ohio, and the latest reports indicate that the Republican majority of ninety thousand a year ago will be reduced by the vigorous campaign which Mayor Johnson is making, with the hearty support of the Bryan Democracy. Mayor Johnson's re-election in Cleveland last spring added to his prestige, and the persistency and aggressiveness with which he has fought for the equal taxation of railroads and the city ownership or control of city franchises have given him a hold upon the anti-monopoly Republicans of Ohio similar to that which Mayor Pingree obtained upon the anti-monopoly Democrats of Michigan a few years ago. Indeed, the Johnson programme is almost precisely the Pingree programme, and Mayor Johnson's personality both in its repellent and its attractive qualities is singularly like that of Mayor Pingree. Many of his followers admit his egotism and his painfully self-assertive ambition. But they regard him as sincere in his devotion to the interests of the common people and singularly able to accomplish things in their behalf. The marked increase in railroad assessments in Ohio during the past year is attributed by them to the pressure of public opinion aroused by his agitation; and the long series of obstacles put in the way of his municipal ownership plans in Cleveland, so far from having lessened their faith in his ultimate triumph, have intensified their hostility to the interests which have created these obstacles. Since the present campaign began, these interests obtained an injunction preventing the city of Cleveland from holding an election this month to determine whether a municipal electric plant should be constructed. The injunction was rightly granted, for a fair election could not have been held under the statute providing for such elections, as it stipulated that there should be only one polling-booth in each ward. But as this peculiar statute was framed by a Republican Legislature, the granting of the injunction has rather helped than hurt Mr. Johnson. On State issues the Republican leaders have not shown the vigor and determination of their opponent. Mr. Herrick, the candidate for Governor, has endeavored to meet Mr. Johnson's cry for the equal taxation of railroads by a cry against the single tax upon land values. Mr. Johnson is, as every one knows, a believer in the single tax; but as his platform does not raise this issue, but, on the contrary, demands the taxation of corporation securities at the same rate as land, his personal views are not likely seriously to influence the electorate. The Republican leaders, at the formal opening of their campaign at Chillicothe, generally endeavored to make the campaign turn upon National issues—currency, tariff, prosperity, and President Roosevelt's administration. This was good politics and was perfectly legitimate, as the most important place to be filled is the United States Senatorship, now held by Senator Hanna. If the Republicans are victorious in Ohio, as is still expected by nearly all dispassionate observers, the result will apparently record a verdict upon National rather than State issues.

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More Victories for Direct Primaries

Louisiana has now been added to the list of Southern States in which all candidates for State offices in the dominant party are chosen directly by the people at the primaries instead of by delegates to State conventions. The machine, of course, and the interests which supply it with the sinews of war, resisted the change, but the popular demand for it was too strong to be resisted. Ten years ago it used to be remarked very frequently that "it is impossible to get voters to attend the primaries." To-day in the South it is only the primaries that the voters do attend. The regular elections are foregone conclusions, and relatively few voters go to the polls. It is only through the direct primaries that popular government at the South remains a reality. This fact perhaps accounts for the more rapid growth of the reform at the South than at the North. In the North also, however, the reform continues to make rapid headway—the growth of the boss system having revealed the necessity of direct popular nominations to keep the control of the government out of the hands of a small class representing private interests. In Boston last week there was the first trial of the new Massachusetts law providing that the primaries of both parties be held at the same time and place, and that voters select the candidates for the offices to be filled instead of merely selecting delegates to perform this important task. Though the officers to be named at last week's election were unimportant local ones, the vote was fifty-six per cent. of the total at the last Presidential election. The only serious criticism brought against the new system was aimed at a provision requiring voters to state with what party they voted at the last election. A few voters refused to answer this inquiry and left the polls without voting, while many others answered it under protest. This provision is of course not an essential part of the direct primary system, and has in fact been opposed by nearly all the advocates of the system. It was incorporated in the Massachusetts law in order to meet the objection that, unless the voters are required to state their party allegiance, the members of one party may take part in the primaries of the other in order to dictate weak nominations. Experience shows that very few men are willing to lose a vote in the primaries of their own party in order to take part in the primaries of the other. If the law requires that the primaries of both parties be held at the same time and place and that each voter shall cast but a single ballot, it insures that each party shall make its nominations with little if any interference from corruptible elements in the other party. The success of the trial of the new law in Boston gives promise that the direct primary system will be made mandatory in the other cities of the State.

The Race Problem: Several Straws

Senator Gorman's Convention in Maryland has attempted to set a pace for the Democratic party by adopting the following plank:

> We believe that the political destinies of Maryland should be shaped and controlled by the white people of the State, and while we disclaim any purpose to do any injustice whatever to our colored population, we declare without reserve our resolute purpose to preserve in every conservative and constitutional way the political ascendency of our race.

As the negro is in a small and decreasing minority in Maryland, this resolution can be construed only as an endeavor to keep alive a race antagonism throughout the South for political purposes. It is an easy cry for the purpose of keeping the South solid and so securing in the electoral college 159 votes; and there is always a chance that the balance necessary for election may be secured on some other issue in some Northern State.——Senator Carmack's reported intention to introduce into Congress a resolution for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which prohibits disfranchisement of any man on the ground of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, must be interpreted in the same way. This amendment was indorsed by the Democratic party in 1876 as being "universally accepted as a final settlement of the controversies which engendered the Civil War;" and there is no more practical chance of its repeal by the present generation than there is of an amendment to permit the granting of titles of nobility by the United States. The only possible effect of such a resolution would be to raise a fever of enthusiasm in the South, which would be as short-lived as it would be, during its duration, pernicious to white and black alike.——The President has complied with the recommendation of Judge Jones, of Alabama, enforced by a petition in which a number of negroes have united, and has granted a pardon to the two Alabama white farmers who had been convicted of holding negroes in peonage. Judge Jones believes that such a pardon would tend to better relations between the races, and the negroes who have signed the petition have shown a far-sightedness which should entitle them to a larger measure of respect than some of their Alabama neighbors have been inclined to show them.——Not at all far-sighted are the members of the State Legislature who voted against the usual State appropriation for the school at Tuskegee. They were, fortunately for the State, in a minority; the majority by their vote stamped their disapproval on the false accusations brought by one narrow-minded fire-eater against the school, who repeated the charges against it which The Outlook has shown to be wholly without foundation.——Northern men, however, should have patience with such bitterness, since they see it paralleled by clergymen in the North. The papers report attacks in the meeting of the Philadelphia Presbytery last week on Booker T. Washington's work; when they are sifted down, these attacks amount to little else than an expression of envy at his remarkable success. Such slurs as some of those uttered at this meeting can do no harm to Dr. Washington's work, but they can do infinite harm to the Church in the name of which they are uttered.

Denver's Model Charter Defeated

The new charter framed for the city of Denver, Colorado, conferring upon it extraordinary powers of home rule, popular control of franchises, direct legislation, and civil service reform, was rejected by the voters last week by a majority in the neighborhood of seven thousand. The successful fight of the enemies of the charter was chiefly directed against certain minor features of the document—particularly the proposed concentration of power in the hands of the Mayor. But the unpopularity of this measure was not the real cause of the charter's defeat. That lay in the strength of the special interests which the reforms in the charter arrayed against it. The public service corporations whose grip upon city franchises was threatened by the requirement of public approval of new grants, and the politicians whose patronage would have been cut off by the civil service requirements, were particularly active in the opposition, and sustained a most vigorous campaign against every feature of the charter which was unpopular among any element of the voters. The liquor-dealers were among the elements thus appealed to, for the new charter not only made $1,000 the minimum fee in any part of the city or county of Denver, but provided for local option by precincts, so that every neighborhood might, if it saw fit, exclude bar-rooms from its limits. The vigorous opposition of special interests, combined with general apathy and a light vote on the part of the disinterested public, accomplished the defeat of the reformers. The children of this world are not only wiser but more harmonious in their generation than the children of light.

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Bank Defalcations

The United States Fidelity and Trust Company is authority for the statement that in 1901 the banks of the country lost $1,665,109 from defalcations, and in 1902 $1,709,301. The editor of "Midland Municipalities" is responsible for the statement that the loss of Federal, county, and municipal governments from the same cause was $1,283,055 in 1901, and in 1902 $1,067,789. So that for these two years the employees and officers of banks defaulted in the amount of $1,024,569 more than did all the public officials in the country. This is an interesting and in some ways a remarkable showing, as the opinion quite generally prevails that there is more dishonesty in public than private service, and especially on the part of municipal employees. To be sure, these figures do not take into consideration the exorbitant prices which ofttimes the city, State, or Nation is compelled to pay; no more do the others take into consideration the profits accruing from watered stock and other peculiar devices for making money. They concern solely the question of honesty, and show that the average public officer is as honest as the bank officer. As the editor of "Midland Municipalities" pertinently remarks, however, "The fact is that neither the bankers nor the officials are as a class dishonest, but, on the contrary, look after the interests in their care much better than the average man looks after his business. With the vast sums handled each year by the officials or the banks, the amount lost in defalcations is exceptionally small—so small that when compared with the whole they are hardly worth notice, much less an excuse for general condemnation."

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A Disorganizer of Labor

The short-sightedness of selfishness and pride when engaged in a factional fight has been strikingly illustrated by action taken in the annual meeting of the International Society of Structural Iron Workers at Kansas City. Samuel J. Parks has been tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for blackmail. He is under other indictments for similar offenses, and, according to all accounts, he is a man of low moral caliber, with great force and the kind of temporary power which a man sometimes possesses who is wholly conscienceless. The attempt to make a hero of him on Labor Day in New York was apparently a failure. The labor procession was lessened by his presence, and he was greeted with mingled cheers and hisses. But he has gone to St. Louis, and has there apparently won considerable support in his contest with Mr. Buchanan, President of the National organization, and Mr. Neidig, the President of the local body. His attempt to control the convention, however, resulted in a row so fierce that the President adjourned the meeting, in which he found it impossible to preserve any degree of order. Mr. Parks organized his followers into a convention, but later his supporters came back and claimed their place in the regular convention and took part in its organization. It is because The Outlook believes in organized labor that it disbelieves in the action of such men as Samuel J. Parks, who are the efficient disorganizers of labor and the worst enemies of the workingmen. We trust that Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Neidig, and their constituencies will stand fast to their principles, whatever temporary disaster may appear to result from the factional fight within the Association against those principles and their representatives.

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The Macedonian Imbroglio Last week's news concerning Macedonia, we are glad to say, was not so much military as diplomatic. While atrocities continue in the disturbed regions, they have not been so alarming as in previous weeks; on the other hand, the diplomatic intelligence is particularly interesting. Ten days ago the Turkish Government manifested some disposition to consider proposals for amicable understanding with Bulgaria. On Tuesday of last week the Government of that principality advanced the following conditions: (1) A general amnesty; (2) a cessation of Bulgarian persecution in Macedonia; (3) the formation of a mixed governing commission, the Bulgarian members to be nominated by the Bulgarian Exarch, and never to be in a minority on the commission; (4) the immediate extension of local administrative autonomy and reform; (5) the equality of Christians and Muslims before the courts. Replying to these demands, the Turkish Government now offers to institute a mixed commission, to consist of Turks, Bulgarians, Greeks, and members of other nationalities in Macedonia; and also promises to issue orders to the Macedonian civil and military authorities in regard to restoring villages and repatriating refugees. It will be interesting to see whether this vague reply will appease the Bulgarian Government; it certainly has not appeased the insurgent committees. They cite similar propositions which were vainly discussed in 1897, 1899, 1900, and 1902. Their conviction is that Turkey has only entered into conference in order to gain time. The Turks are not prepared for a winter campaign; they need a sufficient period to enable them to complete preparations by which they hope to crush the insurgents.

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Turkey and the Powers Meanwhile the Sultan is showing his accustomed diplomatic skill in forestalling foreign interference by the Powers. He rewards Servia for keeping "hands off" by recognizing the old Servian nation in his northern dominion; he purchases the acquiescence of Montenegro by a loan from the Ottoman Bank. He even appears once more successful with the Great Powers. It is true that last week the Russian and British Governments issued official notes reiterating that their attitude regarding the Austro-Russian reform scheme for Macedonia (long since accepted by Turkey) remains unchanged. Consequently neither Turkey nor Bulgaria may expect support in openly or secretly resisting that scheme. At the same time the two Governments point out that the steps taken to give effect to these reforms have been lamentably inadequate, and urge that far prompter and more effective measures for this purpose are necessary than have hitherto been adopted by the Turkish authorities. But "notes" are never effective with the Sultan. Moreover, the British Government should remember that the reforms demanded are the minimum of what is required. Twenty-five years ago, at the Congress of Berlin, Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury led the way in tearing up the Treaty of San Stefano, which gave freedom to Macedonia, and in substituting therefor a clause restoring that province to the Turk, but under a Christian Governor-General, who should carry out various reforms as to taxation, the courts, and personal security. Not one of these reforms has ever been carried into effect. Hence the responsibility for the present condition in Macedonia, where Turks and revolutionists vie with each other in excesses, is due not so much to the Sultan as to the Christian Powers responsible for the treaty of 1878.

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Nigeria Recent despatches report the capture by the British of the town of Burmi, Nigeria. The British loss was eleven killed, but the enemy, after making a desperate house-to-house resistance, lost about seven hundred, including the famous Sultan of Sokoto. The ancestors of this potentate were once the heads of the immense Fula Empire, the capital of which was Sokoto. The defeat six years ago of the Amir of Nupe, the strongest of its tributary

States, by Sir George Goldie, was a death-blow to the whole Empire. Before that time the position of the Great Fula, or monarch, might have been compared to that of the Great Mogul during the days of the Muslim Empire of Delhi. The British wisely followed the example of the East India Company as they conquered province after province of this African empire, and avoided a direct challenge by administering the provinces indirectly by native feudatory princes. The result of this policy was seen some time since; the Fula formed an alliance with Great Britain, rejecting the advances of the French. Finally, however, he played the British false; he intrigued against them, and a punitive expedition under Sir Frederick Lugard became necessary. General Lugard's forces numbered four thousand men. In March last the city of Sokoto was occupied by the British after a skirmish; its monarch fled and was deposed. The country was not so hard of conquest as had been anticipated, a fact due, no doubt, to the surprise of the natives that, with the advent of the British, the prevalent Mohammedan practices were not checked nor was the Mohammedan religion suppressed, as had been feared. By the Nigerian campaigns nearly five hundred thousand square miles of territory have come under the rule of the British, with a population estimated by some at twenty-five millions. As might be expected, one of the first results of the new rule has been the abolishment of the Nigerian slave trade. In the city of Kano alone (having a hundred thousand inhabitants) an average of five hundred men and women have been sold daily. British methods of conquest may be criticised, but British colonial rule is in many respects a model for other colonizing nations.

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Ur of the Chaldees The American plan for the excavation of Ur has been abandoned. Ur is the supposed birthplace of Abraham and Sarah. It is about seventy miles south of Bagdad. Ur was old when Abraham was young—indeed, there one may find the remains of probably the most ancient civilization. Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, thinks that the clay tablets of Ur (or Mugheir, as it is now called) date five to seven thousand years before the Christian era. Keen disappointment is felt by all students of archæology, history, and religion at last week's news. The three years' effort and the expenditure of several thousand dollars on the part of the American committee indicated a faith that the Turkish Government would ultimately grant permission to American citizens to do their proposed work, particularly as the proposal had been approved by our own State Department, which also had requested the Sultan to grant the desired permission. The President of the committee is, or was, President Harper, of the University of Chicago, and among its members were the Rev. Drs. J. P. Peters and William Hayes Ward, Professor Cyrus Adler, the late President Morton, of the Stevens Institute, and the Hon. R. R. Hitt, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives. In connection with his fellow-members Mr. Hitt laid the matter of the Turkish delay before Secretary Hay last winter. Mr. Hay asked the committee to wait still longer, as perhaps the Turkish Government might act after all. As there has been no change in the situation, however, it has now been decided to abandon the expedition, and a statement has been issued to the subscribers. This shows that an application was made over three years ago for an irade, or order, to excavate Mugheir. The application conformed in all respects to the Turkish law governing excavations. Dr. Banks, the director of the expedition, has since been in Constantinople pressing the Government, with the co-operation of the American Legation. He has been the more earnest since during this same period the Germans have received permission to excavate in Asia Minor, Babylonia, Upper Syria, and Palestine, the English have been permitted to excavate in Palestine, the French in Babylonia, and the Austrians at Ephesus. The American application, however, was unsuccessful, law and a "most favored nation" clause notwithstanding. We trust that this setback is only temporary, irritating as the circumstances have been.

The Armenian Church in Russia

The Russian Government has always been autocratic, sometimes benevolently, sometimes malevolently. The latter element seems to have been emphasized by its recent actions in Finland, in southern Russia, and now in Russian Armenia. The unhappy Armenians are oppressed most of all in Turkish Armenia, it is true, but their oppression in Russia also calls for chronicling and protest. Religion and nationality are so identified with each other in Russia and the Orient that for an Armenian to leave his Church is practically to cease to be an Armenian. To join the State Church, as the Government has long sought to force Armenians to do, is to become Russians. That is the real purpose of the oppression which the Armenians have endured in Russia. Until recently the Armenian Church there maintained many private schools in which Armenian children were educated in accordance with the ideas of their parents. Some years ago the Government took forcible possession of these schools, establishing Russian teachers therein and claiming the right of dictating the curricula. It then seized the property of the Armenian schools. Fortunately, some property used for school purposes stood in the name of the Armenian Church, and was therefore, at that time, out of reach. Moreover, we learn from "The Friends of Armenia" that a considerable part of the cost of school maintenance had been met annually by voluntary contributions from rich Armenians. When Russia seized the schools, however, these voluntary contributions declined, and the Government found itself confronted by a large yearly deficit in the school expenses. To make this good the Government has now seized the entire revenue of the Armenian Church in Russia. It is announced that with this revenue the cost of the Armenian schools will first be met, and then, if anything be left, it will be applied to paying the Armenian clergy! "The Friends of Armenia" justly appeal to all the friends of freedom. What would we say if our Government seized the entire revenue of the denominations, announcing that from this it would maintain denominational colleges, a possible surplus going to the denominational clergy!

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The Amsterdam Council

The first four days of September witnessed an unexpectedly large assembly at Amsterdam, Holland, of representatives of many groups of various names in many countries, interested at once in progressive liberal theology and religious unity. The formation of such an International Council proceeded from Unitarians under the lead of Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association. While designated, therefore, for the present as "The International Council of Unitarian and Other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers," it drew together at this, its second meeting, a large number of the "others," not nominally Unitarian. Holland, in which there is no Unitarian Church, was most numerously represented—one-third of its Reformed (State) Church being reckoned as "Liberal," besides most of its Mennonite (independent) congregations, many Lutherans, and others. Fourteen nationalities, including India and Japan, were represented by members of twenty-one different religious denominations. A Unitarian party of nearly two hundred went over from England, more than a score from the United States, and of Amsterdam people nearly a thousand held the Council tickets. There was an unexpected note of depression and uncertainty both in the opening sermon and in the President's address. This was traced by private inquiry to the fact alluded to by the preacher: "This [orthodox] Christianity believes in the immediate connection of our liberal religion and the economico-political disturbances of the first months of this year." Recent strikes and labor troubles in Holland and Belgium, and the rapid growth of the Social Democracy in Germany, have been represented as the progeny of the liberal religious movement, just as the English peasants' insurrection in the fourteenth century was turned to the discredit of Wiclif and his reforming doctrines. Consequently there is now among those who would maintain vested rights and the present economic order a strong reaction in favor of the old orthodoxy as the bulwark of society—as Dr. Kuyper, the Prime Minister of Holland, affirms strict Calvinism to be. In notable contrast to the bated breath of some European utterances under the shadow of such conditions was the optimistic tone of the American speakers. Dr. Eliot spoke upon "Liberal Religion in America;" Dr. Crooker on "American Ideals in Education;" Mr. Edwin D. Mead on "The World's Debt to Holland for the Propaganda of Universal Peace." It was noticeable that while these papers dealt with the ethical interests of religion, the European papers were mainly occupied with its philosophic questions. Of special interest was the view taken by Dr. Reville, of Paris, Professor of the History of Religion, on the question of "Religion and the Modern Conception of the Natural Order." Religion, he maintained, can find its basis for a high and strong morality in the modern doctrine of immutable natural law as well as the old orthodoxy used to find it in the ancient doctrine of immutable divine decrees and an unconditional election to grace. A brief but remarkable address by the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, of London, on "The Revived Interest in Mediæval Religion," drew a striking parallel between the thirteenth century and the twentieth—each marked on one side by new births of knowledge, an enlarged horizon of thought, and the enthusiasm of humanists, on the other side by the alarm of churchmen and the efforts of schoolmen to harmonize the new with the old.

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Other Points of Interest Among other speakers, Professor Moutet, of Geneva, presented monotheism as the basis of a universal religious alliance; indeed, the motto of the Council, "Religions are many, Religion is one," might seem to look that way. Professor Cramer, of Amsterdam, urged that religious forms are essential to "expressive Christianity," and churches indispensable to the vindication of the essentials of Christianity. Professor Bruining, of Amsterdam, held that theologians must come to the front as leaders in philosophy. Other addresses reported the progress of free religious movements in various countries. The proceedings were conducted in four languages, Dutch, English, French, and German, but English translations of some of the Dutch addresses were supplied. Except at its adjournment, the four sessions of the Council gave no moments to devotional utterances. These found place, however, in the opening services in the old Walloon Church, where noble hymns were nobly rendered, and where the preacher, Rev. J. van Loenen Martinet, President of the Dutch Protestant Society, numbering 19,000 members, dwelt upon "the things that abide" in the present time of transition. The hospitality of the Amsterdam people was shown in many ways. It is intended to hold the meeting of 1905 in Switzerland, where more than half of the pastors of the national Church are in sympathy with the ideas of the Council. As to these, while there are many individual diversities, and some tendencies that called forth a warning note in the opening sermon, "Intellectualism is a dry, barren plain," there is general agreement in the words of the President's address, that there is no "home in the tabernacles of an ecclesiastical orthodoxy," "no external revelation," but only that which is given within the soul. To deepen this conviction in all, to harmonize and clarify the thoughts of those who share it, is the purpose of these triennial conferences. In adjourning, the Council adopted a resolution expressing sympathy with "all brave and lonely souls, in all parts of the world, who are striving for pure religion and perfect liberty," and inviting their correspondence and co-operation.

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The Young Men's Christian Association's Mining Work Hardly a week passes by without bringing notice of some new, picturesque, and commendable endeavor on the part of the Young Men's Christian Association to widen its social influence. This is in contrast to years ago when its work seemed ultra-pietistic. The most recent of its endeavors has been the establishment by the Cananea Copper Company, in Mexico, of a Young Men's Christian Association plant at their works. The company employs nearly four thousand men, two-fifths of this number being Americans, and is one of the largest copper-producers in Mexico. Through the company's initiative a brick building costing over ten thousand dollars has been erected. It contains baths, reading and audience rooms, and a library of two thousand volumes, all to be set apart by the company for Association use. Furthermore, for the organization of this special department the company pays part of the running expenses, without, however, detracting from the self-respect of the members. The event is particularly interesting since it is the first indorsement of the Association plant by any mining camp in southwestern America. At another far-distant point, on Douglas Island, Alaska, the Treadwell mining company has co-operated with its employees in erecting an Association building. Every employee of this company is eligible to membership and contributes a dollar a month.

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Commissioner Wright on Religion

Last week at Atlantic City more than a thousand delegates were present at the "National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches." Perhaps the most interesting and impressive feature of the proceedings was the presidential address of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor. Mr. Wright justly said that, though there was talk of the decadence of the Church and of church attendance, there was no decadence of a real religious spirit in the community as a whole, and added, as reported:

> The public conscience to-day is more acute, more sensitive, than at any time in the history of mankind. . . . This is due to the stimulation of the public conscience by a religious conception of the rights of the community. . . . We see the sensitiveness growing out of public action when public officials take the wrong road. We have been very severe everywhere in denunciation of some of the transactions in the Post-Office Department. At the close of the Spanish War, the public became much excited through the Neely case. These two indictments in public service are slight affairs compared to the scandals of the Whisky Ring and the Star Route cases of a generation ago; but there has been more said, more denunciation, more public interest in these recent affairs than there was over the two greatest scandals ever connected with our Government.

Again, crimes relating to liquor-selling did not appear in the statistics of fifty years ago. During the past twenty years the total census for all crimes increased 70 per cent.; for crimes not including liquor offenses the increase was only 20 per cent., but the sentences for drunkenness and other liquor offenses increased nearly 160 per cent. "Economic consideration now allies itself with religion," Mr. Wright aptly avowed, "and insists that the welfare of the community demands the human body—the temple of God—to remain undefiled. . . . The influences of the economic aspects involved in the treatment of the temperance question are springing forward and being comprehended by industrial establishments and by Governments." This is also due to the stimulation of the public conscience by a religious conception of community rights. Again, religion, according to Mr. Wright, has done away with the old forms of charity. "In the slums, if we are wise, we do not toss the beggar a coin. We treat the whole subject in a way that means the betterment of the men themselves, and not the gratification of the giver." Finally, the modern Church is reaching the people by preaching a sane doctrine, "which comes not from a Christ dead, nor even resurrected, but from the living, active Christ that always was, is, and shall be."

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An Indian Council at Standing Rock

At the thirty-third great annual Council of the Sioux Indian Christians, convened September 10–13, 1903, at Cannon Ball, near Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota, more than 1,500 Indians were in attendance from the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Montana. Two hundred delegates were enrolled. They represented every church and every organization of an educational or a religious character under the auspices of the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations among the Sioux Nation. For sixty-nine years these two great bodies of Christians have been carrying on the work of missions among this Indian tribe. These efforts have been crowned with great success. Of the 30,000 Sioux Indians in the United States fully one-fourth are under the dominating influences of these two great Protestant Churches. There are organized among them some thirty Presbyterian congregations, with an aggregate membership of 1,500 communicants and 1,000 Sunday-school members. The statistics of the Congregationalists show about two-thirds as many as the Presbyterians, making in all some 2,500 communicants and 1,500 Sunday-school membership among this former fierce tribe of prairie warriors. They have churches, Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, Young Men's Christian Associations, Young People's Societies, Christian Endeavor and missionary societies—all the machinery of modern church organizations in efficient operation. This Council covers several days. One of its most striking features is the anniversary of the Woman's Missionary Associations. These brown women of the plains contribute annually more than one dollar per capita to the cause of missions.

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The National Anthem For some time past the army regulations have designated "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the National anthem, and army officers have led the way in rising at dinners and on other occasions whenever the air has been played, or removing their hats when it has been played out-of-doors. The Navy Department has now taken the same step, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be officially recognized hereafter in the navy as the National anthem. On public and festive occasions there has been of late years growing unanimity of action in recognizing "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the National hymn. It is very much to be hoped that the action of the authorities of the army and navy will settle the question, and that hereafter there will be no embarrassment when the question arises, What is the American National song? "The Star-Spangled Banner" is far from being good poetry and is vocally almost impossible, and the time must come when the country will have some more inspiring poetic and musical expression of its patriotism; but in the meantime it is important that there should be agreement upon some one of our National songs, and, all things considered, "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the most available. Several years ago, on an English ship, Sir Charles Tupper, who was presiding at a concert, called for the American National hymn and asked what it was. One American arose and declared it was "The Star-Spangled Banner," another affirmed that it was "Hail Columbia," and a third "My Country, 'tis of Thee." The spectacle was humiliating to all Americans present, and greatly amused the passengers of other nationalities. We are not alone, however, in our uncertainty as to what is our National anthem. Recently the writer of these words happened to be in the saloon of an ocean steamship when "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland über Alles" were played. "Deutschland über Alles" is one of the two German national hymns, and "Die Wacht am Rhein," although a very popular and striking song, is not a national anthem. But the Germans were divided on the subject; some rose for one hymn, some for the other; and Americans had a chance to see the absurdity of a situation in which they themselves have been placed for years. It may be added in passing that few things are more humiliating to Americans than to hear "Yankee Doodle" played by a fine band abroad as the National air. After one has listened to the fine Russian national hymn and the noble Austrian national hymn, the thin musical trickle of "Yankee Doodle" is in the last degree humiliating.

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Gifts to Columbia When Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, announced at Commencement that $10,000,000 was imperatively needed by the University, his courage was instantly recognized; but there were many who doubted if that sum would come within reach of the University within reasonable time. At the opening exercises on Wednesday of last week President Butler announced the gift of $150,000 from anonymous givers for the erection of a chapel on the campus, accompanying the announcement with the statement that the gift would be increased to $200,000 if that sum were found necessary in order to build a proper building. He also announced that the title to South Field, the two blocks opposite the University, valued at $2,000,000, would be taken over on October 1, in accordance with the plan announced last June, thus securing the institution a great extension of land at the right situation at the critical moment. Work on the building of Hartley Hall, to cost $300,000, and to be used as a dormitory, will begin at once on South Field, and the building of the School of Journalism will also be promptly inaugurated on the campus north of One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. Columbia begins her one hundred and fiftieth academic year, therefore, under very favorable auspices; and Professor Harry Thurston Peck's address on "The Impress of the University" laid timely emphasis on the difference between invention and creation, and on the necessity of giving the work of the university greater depth and inspirational power.

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A Children's Farm If the children cannot go to the country, the country must come to the children. How a bit of the country has been brought into a crowded quarter of New York City will be remembered by those who read Mrs. Parsons's article on "The First Children's Farm," which appeared in our Magazine Number for last May, and described the starting of the farm last summer. Its second season is now nearing a close. In a stretch of bare ground reserved to be made into a park, in a densely populated West Side ward, a patch of half an acre ripens green with corn and cabbage. Over the little fence surrounding it hang a dozen residents of the district. "How good that green kale looks!" says one man, and another watches wistfully the waving tassels of the corn. When school hours are over, the children come trooping into the farm. Each has a plot, the size of a dining-table, marked by a number, and here are planted beets and turnips and lettuce and radishes and sprouts and beans, making a goodly show, despite the flinty soil and the smoke belched upon them from an asphalt factory near by. Flowers bloom for those who love them, and vegetables, too, seem to respond to the children, who, with careful fingers, rake up gently the already well-weeded soil, sprinkle the thirsty plants, pull off the withered leaves, and spend a long and happy afternoon busied among the growing things. One of the boys gathers a bunch of lettuce for his family's supper, another turnips. Small children watch the pig and the chickens which are penned inside the inclosure, in which Mrs. Parsons has erected a neat one-room cabin and a summer-house, covered by vines and flowers. Here visitors are welcomed, and are escorted through the farm by the little farmers. This is the one spot of beauty in block after block of tenement-houses. Here are neatness and order, and two hundred children have served an apprenticeship at garden work that has not only lifted them out of the associations of street and alley, but has taught them never-to-be-forgotten lessons. Boston has already utilized its school yards as gardens for the pupils. The children respond so eagerly to such opportunity, and its need in New York is so urgent, that we hope that the Department of Education may find it possible to add school farming to its vacation work. Another year this land on which the children's farm has stood will be a park, and hoe and rake and seed-planting will be excluded. The work which Mrs. Parsons has so nobly started must find another home—many homes, we trust—for it brings back their birthright to children robbed of kinship with "the good brown earth." Those interested in this undertaking will be welcomed at the farm, which lies at the corner of Fifty-third Street and Eleventh Avenue, and can see its workings and its workers any day after school hours.

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The New York Campaign

The Point of Danger

The Democratic organizations which supported the Fusion ticket in New York two years ago, but this year demanded at first the nomination of a Democrat for Mayor, have now rallied to the support of the renominated ticket with a unanimity that seemed improbable two weeks ago. The Democratic newspapers, except the "American," which is silent on the local campaign, are warmly supporting the Mayor, who, as the "World" expresses it, "has come nearer to fulfilling the pledges upon which he was elected than any Mayor the city has had in fifty years." Furthermore, nearly every prominent Democrat whose opinions weigh with independent voters has taken the same position. Everett P. Wheeler, ex-Secretary Fairchild, William B. Hornblower, Henry George, Jr., Wheeler H. Peckham, Peter B. Olney, and any number of other leading Democrats—some of whom supported Mr. Shepard two years ago—have given signal expression to their indorsement of Mayor Low's administration and their anxiety for its continuance. In Mr. Olney's phrase, there is general agreement among Democrats as well as Republicans that Mr. Low has given the city the best administration it has had in years.

When such is the consensus of opinion—when even the accredited leaders of Tammany Hall acknowledge it by announcing that they "will not conduct a campaign of abuse"—it would seem as if victory for the reform forces were within easy reach. As a matter of fact, however, it is harder for a good administration in New York to succeed itself than to succeed a bad administration. The struggle for reform, always and everywhere, is a struggle for the general interests against special interests, and unless the general public is thoroughly aroused to the defense of the general interests the beneficiaries of special interests are likely to triumph. No reform that is worth anything fails to strike at some abuse from which special classes profit, and those who profit from abuses have all through history shown an ability to stand together that reformers have rarely evinced.

The reforms achieved under Mayor Low's administration have proven no exception to this general rule. The very best of his measures have, in some instances, stirred the most intense enmities. What could be better, for example, than the rigid enforcement of the tenement-house laws, requiring landlords to make suitable provision for the light and air and cleanliness of the homes of the wage-earning population? Yet these very laws, which five persons out of six would vote to sustain, have stirred the sixth voter more than they have the other five. Unless the tenants are aroused to a sense of what they will lose through the relaxation of these laws, there is danger that they will vote just as they commonly do without regard to them, while the worst class of landlords and their caretakers, without regard to previous party affiliations, will do all in their power to defeat an administration which makes these laws effective.

What, again, could be better than the refusal of the present administration to eject from office Democrats who had voted for Mr. Shepard, but whom it found doing faithful service in the fire department, the police department, the park department, and every other branch of the city administration? No principle for which it stands is more vital than that efficient city servants should not be proscribed for political opinions. Mayor Low has lived up to this principle as no other Mayor has done before him. The great mass of the voters believe in it, and Tammany Hall will not dream of attacking his administration because of it. Yet the thousands of Tammany officials whom he has consistently kept in the city's service will not alter their party allegiance because of his fairness to them; while there is danger that other thousands of disappointed place-seekers among Republicans and Independent Democrats will attempt to discredit the administration which refused to treat public office as factional spoils.

What is true as regards these reforms is true as regards others also. The decent enforcement of liquor laws, which nearly the whole local public would sustain, has called forth violent opposition on the part of saloon-keepers, who are intolerant of any restrictions upon their trade. The enforcement of tax laws regarding both realty and personalty has antagonized still other powerful interests, though the general public has been vastly benefited by the equitable reforms. Even the suppression of "graft" and the guarding of public rights in public franchises have stirred the antagonism of individuals and corporations who profit by a government of corrupt privilege. In the approaching campaign, if it be lukewarmly conducted, the special interests which have been antagonized by the reforms will stand together for a return of the old order, while the general public which indorses the reforms will allow itself to be duped by such watchwords as party loyalty and the necessity that all Democrats stand together. A general civic awakening is as essential to keep an admittedly good administration in power as to drive a corrupt administration out of power. The point of danger is the lethargy of the voters who believe in reform. The real work of the campaign is to make those who wish the city governed for the benefit of the general interests as active as those who wish it governed for the benefit of special interests.

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Jonathan Edwards

Next week Monday, October 5, is the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards. Superlatives are always perilous, but it is safe to say that New England has produced no greater preacher and no greater theologian than he.

And yet as a theologian he was rather the interpreter of an existing philosophy than the creator of a new one. Evidence of this is afforded by the reception accorded to his first public appearance in the literary and religious capital of New England. Ralph Waldo Emerson's Harvard address in 1838 evoked within his own denomination an association organized to counteract its perilous influence. Theodore Parker's sermon on "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity" awoke a storm of protests, and presently he found the pulpits and periodicals of the Unitarian body closed against him. Henry Ward Beecher with difficulty secured the approbation of a Congregational Council when he came to Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. But when Jonathan Edwards in 1731 preached his first sermon in Boston, entitled "God Glorified in Man's Dependence," the orthodox ministers called for its publication and by resolution declared their approbation of him as a defender of evangelical truth. Later, it is true, he came into collision with the traditions of New England on account of his views respecting the "Half-way Covenant." But his belief that the communion service is not a converting ordinance, but one to be participated in only by the converted, constituted rather an ecclesiastical than a theological departure from ancient practice. As a theologian Edwards was less an originator than an interpreter and a defender. He borrowed the essential features of his theology from Calvin, as Calvin had borrowed them from Augustine, and Augustine had borrowed them from the Roman law. But to their interpretation and defense he brought a mind of singular acuteness, a philosophical scholarship extraordinary for his time if not for any time, an intellectual courage rarely equaled and never surpassed by any religious teacher in the history of the Church, a consequent readiness to accept as true whatever his intellect presented to him as truth however repellent it might be to his sensibilities, a vivid imagination which made real and vital to him doctrines which to most of his contemporaries were only intellectual hypotheses, and a mystical faith in God and a living experience in him which are rarely found mated to an intellect as virile and a scholarship as broad as his.

But though it is true that he was a great theologian—so great that he may properly be ranked as one of the few greatest theologians in the Christian

Church—and although it is true, as Dr. A. V. G. Allen has said, that "he that would understand the significance of later New England thought must make Edwards the first object of his study," it is also true that his system of theology has now only a historical existence. No minister preaches it; no church believes it; no theological seminary teaches it, except with modifications which Edwards would have rejected with indignant disdain. If some of its phrases are still used, they are given a meaning radically different from that which he gave to them; if his system is sometimes to be found in a creed nominally authoritative, it is by no one vivified as a living reality, or used in the pulpit as an instrument of spiritual power. To present this system in a paragraph is a difficult task; so to embody it as to make it appear to the modern reader the real and living faith it was to Edwards is almost impossible; and yet, for the sake of readers who have neither the inclination nor the ability to study Edwards or his interpreters, the audacious if not impossible task may be worth attempting. If in this attempted summary the reader detects inconsistencies, we reply that there is in Edwards's theology and preaching what Dr. Allen well calls "an emphatic contradiction." But what system of theology is wholly consistent? With these explanations, Edwards's theology may be summarized as follows:

God is the only true existence. He is not so much sovereign *over* all life as the only efficient agent *in* all life. All material forces emanate from him; all life has its source and fountain in him. It is in no metaphorical, but in a very real and literal, sense that "in him we live and move and have our being." We think that we are independent and that we are free. This is an illusion; we are neither independent nor free. We have some freedom of action, but no freedom of choice. We can sometimes do what we fancy that we choose, but in truth we never really choose anything. Our will is always and necessarily determined by the strongest motive, as the balance is always determined by the heaviest weight. Otherwise there would be a motive stronger than the strongest. The end of life is not the greatest happiness of the greatest number; it is not happiness at all. It is the glory of God. His glory is magnified by sin and punishment no less than by virtue and reward. Virtue rewarded glorifies his grace and mercy; sin punished glorifies his power and justice. It is to the manifestation of his glory that some, whom he selects for that purpose, should have lives and characters conformable to his own; that they should be admitted to a conscious share in his life; that they should have the beatification of knowing him and loving him, and being loved by him, and being at one with him. No merit attaches to them for this, and no glory is to be given to them. He chooses them for this destiny, and this destiny will glorify him. And it is no less to the manifestation of his glory that others should have lives and characters hostile to him; that they should be hateful to him; that they should hate him; and that they should suffer eternally the consequences of his wrath. "There can be but two ways in which men can be useful, either in acting or in being acted upon and disposed of." By acting in conformity with God, by recognizing their dependence upon him, and by being consciously at one with him, the saints will be useful, for so they will glorify God's mercy. By not recognizing their dependence upon God, by not being consciously at one with him, by futilely resisting him and sinning against him, and by receiving the punishment of their sins in eternal torment, the sinners will be useful, for so they will glorify God's justice. Nothing that any man can do can have any influence in determining in which of these two ways he is destined to glorify God. "If you stop sinning and sit still, you surely die; if you go forward, you *may* live;" but until and unless God has mercy on the sinner, and, of his own free will, by an arbitrary act, selects him for life and imparts to him power to live, the sinner must abide a sinner. He *is* a sinner, and all that he does is sinful, that is, full of sin. "Sinful men are totally corrupt, in every part, in all their faculties and all the principles of their nature, their understanding, and their wills; and in all their dispositions and affections, their heads, their hearts, are totally depraved." Even the little children are full of enmity against God. That sinners are not conscious of this enmity does not argue that it is not real; it only shows how deep and hopeless it is. They are temporarily restrained from full indulgence in evil by the common operations of God's grace; but by and by that grace will be withdrawn and the full fruitage of the evil heart will manifest itself in an eternal life of open enmity and indescribable torment in hell.

If to any reader this summary of Edwards's theology seems unbelievable, if he is inclined to suspect us of misinterpreting if not of travestying it, we recommend him to read Professor A. V. G. Allen's "Life of Jonathan Edwards," which is the best brief interpretation we are acquainted with; and if he is still skeptical, we recommend him to the works of Jonathan Edwards themselves. It will be quite apparent to any churchgoer that, though in orthodox circles the phrases of this theology are still used, they possess a very different meaning. As interpreted by the orthodoxy of our time, divine sovereignty means a sovereignty *over* free moral agents, not the sole effectual and controlling agent *in* all lives; freedom means power to choose between good and evil, not merely limited power to act out a choice imposed on the will from without; election means God's choice of all who "do truly and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel," not God's arbitrary choice of a limited number to life in order to glorify God's grace, and his arbitrary choice of the rest to everlasting punishment in order to glorify God's justice; total depravity means a moral imperfection which affects in larger or lesser degree every part of the nature, so that healing and health are needed in body, soul, and spirit, not that every part of the nature is totally and unqualifiedly evil, so that all that unconverted men do is necessarily sinful, that is, full of sin; and future punishment means the remorse of an awakened conscience looking back upon a wasted or misspent life, not endless torment transcending all power of words to describe or imagination to conceive, inflicted by the wrath of God rejoicing in this glorification of his justice.

Jonathan Edwards did not reach his conclusions respecting God, sin, and redemption without a struggle. "From my childhood up," he says, "my mind had been full of objections to the doctrine of God's sovereignty, in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased and leaving them to perish and be everlastingly tormented in hell. It used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me." To the great majority of men it still appears like a horrible doctrine. Their instincts and their sensibilities have been too much for Jonathan Edwards's logic. We listen to the testimony of our own consciousness; and with Samuel Johnson say, "We know we're free, and that's the end on 't." We hear the voice of Christ telling us when we pray to say "Our Father;" and we know that no true father would or could welcome a glory proffered to him through the condemnation of his child to a life of perpetual sin and misery. We see the innocence of little children, mingling with faults which early grow into conscious sins and flagrant vices; we admire the "natural virtues" of men who know nothing of conscience and to whom God is avowedly unknown; and our instincts refuse to render the verdict against either ourselves or our neighbors which Jonathan Edwards demands of us. We see that there are souls which rejoice in an experience of the conscious presence of God. We believe with Jonathan Edwards that "there is such a thing as a spiritual and divine light immediately imparted to the soul by God, of a different nature from any that is obtained by natural [that is, by indirect] means." But we measure men not by their real or assumed possession of this experience, but by their obedience to the divine law, and their conformity to the divine order, as we regard a Lee or an Arnold a traitor notwithstanding his consciousness of the immediate presence of Washington, and that soldier in the picket line loyal who does his duty there, though he has never seen his commander-in-chief. We believe that divine punishments are real and are awful, but we believe that they are remedial; that God's mercy is in his punishment no less than in his forgiveness; that his consuming fires are purifying fires; that his mercy is over *all* his works and endureth forever.

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The Door of Opportunity

Several months ago, in speaking of President Roosevelt's speech at San Francisco, The Outlook said: "Our geographical relation to the Pacific coast, and so to the Orient, may involve our commercial supremacy in the Pacific. It certainly involves moral obligations of which we must take account. . . . It is right that we should come to a consciousness of our National opportunity and our resultant obligations to the world at large, and that in this consciousness we should so shape our legislation as to enable us to avail ourselves of our opportunities and fulfill the obligations which they devolve upon us."

A correspondent asks us what these words mean. "What are the moral obligations to which you refer? What is the National opportunity and our resultant obligation to the world at large to which we should become conscious? What kind of legislation does this new condition demand of us, and what new political obligation does it impose upon us?"

Our answer to this question involves the simple enunciation of three principles which appear to us to be self-evident. The first is that life is for service. That this is the true standard of life for the minister, the teacher, the doctor, no one doubts. It is equally the standard of life for the merchant, the manufacturer, and the banker. Commerce, regarded from the divine standard, is an opportunity for service. Until about twenty-five years ago the wheelbarrow was the best carriage that China possessed. Now it has bicycles and locomotives. We read not long ago the story of a man who wheeled his wife a score or more of miles to a Christian hospital for medical attendance. If America can put wheeled vehicles into China, and the wheeled vehicles involve, as they will, better roads, in twenty-five years from now the sick woman will be taken to the hospital with greater comfort both to herself and to her husband. Commerce is a means of exchanging service. Everything that America can do to put into China the instruments of a higher civilization, and create in the Chinese a desire for a more comfortable material life, will tend to the intellectual and spiritual development of the people, if it be accompanied with the intellectual and spiritual ministrations which the school and the church carry with them.

The second principle is that every opportunity involves a duty. In so far as the individual has an opportunity to serve his fellow-men he has a duty of serving his fellow-men. The open door in Japan imposed on those who had the ability the obligation of entering through that open door and carrying to Japan the higher life. The open door in China will impose a similar duty of entering China and carrying to the Chinese the benefits and the inspirations of the higher life. If the Chinese people are awakened from the slumber of the centuries by the railroad and the telegraph, they will begin to demand better conditions of life than they now possess. Giving them these better conditions will increase their demand. They will be less content but more aspiring. For them life will take on a new meaning. The opportunity to confer this benefit of life upon them carries with it an obligation to confer this life upon them.

The third principle is, that these two principles of which we have spoken are as applicable to nations as to individuals. The Nation is not free from the obligation of service, and it is not free from the duties to which the open door summons. San Francisco is something like two thousand miles nearer to Hongkong than are the ports of England or Germany. This fact alone is a call to us to be ready to enter the open ports with American commerce, so soon as the ports are open to us, and to do whatever is necessary to protect ourselves and our Chinese neighbor from interference from other Powers in this endeavor on our part to render her service through commercial relations.

What kind of legislation these new

conditions demand of us is a question which we do not here attempt to answer in any detail. Broadly speaking, it demands of us whatever legislation may be necessary to promote pacific and beneficent commercial relations between China and the United States. It demands that we treat China in all our diplomatic relations with respect, as, we are glad to say, America has treated her—certainly in these recent years. It demands that we make our legislation excluding Chinese laborers from our coast, so far as such legislation is required, of a kind not to be needlessly obnoxious to Chinese public sentiment, nor offensive to Chinese national pride. It probably requires before long some modification in our tariff system, for the purpose of facilitating a freer exchange of American products with Chinese products, since we cannot export to China save as we receive in return imports from China. And in the present condition of the world it requires the maintenance of such a navy as may be required to protect our commercial fleets, just as we maintain police river-boats in the waters of New York Harbor to protect our shipping there from river thieves.

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The Spectator

In a certain country village, which has long been a summer resort famous for the quality of its sojourners, the Doctor's porch is the gathering-place in the evening for the tried and the true. The amiability and the good nature of the Doctor and his charming wife have enabled the Spectator to include himself in this esteemed and sometimes envied coterie. The talk is generally good, for the wit is kindly, the gossip generous, and the discussions, even on political topics, courteous. But there is a fly in the honey-pot, a hawk in the dovecote—maybe two flies, maybe two hawks. And now this gathering is no longer a round table inspired by genial wit and controlled by graceful courtesy; by no means. The coterie is split up, and the Doctor and his friends sit at one end of the porch, while Mrs. Doctor and hers sit at the other. Whether this separation extends to the inside of the home the Spectator knows not. But on the porch no Mason and Dixon's line ever marked off boundaries more definitely. And this has all come about through efforts to have fun—the Doctor cares only for golf, Mrs. Doctor has no other love than bridge.

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Moreover, both of them have what is troubling them *very bad;* both cases are chronic and incurable. When a fad comes along and catches a man or a woman in its tentacles, we laugh at the antics and contortions of the victims because we feel sure that fads are like fungi—they pass away almost as quickly as they come. But the good things that come to us, even though they pass through the fad stage, come to us to abide. And such are both golf and bridge. Only a little while ago every man and woman with youth and energy enough to walk a few miles felt that he and she should play golf. And they played and played. Few, however, were chosen, and not more than ten in a hundred have stuck to the baffling game now that the fad stage is passed and only *golf* remains. But those who have stuck are enthusiasts, to whom the game is a serious thing, worthy of thought, contemplation, discussion; and, alas and alack! provocative of that peculiar gift which has made Ananias famous through the ages. So also has bridge passed through the era of fad. It is now a serious business, almost a solemn rite. The Spectator does not allude to the gambling features of the game. Bridge is good enough without stakes to make it thoroughly entertaining, and there is as much elation in carrying through a weak "no-trumper" as in winning twenty dollars. But at this time the "cocksure-know-it-alls," who have played a little whist and by that token and the presence of a "dummy" on the table are sure that they know all there is to know, have either learned better or have dropped out, leaving the game to humbler and better folk.

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Among the survivals of these games are the Doctor and Mrs. Doctor, the one of golf, the other of bridge. But why should that split up their coterie? The answer is easy—the Doctor has learned that he cannot play bridge and thinks there is nothing in it; Mrs. Doctor has discovered that she cannot play golf and she is sure that the game is stupid. And so both ends of the porch are used in the evenings, and when voices are raised so that a remark from either end is heard by all, talk of leading from the short suit mingles with that about the potency of the follow through. The Spectator has wondered what a man from Mars would think of it all could he stand in the shadow of the maples and listen to what must seem unintelligible jargon to the uninitiated. But the Spectator, who is both half golfer and half bridger, is convinced that both parties in this little comedy are enjoying themselves hugely and having the time of their lives—that is, their middle-aged lives. It cannot be that either game excites that exhilaration of feeling that comes to youth and maiden in the mating time when young love is new and the promised land no further than to-morrow; but both are exhilarating enough for practical purposes, and it is a blessed thing that in this good and beautiful world there are ways in which those who have passed boyhood and girlhood can still play, still have fun and so escape the depression and the despondency of the too highly wrought,

"When but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despair."

⁂

"I took a lesson to-day," one of the golfers is saying, "and the professional classed me as the music-teacher did the King of France: 'There are three classes of violinists, your Majesty, and you belong to the third—those who play, those who play a little, and those who cannot play at all.' He found fault with everything I did—my stance, my hands, my address, my stroke, my follow through, and most of all with the result. But he was better-natured at the blind tee, for he paid a short visit to the club-house and came back wiping his mouth. 'Lord Chesterfield,' he said, 'writing to his son, insisted that he should have grace; grace, grace, everything is in grace. Now in golf it is the same—grace, style, finish.' All the while he was teeing his ball. 'Now observe me,' he said, and he whacked that ball clean over the apple-trees right on to the putting-green. The stroke was as near as his remarks were amusing. Then I promptly sliced my ball into the road, and got into the green in a bungling four. It is all very discouraging."

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"I took a lesson to-day," one of the bridgers is saying, "and the teacher insisted that I must always lead my fourth best card of any long suit, so as to show my partner how many cards I held in the suit and also to show my partner what I had in the suit. 'But how will my partner know?' I asked. 'If you lead fourth best and afterwards either discard or play a smaller one, your partner will know that you originally held more than four cards in that suit. The lead of a deuce, for instance, shows but four cards in the suit. Your partner, by applying the *rule of eleven*, can very often tell the exact combination of cards from which you have led.' Is not that charming? Would it be permissible for me to ask my partner if she was acquainted with the *rule of eleven?* Oh, dear, oh, dear! I do just dote on bridge, but it is a headachy business when one tries to play it correctly. But I mean to learn; I shall persevere till I understand not only the rule of eleven, but know when to lead up to weakness and when to finesse on my partner's lead."

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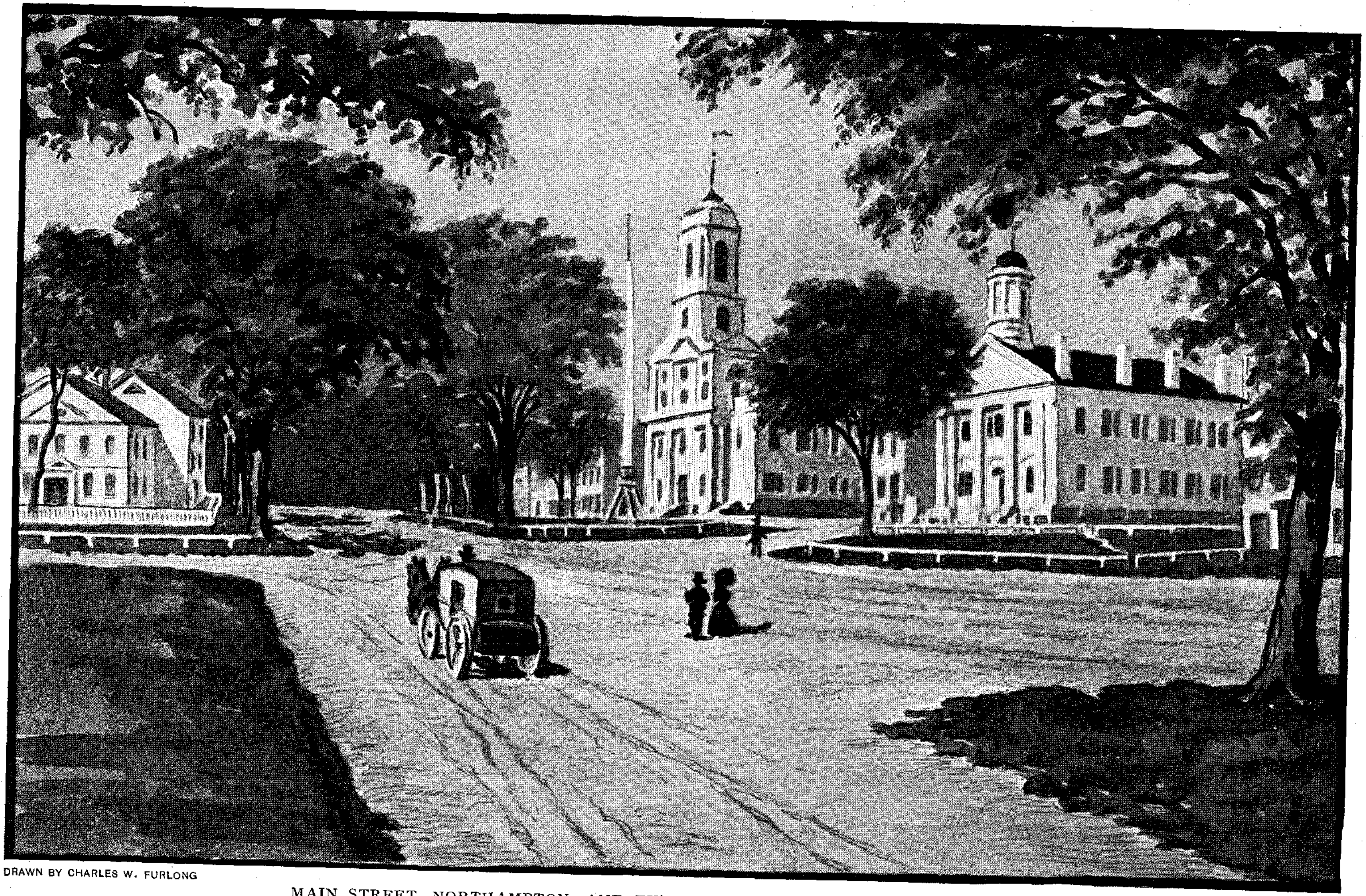
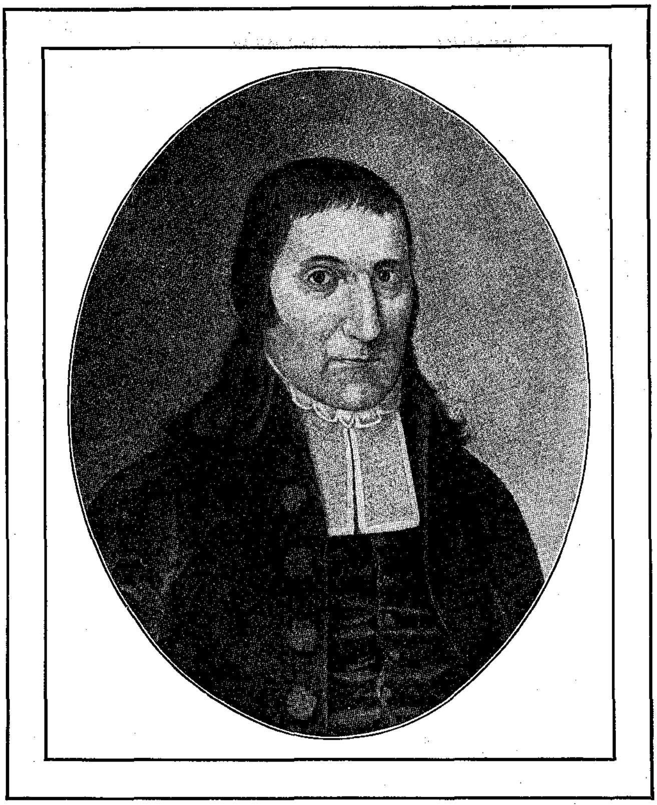
And so the talk goes on. "Keeping command of your suit," comes from one end of the porch; "three up and four to play," comes from the other; and the next day these summer-time holiday-makers go each their way, some to the golfing-grounds and putting-greens, other some to the shady piazzas with their green tables and packs of cards. Doctor and Mrs. Doctor also, upon whom the joke comes after all, for the Spectator has been assured by persons in both groups that the Doctor cannot really play golf, and that Mrs. Doctor is a very tyro at bridge. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*



DRAWN BY CHARLES W. FURLONG

MAIN STREET, NORTHAMPTON, AND THE FOURTH JONATHAN EDWARDS CHURCH



THE MOULTROP PORTRAIT OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

Jonathan Edwards

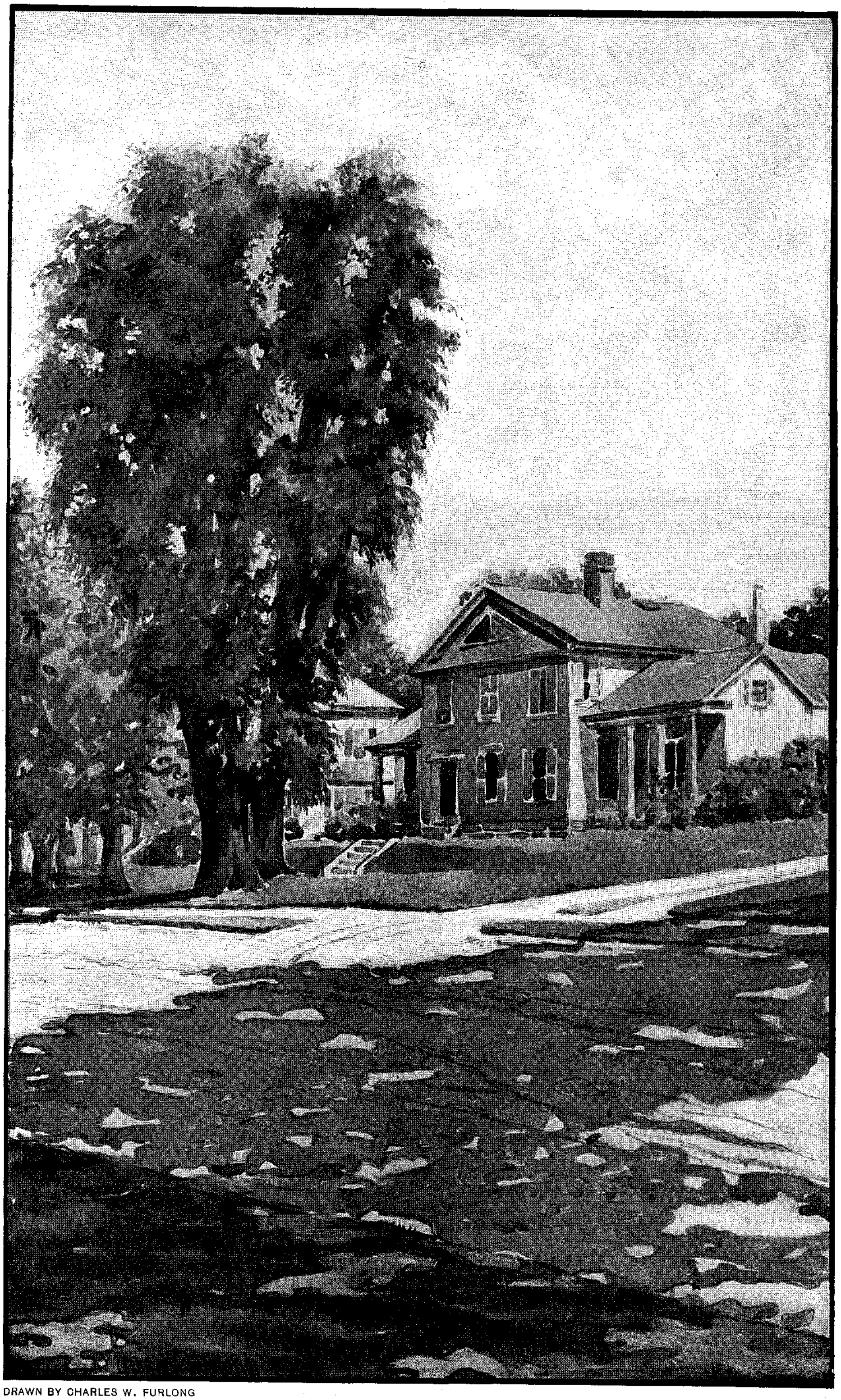
By Kate M. Cone

THE loveliest part of New England, the richest, the most fertile, the best to look at, and the easiest to live in, is that through which the Connecticut River flows in the third quarter of its course; yet this opulent region produced the chief ascetic, the most abstract thinker, that America has known, he whose name suggests the denial of the freedom of the will as inevitably as Cotton Mather's stands for witchcraft, and whom it is the present fashion to compare with Dante as the great modern seer of hell.

The harmonizing of Jonathan Edwards with his environment would be a difficult task were it not for a single circumstance which not only connects him with earth but brings him close to commonplace sympathies. From start to finish a succession of good women in his home combined to shield him from material cares and duties, at the same time that they contributed in no small degree to his intellectual and spiritual advancement. He was the only brother of ten sisters, eight of his eleven children were girls, and his mother and wife outlived him, not to mention a wonderful old grandmother, his mother's mother, who must have been a veritable sibyl in all that woman can do for theology. The Women Folks of Jonathan Edwards might well be the title of the true story of his earthly career. He even looked like a woman. Though six feet tall, he was slender and with sloping shoulders, and " his face was of a feminine cast which bespeaks a delicate and nervous organization." Through the medium of his womenkind he comes nearer than he could have dreamed to a permanent hold on the reformer, the educator, and the practical philanthropist of to-day.

The opening act in his rôle of man and brother is surely full of human warmth and credibility. "For joy that a man is born into the world," such must have been the sentiment that pervaded the parsonage at East Windsor, Connecticut, on the day in October two hundred years ago—it was October 5, 1703, to be exact—when the Rev. Timothy Edwards learned that he was at last the father of a son. We fancy him, immaculate in ministerial garb, holding the baby with deportment as irreproachable as when he handled a sermon, the four little girls of the household on tiptoe by his knee, gazing with awe and delight on their wonderful new brother, while Mrs. Edwards, from her pillows, smiled faintly but beatifically at the pretty group. "He is the gift of God; name him Jonathan," said Timothy Edwards; and Jonathan he became, like an uncle and granduncle before him. From the very first the hours which mother and son spent together must have been rich in the mysterious communion which a woman of her strong nature enjoys in motherhood. She was Esther Stoddard, of Northampton, and her portrait at thirty-one, which was her age when Jonathan was born, should be of a tall and dignified young matron, gentle and gracious in manner, and uncommonly intellectual. If her son and she were as much alike in appearance as they were in character, his portrait will stand for hers. She was the genius of the Edwards family group, the source of energy and originality. She had had a good education, privately taught by the schoolmaster at Northampton, and afterward, we are told, at school in Boston, and her domestic cares and eleven children, so far from dulling the edge of her intellect, proved a sphere of action worthy of her powers. She lived to the great age of ninety-nine. That she did not join the Church till she was forty-three is a fact which, considering that both father and husband were ministers, speaks volumes for her intellectual independence. With his mother's milk Jonathan Edwards drew in the life of the mind and heart which was common to them both. As he lay, a rosy baby on her breast, we can readily believe that she measured the heights which he was indeed destined to attain; to become "the greatest of the sons of men" could hardly surpass this mother's hopes and prayers for her only son. How close she must have held him, still an infant in arms, when to the startled household came the news of the attack on Deerfield and the cruel fate of Mrs. Edwards's half-sister, Eunice Williams, the minister's wife of that place! Well was it for the dwellers of the towns on the lower Connecticut that they were sixty miles from the frontier, and that, however their hearts might be wrung for kindred and friends, they were in no personal danger.

All the rougher elements that entered into boys' lives in those days, and even those which most boys encounter to-day, were left out of little Jonathan Edwards's experience. He never went to school; until he entered college he had a home education, and his fellow-pupils and playmates were mainly his own sisters. The picture of his home surroundings can hardly be overdrawn in point of refinement and mental stimulation. His father is described as a gentleman of "polished manners, particularly attentive to dress and to propriety of exterior, never appearing in public but in the full dress of a clergyman." He was an animated preacher and an excellent classical scholar, having had the unusual honor of receiving his bachelor's degree at Harvard in the morning and his master's degree in the afternoon of the same day. He busied himself exclusively in his study, leaving to Mrs. Edwards the entire charge of the household. Part of his time was given to fitting boys for college. He also instructed his daughters in Latin, Hebrew, and Greek, and bestowed the utmost attention on his son's education. Reading and writing English must have come by nature to the boy, for he began Latin at six. As with other carefully taught children of the time, the little Edwardses were constantly practiced in the use of



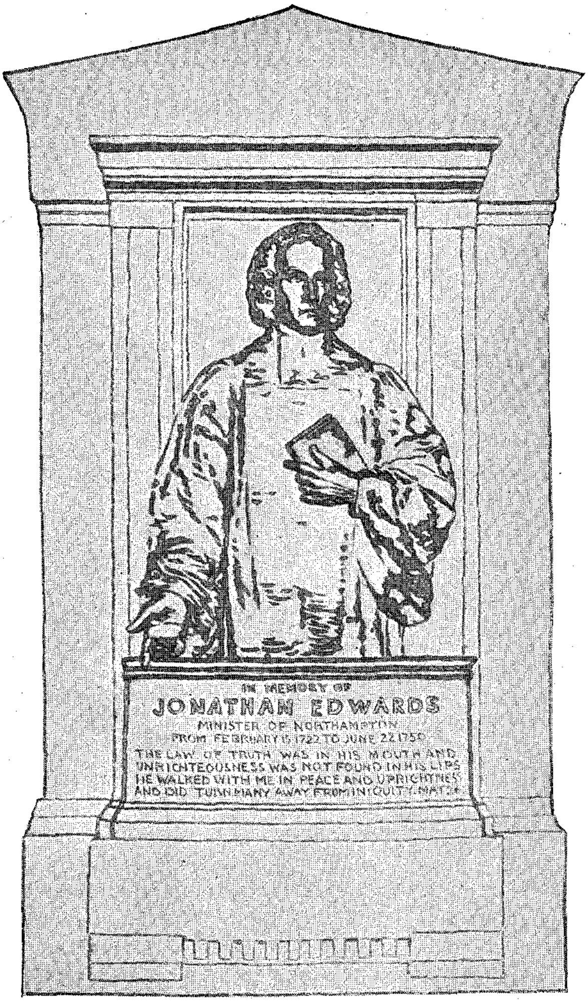
DRAWN BY CHARLES W. FURLONG

THE EDWARDS HOME AND ELM AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY the pen, copying, transcribing, and composing, so that by the time he was ten years old Jonathan had command of that great instrument and means of culture, the power of expressing his thoughts on paper.

But the boy was no mere learner and reciter of lessons. He had a genuine thirst for knowledge, and early showed the true scholar's diligence and persistence. His taste for natural science is one of the links which binds him to modern ways of thought. He showed particular aptitude for observing and noting the wonders of the external world, to which he added a truly poetic sensibility to the beauties of nature and her harmony with his deepest moods. He prayed out-of-doors when a child, and in his maturity did his best thinking and writing in the woods. The overmastering association which natural phenomena had for him was the presence and power of God. As truly as any child of to-day, brought up on the latest approved pedagogic theories, he began with thinking of God as the creator and sustainer of the universe. This fact and his mother's independence of thought speak much for the naturalness and freshness of his early piety. He was disciplined in the strict outward observances of religion to be expected in a New England minister's family of that time, and the church and its welfare were the absorbing interest of the household, but with such a mother there was little danger of getting far away from the heart of things. His father's church was subject to "seasons of religious attention." One of these occurring when Jonathan was seven or eight years old, he caught the prevailing emotional fever and imagined himself concerned about his soul's salvation. He prayed five times a day in secret, built a booth with some of his mates in a retired spot in a swamp where they assembled for prayer, and himself had particular secret places in the woods where he went for devotion. In middle life, looking back upon these performances, he thought himself a self-righteous little prig, as no doubt he innocently was. His childhood and youth seemed to have abounded in what he afterwards styled "common grace." He had no harrowing, morbid experiences such as tormented some of the Mathers, for instance, and was hard put to it to know when he became converted.

In character he was the kind of boy to fill a mother's heart with satisfaction, as his was the kind of mother to have that kind of boy—sweet-tempered, modest, teachable, dutiful to his parents, kind and attentive to his sisters, thoroughly regular and responsible. Sweetness and light describe him in his early years, as they are said to have been always, the one his favorite word, and the other the characteristic of his thought.

In the marvelous development of his mind, what sympathy and understanding too deep for pride his mother must have felt! She doubtless read, perhaps it was she who cherished and preserved, the letter refuting the materiality of the soul, and the essay on the habits of the field-spider, which have come down to us as samples of his boyish writings. He entered Yale College at thirteen, at fourteen read, with great effect upon his own mind, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, and in the next two years, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, made his Notes on the Mind and on Natural Science, which, says Professor Allen, "present him as an intellectual prodigy which has no parallel." No other boy of sixteen, it is safe to say, ever made observations on the nature of true excellence, and the vexed question whether matter is real or a fiction of the mind, in a manner to merit the serious consideration of philosophers and men of science. He graduated from college in 1719, at the age of sixteen. Two years longer he remained in New Haven pursuing his theological studies, when he was called to New York to preach for a newly organized Presbyterian society. He remained there eight months, leaving because of the smallness and weakness of the church. From 1724 to 1726 he was a tutor at Yale, of which he significantly wrote in his diary: "I have now abundant reason to be convinced of the troublesomeness and perpetual vexation of the world." In this period, beginning before he was twenty, he wrote his famous Resolutions. There


IN MEMORY OF
JONATHAN EDWARDS
MINISTER OF NORTHAMPTON
FROM FEBRUARY 15 1722 TO JUNE 22 1750
THE LAW OF TRUTH WAS IN HIS MOUTH AND
UNRIGHTEOUSNESS WAS NOT FOUND IN HIS LIPS
HE WALKED WITH ME IN PEACE AND UPRIGHTNESS
AND DID TURN MANY AWAY FROM INIQUITY. MAL. 2

THE EDWARDS MEMORIAL TABLET

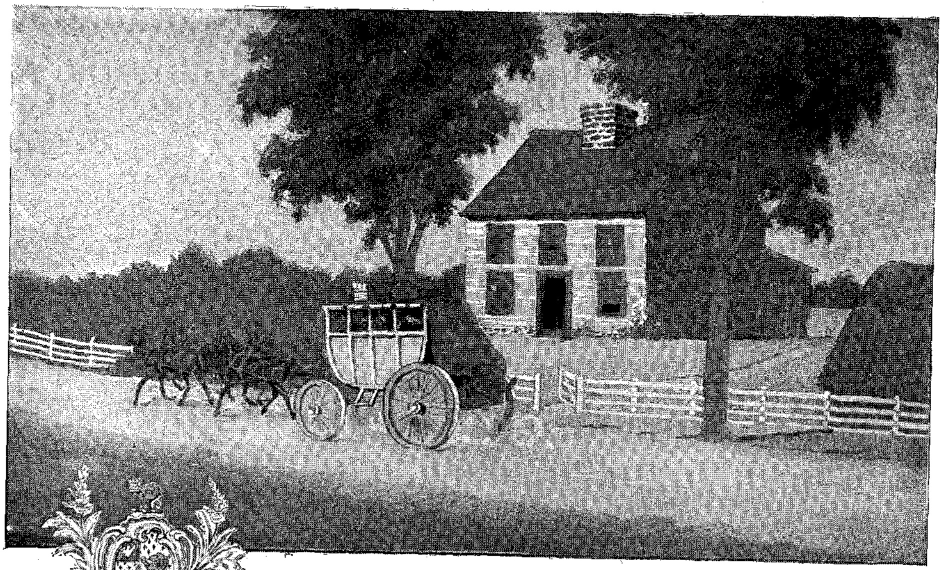
In the present Edwards Church, Northampton.

are seventy of them, and taken together they present his ideal of Christian manhood. Benjamin Franklin, the other "greatest American" of the eighteenth century, also wrote a series of Resolutions, thirteen in number, and the two sets admirably show the contrast in the characters of the two men. A Resolution which is common to the two lists, and one which both Edwards and Franklin prized as the source of much efficiency, relates to temperance in eating and drinking, and is probably the only point on which the two men, had they known each other, could ever have thoroughly agreed.

The church at Northampton to which Edwards was called early in his twenty-fifth year was the largest and richest in New England outside of Boston. The village was the county seat, and, after the troubles in King Philip's War, had grown rapidly in wealth and importance, although it is significant of the simplicity of the ways of living in vogue among the inhabitants that no carpet was found in town before 1770. The people were intelligent and refined, fitted to take the lead in public affairs in the region. Two at least of the citizens were famous Indian-fighters and men of war—Captain John Stoddard, and Seth Pomeroy, the gunsmith, renowned at the siege of Louisburg. Over this people for fifty-seven years the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, Jonathan Edwards's grandfather, had reigned supreme, "the Englishman's God," the Indians called him. His grandson speaks of him as "a very great man, of strong powers of mind, of great grace, and a great authority, of a masterly countenance, speech, and behavior. The officers and leaders of Northampton imitated his manners, which were dogmatic, and thought it an excellency to be like him. Many of the people esteemed all his sayings as oracles and looked upon him almost as a sort of deity." He was nearer being a Presbyterian than a Congregationalist, and his writings and theological views present him as a wise, kind, broad-minded man, rich in experience, and as far as possible removed from the type of morbid piety so common in his time. He journeyed often on horseback over the Bay Path to Boston, where he dined with Samuel Sewall and preached many a Thursday lecture for the Mathers. For two years after his grandson became his colleague he conducted half the services on Sunday, and a striking contrast the old pastor and the young one must have made—eighty-four and twenty-four, hale old age and delicate youth, one rooted in the affections and habits of the people, the other with his head among the stars.

Young Mr. Edwards was ordained at Northampton on the 15th of February, 1727. On the 27th of the next July he married Sarah Pierpont, of New Haven, and the home was set up in which they expected to end their days. He had known Miss Pierpont while he was a theological student and had written of her, when he was twenty and she thirteen, the famous and much-quoted passage which describes her spirituality and elevation of character. Miss Pierpont was sixteen when Mr. Edwards offered himself to her, and though he strongly urged that they be married immediately upon his ordination, she refused till she should be seventeen. She was just past seventeen, therefore, when she became the new minister's wife at Northampton, and assumed the guardianship of the temporal affairs of this man of genius. Their wedding journey lay up the Connecticut River, on horseback and perhaps in part by boat, in midsummer. We fancy the young couple riding up the long East Windsor street and drawing rein under the great elm in front of the parsonage. With what courtliness Timothy Edwards must have helped the bride to dismount, Mrs. Edwards taking her at once to her arms and heart, while the row of sisters stood waiting to carry her off to rest and refresh herself from her journey. If all the stories that are told of her beauty and lovely character are true, she must have fully satisfied even this critical circle, anxious to the depths of their adoring hearts that their precious paragon of a son and brother should get the right sort of wife. They knew, of course, of her unexceptionable birth, her father a New Haven minister and founder of Yale College, and her mother a descendant of the great Mr. Hooker, of Hartford. Perhaps to his mother Jonathan had shown his description of her charter. But until they saw her they could not have realized her remarkable personal charm. "Rare and lustrous beauty both of form and features," "a form and features not often rivaled, with a peculiar loveliness of expression, the combined result of goodness and intelligence," "more than ordinarily beautiful," are phrases employed by staid doctors of divinity in speaking of her. That he should choose so beautiful a wife, and have discernment to find one as good and capable as she was beautiful, speaks much for Jonathan Edwards's taste and sense, though the source of her attraction which he acknowledged was her religious enthusiasm and bent toward mysticism. There was an uncommon bond between them, both of mind and heart, which the years only served to strengthen and intensify. Her influence over him was very great, as his confidence and admiration regarding her were unbounded.

At Northampton another welcome awaited her. Old Solomon Stoddard, venerable in her eyes by all the implications of his age and profession, must have melted at the sight. Uncle John doubtless gave her a warrior's greeting and set at once about establishing the friendly and helpful relations which he always maintained toward his nephew and niece. A host of uncles and aunts



THE JONATHAN EDWARDS HOMESTEAD IN NORTHAMPTON

and cousins, mostly ministerial and belonging to the clan of Williams, lived in the neighboring towns, while the inhabitants of Northampton outside the family circle felt a special interest in the young couple from recalling the time when Timothy Edwards, the village schoolmaster, courted and married Esther Stoddard, the minister's stately second daughter. But the person whom we like to think came nearest to the sweet newcomer, who at all events best understood the difficulties and perplexities which beset her position, was Grandmother Stoddard. Let me linger a moment in recounting her claims to be the bride's chief friend and mentor. Long years before, she had been Esther Warham, daughter of John Warham, of Windsor, Connecticut, just across the river from East Windsor. He was one of the earliest ministers of New England, and had so deep a sense of his own unworthiness that he would not permit himself to partake of the Lord's Supper when he administered it to his flock. Her first husband had been the first minister in Northampton, Eleazar Mather, son of Richard, brother of Increase, and uncle of Cotton Mather, so that by him she had an inside view of that famous family's place in the Puritan priesthood. Eleazar Mather had been of the sickly type and died young, after which she became the wife of Solomon Stoddard, of whose character and place in the ministry we have already heard. Of her fifteen children by both husbands three were ministers and six married ministers, her eldest daughter, Eunice Mather, being the Rev. John Williams's wife, of Deerfield fame; while of her grandchildren connected with the ministry time faileth to tell. Altogether, there was no point in the domestic management of ministers, from the starching of their bands to the degree to which their moods of exaltation or depression might be indulged, on which she was not competent to give advice.

At all events, young Mrs. Edwards made an uncommon success of her chosen calling. She became the mother of eleven children, and they all lived to maturity and most of them to a good old age. When we consider that it was Mrs. Edwards's ambition that her husband spend thirteen hours a day in his study, and that he was often absent from home on a thinking excursion in the woods or away to preach, it is plain that she must herself have been largely responsible for the home life and training of this goodly flock. She made a charming home, the secret of which lay primarily in the perfect sympathy which existed between husband and wife and in the lofty ideals of life and conduct which animated both, and secondly in the high estimate in which she held a domestic career. In her hands lay the management of the family finances and the general administration of the household, and very clever she had to be at it, for there was never much money and sometimes none at all. It was said of her that she "studied economy as a religious duty, bearing in mind the words of Christ that nothing be lost." She had servants, I fancy a man and woman, and her servants were probably slaves. The older children also early became helpers. Yet Mrs. Edwards herself must often have baked and brewed, stood at the loom and spinning-wheel, and for twenty-two years there was always a baby to be cared for.

The Edwards family lived very simply, as suited their slender means, the wants of so many young children, and Mr. Edwards's own habits of temperance and early rising. Yet we may believe that what they lacked in means of display they made up in gentle manners and good taste. Jonathan Edwards would not have been the son of his father if he had failed in anything that becomes a gentleman; while Mrs. Edwards, we are told, "had been educated in the midst of polished life, familiar from childhood with the rules of decorum and good breeding, affable and easy in her manners, and governed by the feelings of liberality and benevolence." Her method of governing her children was full of tact and wisdom, characterized on her part by cheerfulness, gentle and pleasant words, reproof given quietly and in a low voice, constant appeal to reason, and infrequent punishments, and on their part by implicit obedience without murmuring or answering, never a word of quarreling or contention with one another, and respectful and deferential manners towards their elders. George Whitefield's picture of the Edwards home has often been quoted. What he saw there made him pray for a wife of his own on the same pattern as Mrs. Edwards.

Jonathan Edwards's methods of work were those of a scholar *par excellence.* He rose at four in the morning, and spent thirteen hours a day in study. In eating and drinking he was exceedingly abstemious, seldom coming to the family table. He took exercise preferably by horseback-riding, though his excursions were in no sense periods of rest or recreation; in unseasonable weather he chopped wood. At night, if he thought of anything worth remembering while in bed, he would get up, light a candle, and write it down. He never made social calls, and visited his people only in cases of necessity. He was cut off by the habits of his life from common humanities and an acquaintance with his kind. It thus came to pass that this man of a happy home and unclouded fortunes, on whose youth the heavenly vision of divine beauty and goodness had so brightly dawned, came in his maturity to believe that man's nature is utterly bad, that enmity exists between God and man, and that the great mass of the human race is destined to spend an eternity of conscious suffering in hell.

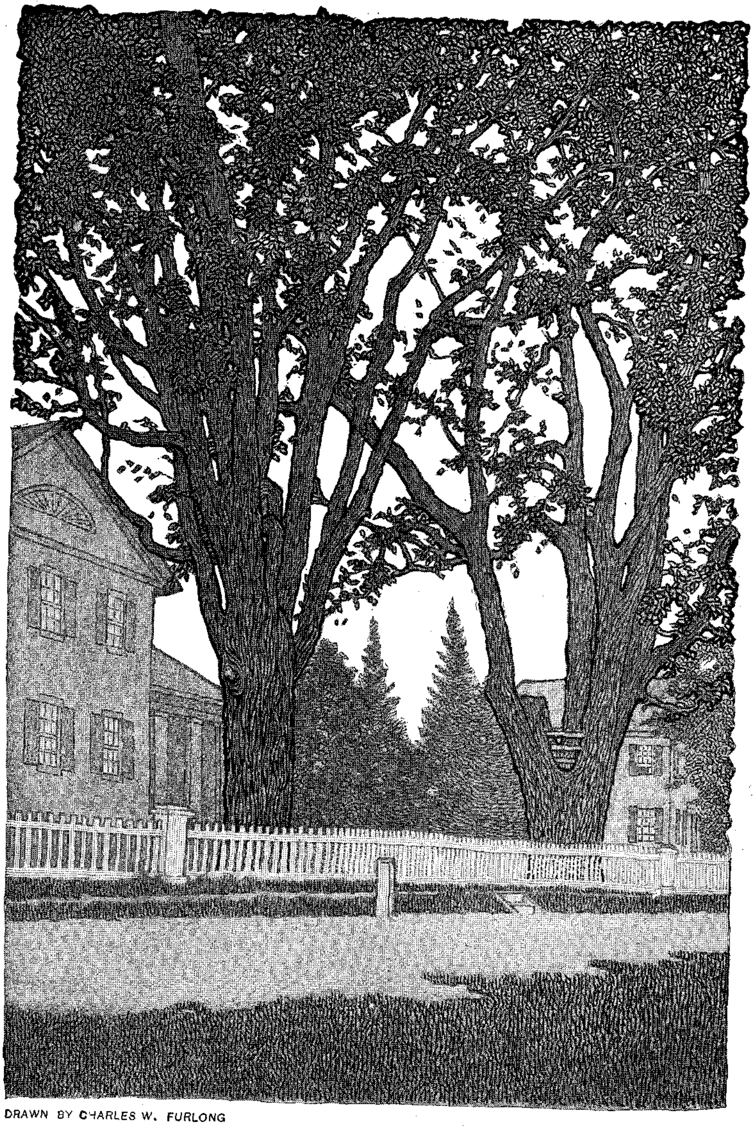
By what process he reached such conclusions we must leave it to the theologians to explain. It was Calvinism forced to its logical conclusion by a mind as inflexibly devoted to truth as it was powerful. At the bottom of his whole system lay his theoretical denial of the freedom of the will; and nothing more conclusively proves that logic was mightier than life with Edwards than the fact that he was not himself overcome by his own creations. By good rights he should have gone about the streets of Northampton as Dante went about those of Ravenna, wearing on his face the marks of a man who has been in hell. Another proof of his absorption in theory to the exclusion of human sympathies was his attitude toward the multitude of tortured human hearts which in the course of his ministry were laid bare before him. He seems to have scrutinized and studied them with the calmness and scientific curiosity of a modern vivisectionist, and recorded the distinguishing marks of the successive stages of spiritual awakening with the exactness and coolness of a physician taking notes on a prevailing epidemic. "The great master of logic and spiritual inhumanity," Dr. Holmes called him. In a measure he created his opportunities for a close acquaintance with the working of religious emotions in the Great Awakening, the remarkable revival or series of revivals which he primarily and George Whitefield after him set on foot in New England in the second quarter of the eighteenth century.

The movement began in Northampton and the neighboring towns with a revival which culminated in the winter and spring of 1735. At this distance one reads Mr. Edwards's account of it with feelings about equally divided between a secret sympathy for the flirtatious young folks and contentious town fathers of the day, amazement at the mighty agencies which the young pastor employed in dealing with their peccadilloes, as of a trip-hammer to crush an ant, and horror at the impulses which afterwards assailed many of the converts to cut their throats. What, we wonder, did Grandmother Stoddard, minister's wife and widow in Northampton for seventy-seven years, think of it all? So far was the punishment from fitting the crime that her grandson was forced to make of religion and conversion things apart from ordinary life, raised into an imaginary realm where sin is not plain individual disobedience to the laws of God, but complicity with Adam, and goodness is not good unless as an adjunct to certain difficult emotional experiences. Surely nothing could have been further from Solomon Stoddard's common-sense theology and liberal interpretation of religious essentials. Stranger things were to follow. The second stage in the Great Awakening began in 1740, and was marked by George Whitefield's preaching and the appearance of "bodily effects," as the faintings, outcries, and convulsions which then became common were called. The pitch to which religious excitement rose sounds mediæval or like that of the Southern negro. Some of the services lasted all night, others were protracted to twenty-four hours. People went into trances and saw visions and dreamed dreams. A special feature was the bringing of children under the prevailing influence, and we are told that in Northampton the children forgot to play, and went home from meeting crying aloud in the streets. At first Mr. Edwards was not fully persuaded of the efficacy of these excessive emotional demonstrations, and we fancy that Whitefield and he argued together on the subject as they rode together to Timothy Edwards's house on the October Sunday evening after Whitefield had preached in Northampton. It is, however, to Mrs. Edwards's influence that his final approval of these outward signs is usually attributed. Her own religious experience was without a cloud, rising at times to moments of ecstasy, the genuineness of which her exemplary life and perfect health went far toward attesting. She exquisitely and powerfully illustrated a side of life of which her intellectual husband personally had little experience, and while it has been suggested that her wifely loyalty led her unconsciously into having the experiences he expected her to have, it has also been hinted with equal probability that hers was the stronger character. At all events, on this important question her example and the revelations she made to him prevailed, and at his request she wrote out for him the story of these seasons of exaltation, which he incorporated into his argument in favor of "bodily effects."

To this second period in the Great Awakening belongs the famous sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," which Mr. Edwards preached at Enfield, Connecticut, in 1741. Eleazar Wheelock heard him deliver it, and wrote a detailed account of it to Trumbull, the historian of Connecticut, whence comes the picture, never to be forgotten, of the hot July Sunday in the bare New England meeting-house, when, the country audience—our great-great-grandfathers and mothers—having assembled in easy-going, prosperous mood, the slender scholar in the pulpit, speaking without rhetorical device of any kind, looking now on his manuscript and now at the opposite wall, and using an even, almost monotonous tone, by his intellectual strength alone brought his hearers to a pitch of emotion unbelievable of any New England audience to-day, weeping, moaning, fainting, and crying aloud under the terrible scourge of his portrayal of the fate overhanging the majority of mankind, so that he was forced to stop midway and command quiet, in order that he might be heard.

We turn from the Great Awakening to an idyl of love and friendship in the Edwards household, which was indirectly one of its results—namely, the attachment between David Brainerd and Jerusha Edwards, Mr. Edwards's second daughter. Brainerd went as a missionary to the Indians in Delaware, and his persistence in the face of bodily suffering reminds one of the Jesuits in Canada. His enthusiasm and devotion for the Indians were no small part of the inspiration for Wheelock's Indian School, the germ of Dartmouth College. He had consumption, and when at last he could preach no more and his brother had taken his place at the mission, he journeyed by slow stages to Northampton, to Jonathan Edwards's house, to die. Dr. Mather, the village doctor, did not conceal from him his condition, but advised outdoor air and horseback-riding, and he went to Boston with Jerusha Edwards as his nurse and companion. He was twenty-nine and she seventeen, and if one doubted, as we should doubt, the delicacy and propriety of such an arrangement, the shadow of death which hung over him, and, as it proved, over her also, may be supposed to excuse it. The journey took four days, and the time was June. They were both of angelic purity and exaltation of character. Altogether their relation was one which Hawthorne could have portrayed to perfection. They came back in August by even slower stages, and from that time on, for two months, Brainerd was manifestly dying. On the Sabbath morning before his death Miss Edwards came into the room, and, looking at her with a smile, he said, "Are you willing to part with me? I am willing to part with you, though if I thought I could not see you and be happy with you in another world, I could not bear to part." After extreme suffering he died at dawn on the 9th of October, 1747, and three months later Miss Edwards followed him.

In all these events how deeply interested the home circle at East Windsor must have been! There, indeed, Jonathan Edwards's history, could it have been transcribed, would be seen as it appeared from a point of view both sympathetic and comprehending. How well could old Timothy Edwards understand all the ins and outs of his son's profession! How perfectly Mother Esther knew the inheritances and peculiarities of his people! Did he seem remote and out of harmony with the average of human nature, they knew how lofty was his outlook and how sincere his purpose. Perhaps with his mother he did sometimes relax from his austerities, and we may picture him entering the pleasant, westward-facing, two-story old house, with its big, warm chimney heart, and seeking out his mother, busy at her household tasks, like any boy come home. Would that with her eyes we could pass in review the final scenes of his life in Northampton! She could tell us what really happened in the dreadful rupture that came between her son and his people. What were the books which the young folks of his congregation read which seemed to him so pernicious? Richardson's novels, or some of the nameless literature of lust? She would have known. And if any middle way existed between her father, who had held that the Lord's Supper is itself a saving ordinance, and her more strait-laced son, who required a previous experience of conversion for church membership, be sure she found it out. In the storm of injustice and abuse which finally assailed him, we may feel certain that her mother heart beat true for him, and, in the almost unprecedented event of his dismissal from his charge, that she looked forward to a time when he should be righted before the world. Anxious enough she must have been made by his embarrassments, thrown suddenly out of occupation as he was, in the middle of his life, with a large family and slight means of support. Out of her own slender resources she doubtless sent what help she could to Mrs. Edwards, who, with her daughters, was forced to do needlework for her daily bread. And the disgrace of it all, how keenly it must have been felt in the peaceful community



DRAWN BY CHARLES W. FURLONG

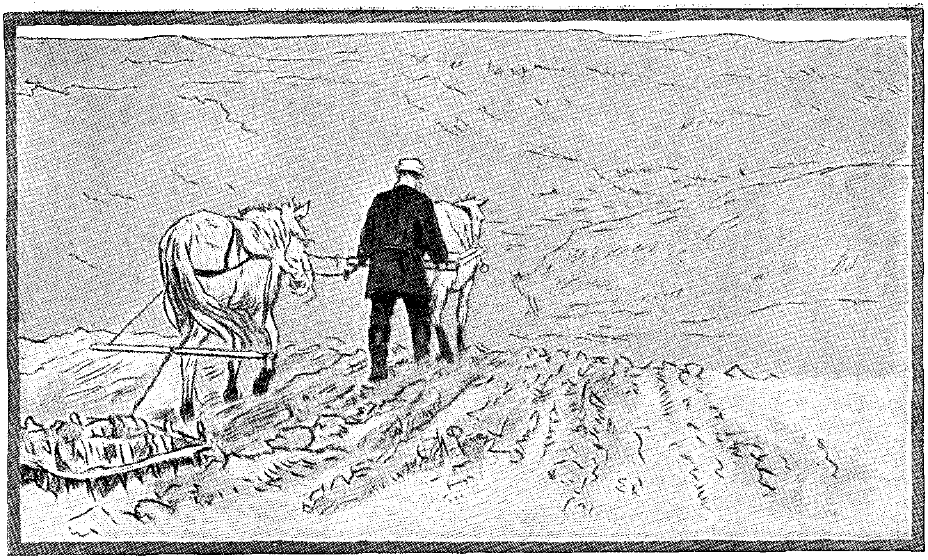
THE JONATHAN EDWARDS ELMS

One of which is no longer standing.

where Timothy Edwards had preached for nearly sixty years and expected to end his days! In the midst of accumulated evils it must have been some comfort to hear of the advantageous marriages of two of the daughters of the unfortunate household and the betrothal of a third to Dr. Aaron Burr.

There followed months of uncertainty as to what the rejected pastor should do. An attempt was made to found a new church for him in Northampton, but his supporters were too few. His admirers in Scotland urged him to come there, but the uncertainties on both sides were too many. At last the way opened for him to go to Stockbridge, forty miles up in the mountains, to an Indian mission church, and there, in the midst of surroundings far from congenial either to him or to his family, he spent eight years. He was not particularly successful in his ministrations to the Indians; the place was on the frontier, and the time toward the end of the French and Indian war. Yet it was in Stockbridge that his great essay on the Freedom of the Will was written, and another almost equally great on Original Sin, on account of which it was given to his mother to hear such praise of him from great thinkers over the sea as none of his contemporaries had ever won. She could bear his rejection by a provincial country church when he was being hailed "greatest of theologians" and "greatest of the sons of men" by a world audience. Then came the brilliant opening of the presidency of the College of New Jersey, by which all the family prospect was brightened and broadened. On his death-bed Timothy Edwards heard of his son's election and arrival at the scene of his new labors, and close upon the beginning of her widowhood the fond and proud old mother learned of the inaugural and induction into office of her son as President of Princeton College, February 16, 1758, when he was fifty-five and she eighty-six years old. Who can paint her reception of the crushing news that followed? Within six weeks her son was dead, inoculated of smallpox and dead, and his daughter, Esther Burr, along with him, far from his wife and home, with only Lucy, his youngest daughter, and the two little grandchildren, Sarah and Aaron Burr, near by. Instinctively the two lonely women in the East Windsor homestead—the mother and her one unmarried daughter—must have turned to the daughter-in-law and grandchildren in Stockbridge. Together they mourned, and yearned for poor Lucy and the little ones left to the younger Mrs. Edwards's care. She, widowed indeed, went to assume their charge as soon as she was able, and herself died in Philadelphia on October 2, 1758. Madam Edwards survived this havoc of fortune and of death twelve years. Stranger than any story that could be imagined must have been her vision of her son's completed life. She who had been so blessed in his advent, who had watched with so much sympathy the splendid flowering of his youth, lived to see the rich fruitage of his maturity, and death suddenly laid to the root of this majestic tree. As an epilogue to this life-drama there remained the proof of his continued vitality at work in his posterity, which to us also, at the distance of a century and a half, makes a wonderful showing of intellect, energy, and thrift.

In another age and country Edwards might have been a monk, a hermit, or a celibate recluse of some kind, and still attained to his exalted place among the world's great thinkers. But we should have been the poorer, not merely by the loss of the individuals to whom his traits of mind and character were transmitted, but in missing a notable example of the way to make a home of the kind on which free States may safely rest. Its secret lay, as we have already noted, in the devotion to spiritual ideals which animated both its master and mistress, united with practical efficiency and skill in domestic management, a combination for which New England parsonages have often been famous. But in Jonathan Edwards and Sarah Pierpont three generations of such homes were joined to produce an almost perfect type. They did not aim at getting or saving money for their children, and Mrs. Edwards did not set her affections on outward show either for herself or for her daughters. What they did believe in was a liberal education of an uncommonly high and all-round sort, which included not only Greek and Latin, but a disciplined will and trained fingers. This supreme blessing they imparted to their children for the most part by example and at home. Within the four walls of this one home were carried on well the various kinds of education which to-day public school, Sunday-school, and manual training school accomplish with only indifferent success. With the least possible outlay of effort and money, and on principles glorified by modern pedagogical science, these children were taught to think, to work, to pray, and to behave, with results which ought forever to settle any questions as to the end sought in education or the means for reaching it. The making of men and the training of mothers was in it, and if Jonathan Edwards did believe in hell, his wife and he did enough by way of realizing the kingdom of heaven in their home to win our everlasting grateful remembrance.



TOLSTOY PLOWING ON HIS FARM

Tolstoy's Marriage and Family Life[1]

By Edward A. Steiner

NO human problem which pressed itself upon Tolstoy was permitted to work itself out secretly. "I have no secrets," he says; "everybody may know what I am doing;" and from the first perplexing questions which troubled the half-awake brain of the child, through the whole scale of human emotions, he permits us to listen to him as he tries to answer or solve them. With the same frankness with which he uncovers the heart of the child and youth, he reveals the heart of the man who is beginning to feel the joys and sorrows of his first true love. When he tells in his story, "Family Happiness," of the growth of the love of Sergei Michaelovitsch for Mascha, the daughter of a childhood's friend, he is simply telling the story of his own love for Sofia Andrejevna, whose mother, a Russian woman, was his dear friend (and only about a year and a half his senior), and whose father was Dr. Baer, a German physician. Tolstoy was attracted to their home, not only by the friendship which bound him to the mother, but also because he found in its pure and hospitable atmosphere much of that which other houses lacked. Countess Tolstoy says that her husband was attracted to her parents' home because of its fine aristocratic spirit, while he maintains that it was because of the democratic principles which prevailed in it, for the daughters not only knew how to speak four languages fluently and how to play the piano artistically, but could supervise a household, and if necessary perform all the labor themselves.

Although Tolstoy was many years older than the young woman upon whom his choice had fallen, his love from the first was ardent and strong, but he hesitated to declare it, and his attentions were so general that the friends who kept a watchful eye upon him could not determine whether his visits were intended for the mother or the daughters,

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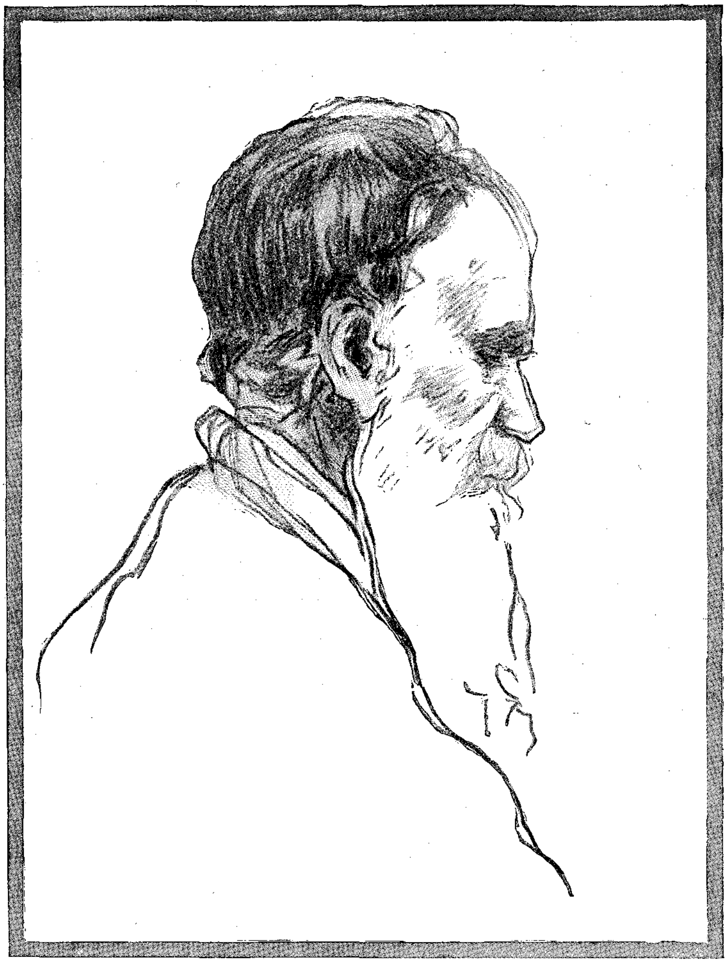
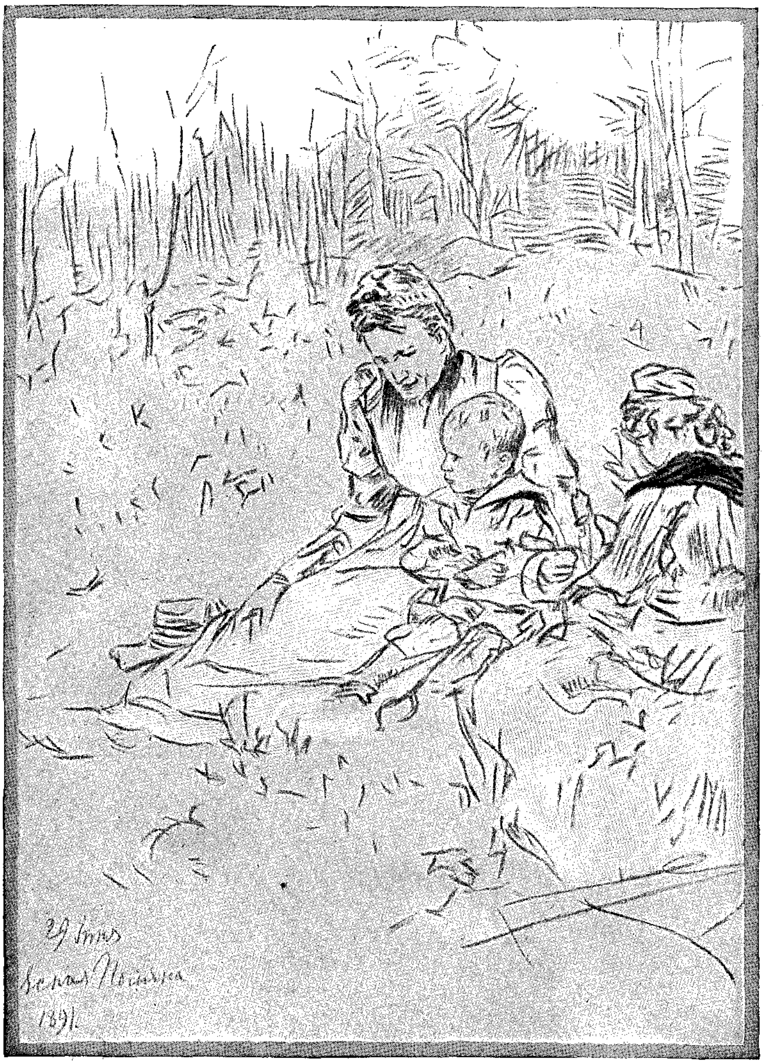


A RECENT PORTRAIT OF TOLSTOY

and, if for the daughters, for which one. The burdens with which he had loaded himself grew greater every day; the Government had looked with suspicion upon his schools, the problem of developing his own life according to his high standards grew more difficult, and he yearned for the life of which he had long dreamed, "life by the side of a pure woman who would breathe peace upon him and who, while sharing his labor, would increase his joy." If ever a man thought of marriage "advisedly and soberly," it was Tolstoy, for although he was drawn to Moscow by that resistless power which he knew to be the power of love, he withstood the temptation to declare himself, and looked in silent admiration upon the young girl, in whom the promises of a beautiful womanhood were beginning to be fulfilled.

One day that same autumn a carriage drove into the park at Yasnaya Polyana, and out of it sprang three young women, who were followed by their mother, Mrs. Baer. They were on the way to their grandfather's estate, some fifty versts behind Yasnaya Polyana, and a short stop among their friends was as pleasant to them as it was to Tolstoy, to whom their presence brought great delight and seemed like a fulfillment of his dreams. Sofia, the second daughter, was what we would call a tomboy, but without very much emphasis on the boy, for she was womanly, graceful, and beautiful, yet as "playful as a kitten." She loved tennis and other outdoor sports, jumped over fences and ditches, climbed trees, and made the woods ring with her laughter. Somber old Yasnaya Polyana seemed to have been recreated by the presence of this young fairy, whose every step Tolstoy followed and upon whom his eyes rested fondly. For him there existed only two classes of women; "the one, which was composed of all the women in the world except Sofia, and who were heirs to all the feminine faults, just common human beings—and the other class, just her alone, without a fault and high above all others." Although no one knew that his attentions were centered upon her (and the mother thought that they were surely intended for her eldest daughter), Sofia, with that intuition which belongs to woman, had not only divined his love, but it had also awakened in her the same feeling. Mrs. Baer and her daughters left Yasnaya Polyana after a three days' visit, and there was something in the glance of Tolstoy's eyes and in the pressure of his hand when he bade Sofia good-by which made his riding after them in a few days and his appearance at Ivizy quite natural and not unexpected to her. He came with the strong desire to ask Sofia to be his wife, and while they were alone under a shading tree, she sitting

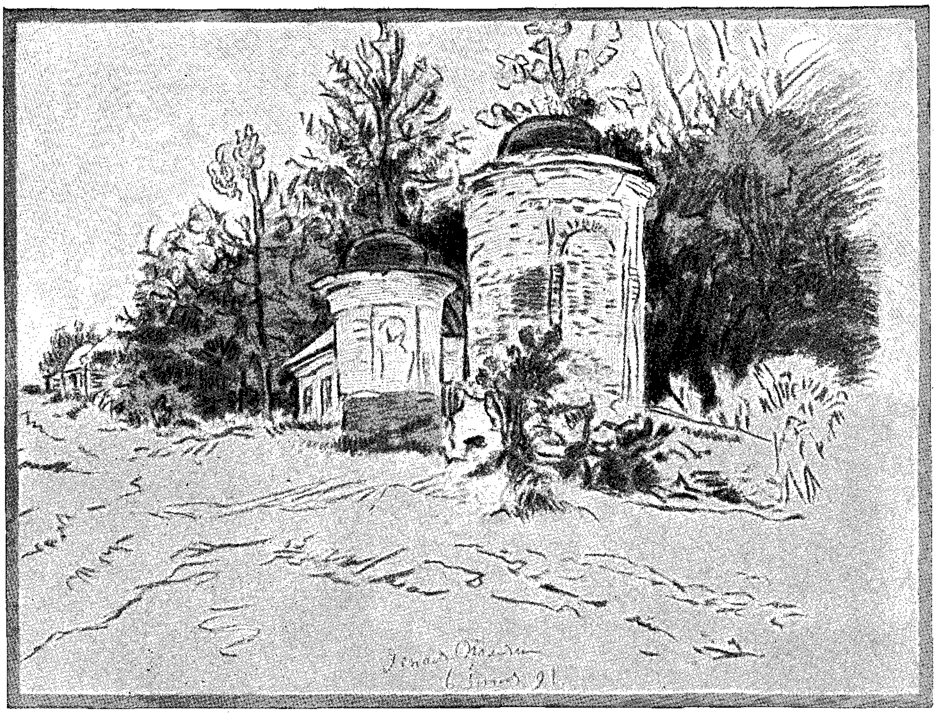


COUNTESS TOLSTOY AND THE YOUNGEST CHILDREN, 1891 on a wooden bench in front of a table, he looking down on her chestnut-brown hair and into her grayish-blue eyes, the desire ripened into determination. She was playing with a piece of chalk, writing on the table, or rather just making marks, when he said, "I have been wishing to ask you something for a long time," and the grayish-blue eyes looked into his, frightened but friendly, as she said, "Please ask." He took the piece of chalk out of her fingers and wrote the first letters of the words of a sentence which was very complicated and which she had to decipher. "And what is this, and what is that?" he asked of one word after another, and with wrinkled forehead and blushing cheek she answered him. "And this word?" he asked again, and she said, "It means never, but it is not so," and, taking the crumbling chalk from him, she wrote four letters which did not form the words of a complicated sentence, and he needed no one to ask him, "What is this, or what is that?" He knew what they meant, for all she wrote was e-v-e-r. This declaration of his love he used in a more complicated form in his "Anna Karénina," where Levin thus declares himself to Kitty, his future wife. While in the story the mother seemed at first opposed to the union, in reality it was the father, Dr. Baer, who bluntly and definitely refused to give his consent. He wished to see his oldest daughter married first, and not until Tolstoy threatened to shoot himself if the father persisted in his refusal did he yield.

Tolstoy wished to be married immediately; he did not understand why he should have to wait for the consummation of his wishes until the trousseau was finished, and he begged off month after month of the time set by Mrs. Baer, until finally the 23d of September, 1862, was settled upon as the date on which the ceremony was to be performed. He went at everything connected with the business of being married in an awkward and reluctant fashion, and his struggle was especially great when he had to go to confession, a matter which he had long neglected and in which he did not believe, but without which he could not marry. Yet he would have gone through the fire if it had been between him and his Sofia, so he went to the church and down upon his stiff knees, and received absolution from the gentle, simple-minded priest, "who, indeed, could pull a tooth without hurting," or, in other words, who could forgive sins without disturbing the conscience. Tolstoy listened to the service now absent-mindedly and now critically, for although he did not believe anything, he did not yet know but that he ought to, and although he denied his faith before the priest, he was not quite sure when he reached home whether, in trying to be perfectly honest, he had not after all told an untruth.

The day of the wedding found Tolstoy more nervous and excited than the coolheaded bride. He had to be ordered about like a school-boy, and was as much confused about the right and left hand as a raw Russian recruit who receives his first lesson in drilling. He felt deeply the quickly mumbled words of the priest; and the music of the invisible choir which repeated over and over again, "Bless them, O Lord!" echoed in his heart. "Eternal Lord," prayed the priest, "who hast united that which was separated, who hast made the indissoluble ties of love, and who blessed Isaac and Rebecca, these are their descendants according to the covenant. Bless them, these my servants, Leof and Sofia, whom I myself bless; for thou art a most merciful God, full of love for men, and we praise thee, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, throughout eternity, amen." The rings were exchanged, but not without their first being mixed; the priest said, "We unite the servant of God, Leof, to the handmaid of God, Sofia," and Tolstoy had entered into the long-looked-for harbor. "Fjett, dear old boy, dearest friend," wrote Tolstoy, intoxicated by his happiness, "I am married two weeks and am a new, an entirely new, creature."

Sofia entered completely into the thoughts and plans of her husband. She was as idealistic as he, but much more practical; she took possession of keys and closets, brought order into confusion, and drove the leisurely horde of servants and peasants into despera-



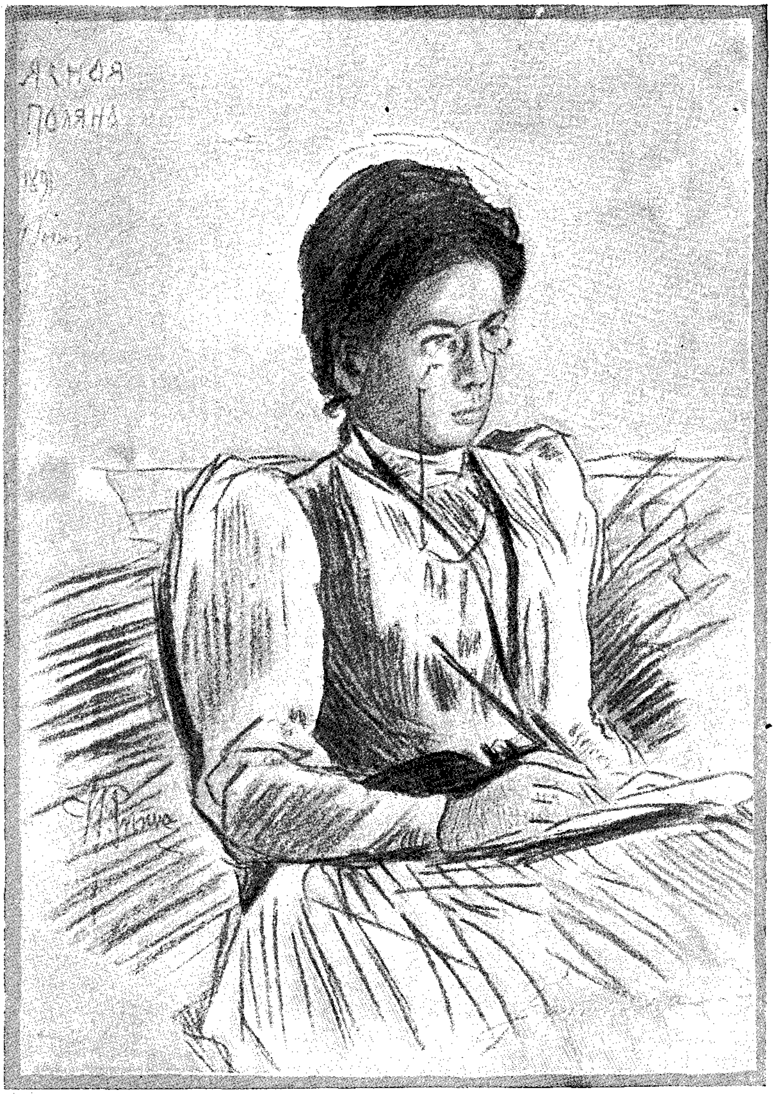
ENTRANCE INTO YASNAYA POLYANA

tion, if not into a faster gait. She had inherited from her father something of German thrift, and the rubles were not permitted to roll out faster than the kopeks came walking in. She kept the book and the cash, became general manager and overseer, and again Tolstoy writes to Fjett, "I have made an important discovery: Inspectors, overseers, and village elders are a nuisance. I have done away with them, and Sofia and I are way up to our ears in farming. We have bees, sheep, a new orchard, and a distillery. I live in a world which lies so far away from all literature and all criticism that when I receive a letter like yours, my first thought is one of astonishment and surprise as to who has written 'The Kosaks,' or 'Polikushka'!"

In the summer of the next year "Fjett" came on a visit to which he had been repeatedly urged, and he paints in glowing colors the idyllic picture which he saw. Dressed in a light gown, Sofia came running to meet him among the white birches, a sapling herself; Tolstoy was at the pond, catching crabs which they had for supper. Everything was bright, hopeful, full of life and full of peace. It was a glorious evening which he spent with them; there was no trace of any pressing problem, and no weighty questions were discussed. It was just life at its best, a self-effacing life in which Tolstoy forgot himself and all the problem of existence.

The young couple were not spared some disillusions, for Tolstoy was still very human and his wife had never pretended to be anything else. He loved her passionately and trusted her implicitly, yet he was jealous, and when the yellow monster controlled him most he looked everywhere for an imaginary lover, and then was heartily ashamed of himself. On the 28th of June, 1863, their eldest child was born, and with its first cry Tolstoy awoke from his dream, and the old questioning spirit began to torment him again about the meaning of life and its development. Neither his happy marriage nor the birth of his child could fill so large a life completely, nor did the teaching in the schools and writing his pedagogic journal satisfy him.

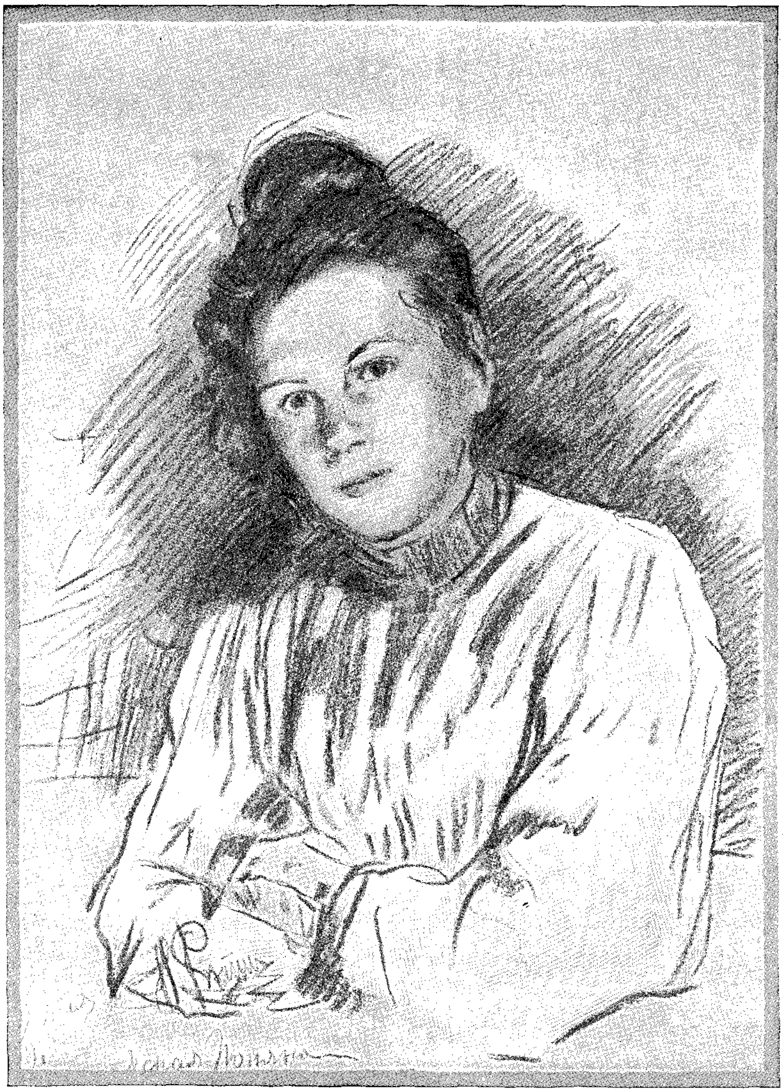
"The Linen-Measurer" is the only



TATYANA SEVORNA
The oldest daughter.

thing he wrote during the early part of his married life. It is the story of a horse which philosophizes about property, society, and humanity in general; it grew out of Tolstoy's love for horses and his critical attitude toward society. It is so artistically done that one scarcely realizes the fact that it is impossible for a poor, halting horse to think so logically and intelligently. Tolstoy has the same love for animals that characterizes the Russian mujik, who makes household pets of them, and lives so close to his stock that he and they grow like one another—patient, slow, and meditative. Walking through the markets of Moscow with a friend, Tolstoy pointed to the small, unkempt, good-natured horse which stood among the pots and kettles that the mujik had brought to the market, and he noticed this very resemblance. He never passed a horse without petting it, and when it was ill-treated he felt for it as if it were a human being.

The years up to 1877 were filled by diligent work: the writing of his longest two stories, the looking after his estate,



MARIA LEVOVNA
The second daughter.

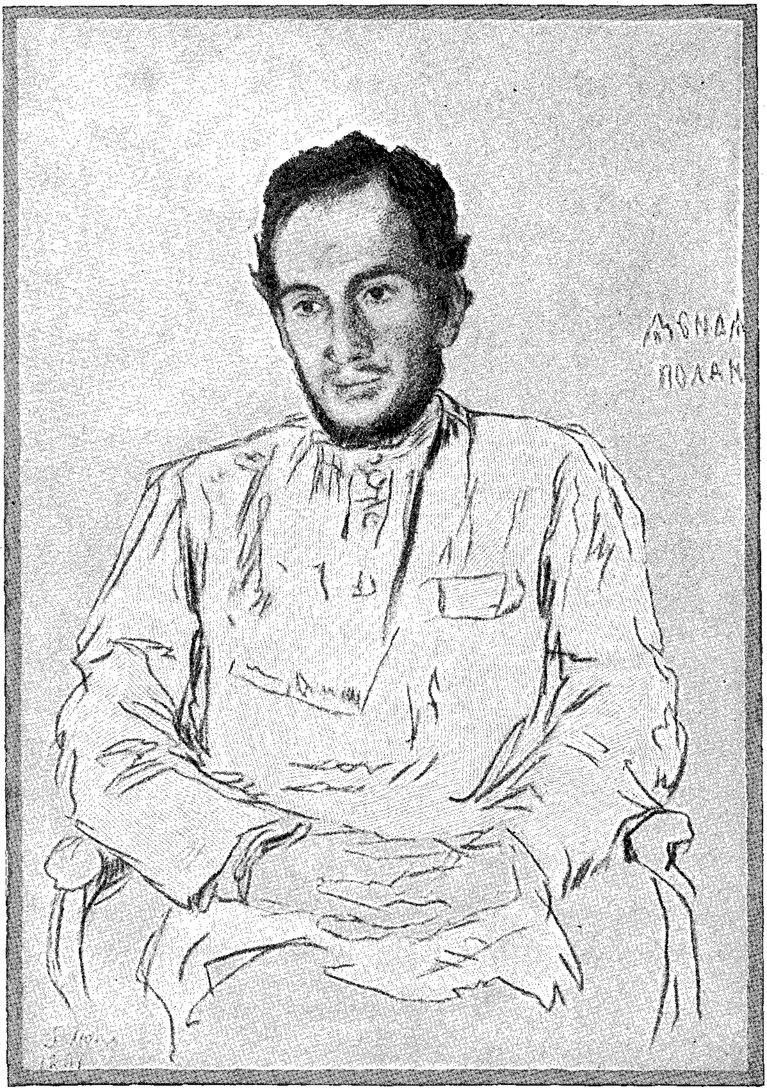
which he tried to improve in every way possible, teaching in the public schools, and, what was the most important, training his own children. "War and Peace," which took five years for completion, needed constant and painstaking historical study, but books were far away and difficult to get. The Russian censor kept strict watch upon everything that breathed thought from the printed page, the libraries in Moscow which were well stocked by historic books were always in confusion, for there was no catalogue (neither is there yet one, although it has been coming for some thirty years), and Tolstoy had to work painfully and laboriously. His most productive time was winter, or when winter was passing away, when the huts of the peasants began to be thawed out from the surrounding snow. Spring brought the cares of the farm, which were constantly growing greater, for in the measure in which he tried to carry on the work intelligently, the peasants grew more stupid and less reliable. When he wrote to "Fjett" about the progress of his stories, has never forgot to mention his timothy and clover, or his sick horse, and to ask for this or that favor, from the buying of a rope to an agricultural implement. When spring came, which in Russia does not come like a "dancing psaltress," but like a troop of rough, boisterous boys, his thoughts turned ardently toward that side of nature which cannot be plowed or sown, and in imagination he saw the coming summer in all its beauty. "A friend is good, but nature is better; she is a friend whom one does not lose in death, for when one dies he is completely reunited with her." He feels that nature is the one thing that connects him with the higher world, and "if one were not conscious of her, so that in stumbling one can catch hold of her, life were an evil thing indeed."

Tolstoy grew mentally lazy in the summer; the physical and mental joys are so great that he forgot or neglected the pen. Visitors came flocking during that season, and although he jealously guarded his time and strength, he was always a genial host, who thought it his duty to entertain the company, and who always was the soul of it. "Fjett" writes to him that he is alone, and he replies, somewhat fretfully, "Fortunate man to be alone, but I have a wife, three children, and a baby, and all of them are sick. Fever and heat, headaches, coughs," the whole catalogue of infant's diseases, had descended upon them and kept him from work. He is glad when visitors come, even if only to quarrel with them, and he does quarrel with most of them, although good-naturedly. Often he complains, "I am doing nothing; it is a dull, dead time with me; I do not think or write, but feel myself pleasantly stupid." This stupidity was in reality his period of ripening; thoughts crowded his brain thick and fast, and he absorbed them like a sponge. He read much of the German, French, and English classics, but they made no impression upon him; but Schopenhauer came to him like a revelation, and he was astonished that no one had discovered that pessimistic genius; perhaps he thought it was because, as Schopenhauer so often says, "beside idiots, there are no human beings in the world."

The next year Tolstoy began the study of classic languages, a matter which he had neglected in his youth, and in which he now found much pleasure. "From morning till night," he writes, "I learn Greek, I do nothing else. I now read Xenophon at sight, although for Homer I use a dictionary, as it gives me a little trouble. I am happy that God has sent me this foolish notion. First of all, I find real pleasure in it; secondly, I realize that I never knew what beautiful and what beautifully simple things have been created by the words of man; and, thirdly, I do not and shall not write more verbiage." The intense study of the Greek, which was followed by the study of Hebrew, brought on an illness, and for a time it looked as if the dreaded consumption had fastened itself upon him. He went to Samara to drink kumiss, and returned strengthened and ready for the greater work before him. Following his illness came the death of the youngest boy; treacherous croup had choked out the little life and brought sorrow and sadness to Tolstoy, but especially to his wife, who, in spite of her physical strength, suffered deeply from this affliction, upon which still others were to follow.

Tolstoy's aunt, Tatyana Alexandrovna, died not quite a year afterwards, and he writes, "She died slowly and gradually. I have been used to death; nevertheless, hers was, as is the death of each person who is near and dear to us, a new and terrible experience." It was to him like losing his mother, for she had been with him from his earliest years until he left her to go to the university. Another child, a ten-months-old baby, died during the same year, so that the angel of death had scarcely turned from their door until he came again.

The education of the children was no little task, and one which was entered into with much thought, but in which the parents were not a unit. The Countess did not wish her children to serve as an experiment, and they received the customary education in the usual manner, through tutors and governesses. It is true that much liberty was given them, that they were not driven to their tasks, and that they were the constant companions of their parents; but the method was a compromise, and brought none but the customary results. Strong as Tolstoy was in his convictions, he did not feel that he should force his wife and children into his way of thinking, and at Yasnaya Polyana it was soon the fashion for every one to go his own way. Friends of the family call this coming and going and do-as-you-please fashion the "Tolstoy style," and it has its advantages as well as its disadvantages.



LEO TOLSTOY, JR.

The son who has literary tastes.

Countess Tolstoy was in many respects a model wife, and to be the wife of a genius is no easy task. Uncomplainingly and joyfully, she bore him thirteen children in twenty-seven years, nursing all of them but one herself. She was their companion and friend, and nine of them grew into manhood and womanhood by her side. For love of her husband she buried herself with him in Yasnaya Polyana, until she thought that for the sake of the children they must move to Moscow. She went with him through every phase of his moral and spiritual development, and stopped short only when to continue would have endangered the educational and social standing of the children. One cannot blame her for stopping just where she did, but one cannot help regretting it. True it is that the children might have grown up like peasants, but they would have been the sires of such a peasantry as Russia has never known, and of which it is sorely in need. Nine such peasants would have stood like strong pillars in a new social temple, while they are now nine aristocrats among ninety thousand or more of their kind, no worse and no better than the others. Among the sons Leo, Jr., alone has literary tendencies and some talent. He has written a number of plays, and in one of them his father discovers real dramatic power, although the public does not seem to share this opinion. He is married to an excellent Danish woman and lives in St. Petersburg, where he is endeavoring to be of some public service. Another son is an official in the Government service, while the others have married rich wives. Two of the daughters have married nobles of the highest rank, so that nearly all his children have gone over into the camp of his sworn enemies. During these years Tolstoy was beginning to know that he was made of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and martyrs and reformers ought never to marry. No man can press a thorny crown upon the head of the wife and the children he loves, and a wife of Countess Tolstoy's tender and devoted nature can always slip a piece of velvet under her husband's crown just where he wishes it to press most heavily. She always knew what he needed even if he did not want it, and although he was beginning to sway the world by his thought, he was often swayed by her thoughtfulness. Had Tolstoy married a woman less practical, less devoted to the material side of his interest, and less careful of everything that concerned his health and comfort, he would no doubt have died long ago, but many people ask themselves whether he would not have lived longer, for he would have died either a victim of his enemies or a sacrifice to his principles, and these insure a longer immortality than being cuddled in a soft bed and living beyond the allotted threescore years and ten.

"Homeward Bound"

By George Henschel

Far out into the Eternal Main I spied,
Where Sea and Sky to melt in one are seeming;
When, from the depths of sad and tender dreaming,
I heard a still small voice close by my side:

Lo! Such is Death and Life! Thus near allied
Beginning are and End; the one redeeming
The other ever. Which was first: This teeming
And throbbing Life? Or Death? Who dare decide?

Then let us live as if no Death could sever
The aspiring soul from frail and mortal frame.
Then let us die as if to live forever
In this unfathomed All from whence All came.

Enough to know, wherever be the landing,
'Twill be the port of Peace past understanding.

Mid-Ocean.

THE ELM and the TULIP

TWO UNIQUE AMERICAN TREES

By J. Horace McFarland

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

AMERICA has much that is unique in plant and tree growth, as one learns who sees first the collections of American plants shown with pride by acute gardeners and estate-owners in England and on the European Continent. Many a citizen of our country must needs confess with some shame that his first estimation of the singular beauty of the American laurel has been born in England, where the imported plants are carefully nurtured; and the European to whom the rhododendrons of his own country and of the Himalayas are familiar is ready to exclaim in rapture at the superb effect and tropical richness of our American species, far more lusty and more truly beautiful here than the introductions which must be heavily paid for and constantly coddled.

For no trees, however, may Americans feel more pride than for our American elms and our no less American tulip, the latter miscalled tulip "poplar." Both are trees practically unique to the country, both are widespread over eastern

North America, both are thoroughly trees of the people, both attain majestic proportions, both are long-lived and able to endure much hardship without a full giving up of either beauty or dignity.

The American elm—how shall I properly speak of its exceeding grace and beauty! In any landscape it introduces an element of distinction and elegance not given by any other tree. Looking across a field at a cluster of trees, there may be a doubt as to the identity of an oak, a chestnut, a maple, an ash, but no mistake can be made in regard to an elm—it stands alone in the simple elegance of its vase-like form, while its feathery branchlets, waving in the lightest breeze, add to the refined and classic effect. I use the word "classic" advisedly, because, although apparently out of place in describing a tree, it nevertheless seems needed for the form of the American elm.

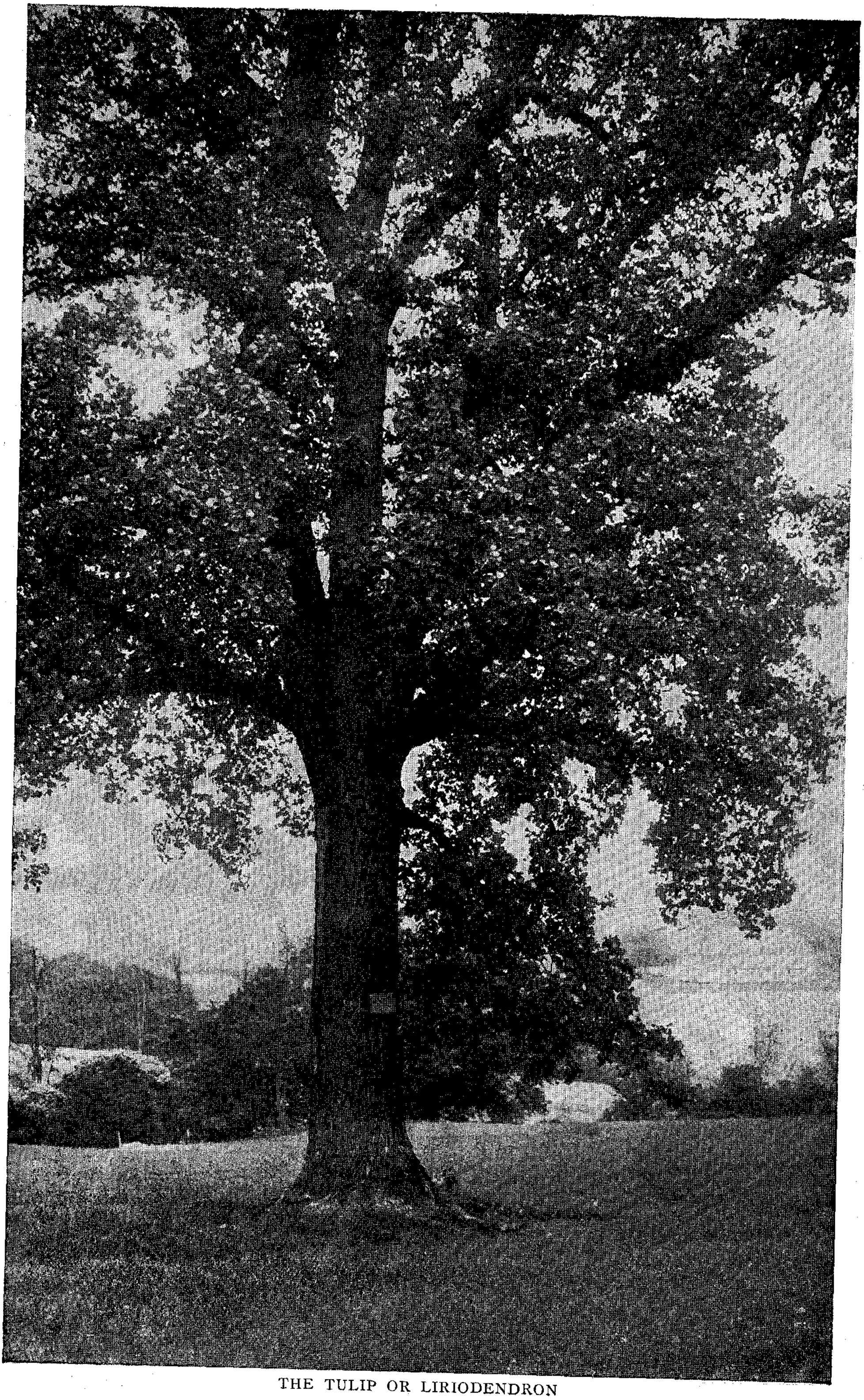
The elm is never rugged as is the oak, but it gives no impression of effeminacy or weakness. Its uprightness is forceful and strong, and its clean and shapely bole impresses the beholder as a joining of gently outcurving columns, ample in strength and of an elegance belonging to itself alone. If I may dare to compare man-made architectural forms with the trees that graced the Garden of Eden, I would liken the American elm (it is also the water elm and the white elm, and botanically *Ulmus Americana*) to the Grecian types, combining stability with elegance, rather than to the more rugged works of the Goths. Yet the free swing of the elm's wide-spreading branches inevitably suggests the Gothic arch in simplicity and obvious strength.

It is difficult to say when the American elm is most worthy of admiration. In summer those same arching branches are clothed and tipped with foliage of such elegance and delicacy as the form of the tree would seem to predicate. The leaf itself is ornate, its straight ribs making up a serrated and pointed oval form of the most interesting character. These leaves hang by slender stems, inviting the gentlest zephyr to start them to singing of comfort in days of summer heat. The elm is fully clothed down to the drooping tips of the branchlets with foliage, which, though deepest green above, reflects from under its dense shade a soft light from the paler green of the under side. It is no wonder that New England claims fame for its elms, which, loved and cared for, arch over the long village streets that give character to the homes of the descendants of the Puritan fathers. The fully grown elm presents to the sun a darkly absorbent hue, and to the passer-by who rests beneath its shade the most grateful and restful color in all the rainbow's palette.

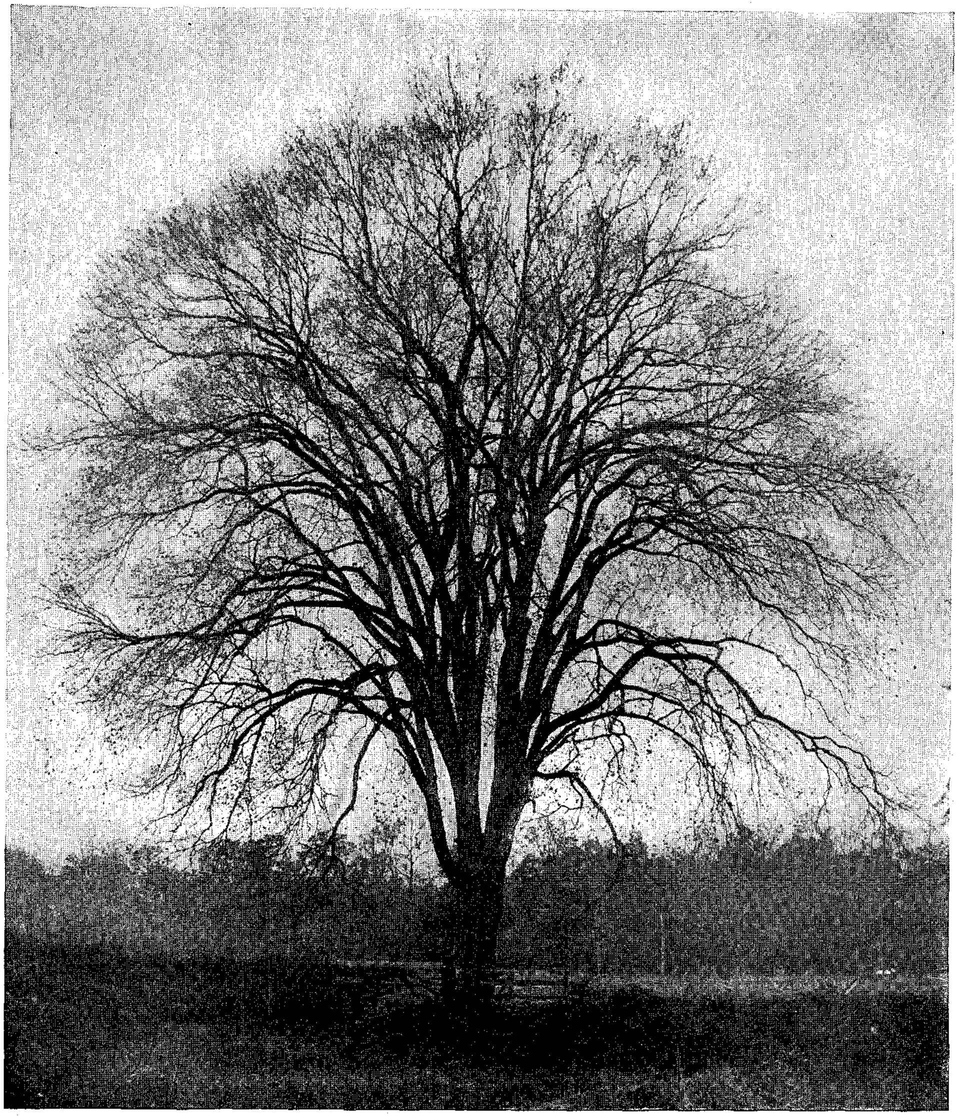
Then, too, the evaporative power of these same leaves is simply enormous, and generally undreamed of. Who would think that a great, spreading elm, reaching into the air of August a hundred feet, and shading a circle of nearly as great diameter, was daily cooling the atmosphere with tons of water, silently drawn from the bosom of mother earth!

Like many other common trees, the American elm blooms almost unnoticed. When the silver maple bravely pushes out its hardy buds in earliest spring—or often in what might be called latest winter—the elm is ready, and the sudden swelling of the twigs, way above our heads, in March or April, is not caused by the springing leaves, but is the flowering effort of this noble tree. The bloom sets curiously about the yet bare branches, and the little brownish yellow or reddish flowers are seemingly only a bunch of stamens. They do their work promptly, and the little flat fruit or "samaras" are ripened and dropped before most of us realize that the spring is fully upon us. These seeds germinate readily, and I well remember the pleasure with which a noted horticultural professor showed me what he called his "elm lawn," one summer. It seemed that almost every one of the thousands of seeds that, just about the time his preparations for sowing a lawn were completed, had softly fallen from the great elm which guards and shades his dooryard, had found good ground, and the result was a miniature forest of tiny trees, giving an effect of solid green which was truly a tree lawn.

But, after all, I think it is in winter that the American elm is at its finest, for then stand forth most fully revealed the



THE TULIP OR LIRIODENDRON



AN AMERICAN ELM IN THE LATE AUTUMN

wonderful symmetry of its structure and the elegance of its lines. It has one advantage in its great size, which is well above the average, and it lifts its graceful head a hundred feet or more above the earth. The stem is usually clean and regular, and the branches spread out in closely symmetrical relation, so that as seen against the cold sky of winter, leafless and bare, they seem all related parts of a most harmonious whole. Other great trees are notable for the general effect of strength or massiveness, individual branches departing much from the average line of the whole structure, but the American elm is regular in all its parts, as well as of general stateliness.

As I have noted, the people of the New England States value and cherish their great elms, and they are accustomed to think themselves the only possessors of this unique tree. We have, however, as good elms in Pennsylvania as there are in New England, and I hope the day is not far distant when we shall esteem them as highly. That old monarch which stands at the gingerbread brownstone entrance of the capitol park in Pennsyl-

THE LANCASTER ELM

vania's seat of government has had a hard battle, defenseless as it is, against the indifference of those whom it has shaded for generations, and who carelessly permitted the telegraph and telephone linemen to use it or chop it at their will. But latterly there has been an awakening which means protection, I think, for this fine old landmark.

The two superb elms, known as "Paul and Virginia," that make notable the north shore of the Susquehanna at Wilkesbarre are subjects of local pride, which seems, however, not strong enough to prevent the erection of a couple of nasty little shanties against their great trunks. There can be no doubt, however, that the sentiment of reverence for great trees, and of justice to them for their beneficent influence, is spreading westward and southward from New England. It gives me keen pleasure to learn of instances where paths, pavements, or roadways have been changed to avoid doing violence to good trees, and a recent account of the creation of a trust fund for the care of a great oak, as well as a unique instance in Georgia, where a deed has been recorded giving a fine elm a legal title to its own ground, show that the rights of trees are coming to be recognized.

I have said little of the habitat, as the botanist puts it, of the American elm. It graces all North America, east of the Rockies, and the specimens one sees in Michigan or Canada are as happy, apparently, as if they grew in Connecticut or in Virginia. Our increasingly beautiful National Capital, the one city with an intelligent and controlled system of tree-planting, shows magnificent avenues of elms.

But I must not forget some other elms, beautiful and satisfactory in some places. It is no discredit to our own American elm to say that the English elm is a superb tree in America. It seems to be characteristically British in its sturdy habit, and forms a grand trunk.

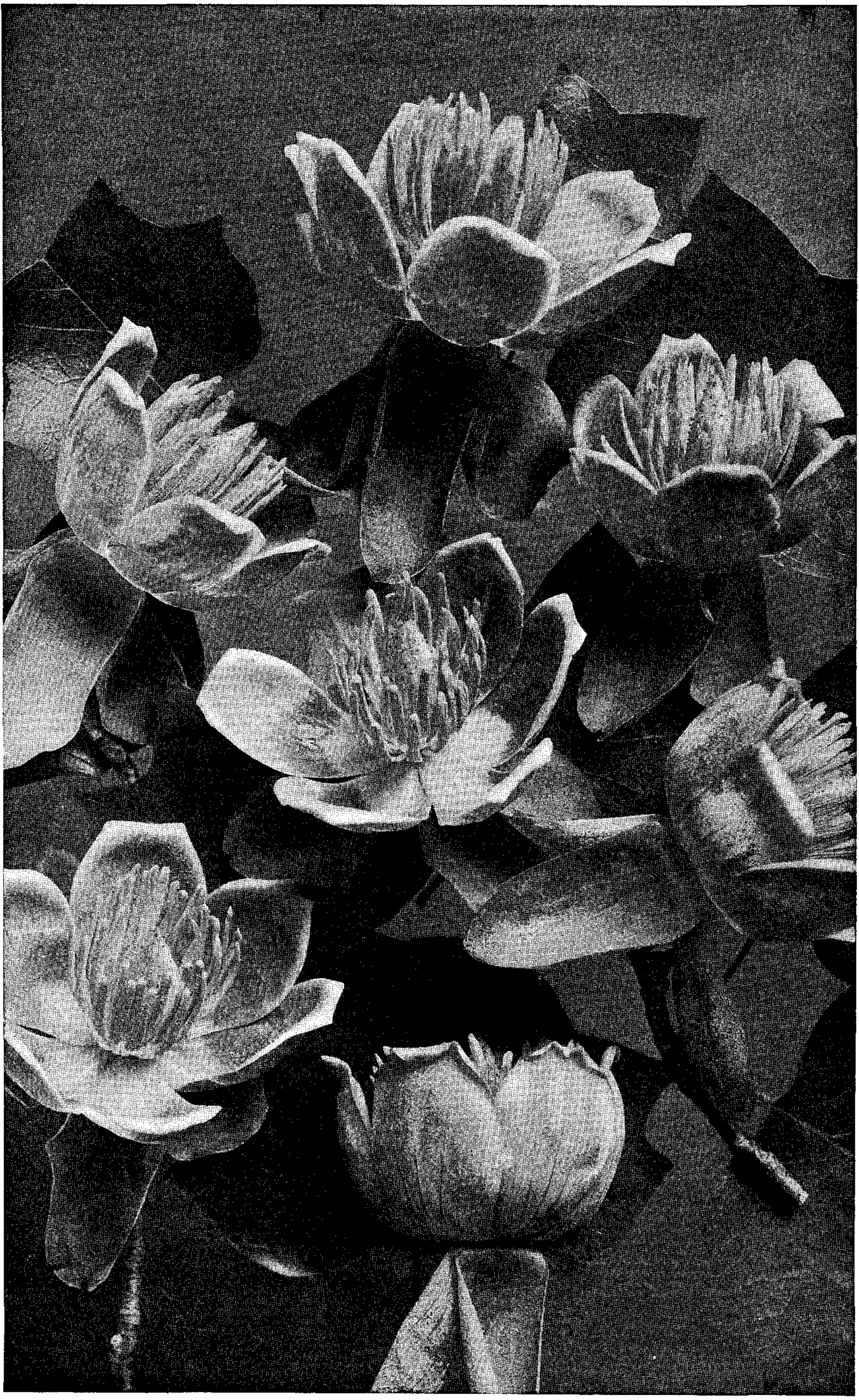
The juicy bark of the red or "slippery" elm was always acceptable, in lieu of the chewing-gum which had not then become so common, to a certain ever-hungry boy who used to think as much of what a tree would furnish that was eatable as he now does of its beauty. Later, the other uses of the bark of this tree became known to the same boy, but it was many years before he came really to know the slippery elm. One day a tree branch overhead showed what seemed to be remarkable little green flowers, which on examination proved to be instead the very interesting fruit of this elm. Looking at it earlier the next spring, the conspicuous reddish-brown color of the bud scales was noted.

I have never seen the "wahoo" or winged elm of the South, and there are several other native elms, as well as a number of introductions from the Eastern Hemisphere, with which acquaintance is yet to be made. All of them together, I will maintain with the quixotic enthusiasm of lack of knowledge, are not worth as much as one half-hour spent in looking up under the leafy canopy of our own pre-eminent American elm, a tree surely among those given by the Creator for the healing of nations.

The tulip-tree, so called obviously because of the shape of its flowers, has a most mellifluous and pleasing botanical name. *Liriodendron tulipifera*—is not that euphonious? Just plain "liriodendron"—how much better that sounds as a designation for one of the noblest of American forest trees than the misleading "common" names! "Tulip-tree" for a resemblance of the form only of its extraordinary blooms; "yellow poplar," probably because it is not yellow and is in no way related to the poplars; and "whitewood," the Western name, because its wood is whiter than that of some other native trees. "Liriodendron" means "lily-bearing," says my learned friend who knows Greek, and that exactly expresses the tree, for it bears proudly its flowers, as notable and beautiful as any lily, and far more dignified and refined than the gaudy tulip. I like to repeat this smooth-sounding, truly descriptive and dignified name for a tree worthy all admiration. Liriodendron! Away with the "common" names when there is such a pleasing scientific cognomen available!

By the way, why should people who will twist their American tongues all awry in an attempt to pronounce French words in which the necessary snort is unexpressed visually and half the characters are "silent," mostly exclaim at the alleged difficulty of calling trees and plants by their world names, current among educated people everywhere, while preferring some misleading "common" name? Very few scientific plant names are as difficult to pronounce as is the word "chrysanthemum," and yet the latter comes as glibly from the tongue as do "geranium," "rhododendron," and the like. Let us, then, at least when we have as good a name as liriodendron for so good a tree, use it in preference to the most decidedly "common" names that belie and mislead.

I have said that this same tulip-tree—which I will call liriodendron hereafter, at a venture—is a notable American tree, peculiar to this country. So believed the botanists for many years, until an inquiring investigator found that China, too, had the same tree, in a limited way. We will still claim it as an American native, and tell the Chinamen they are fortunate to have such a superb tree in their



FLOWERS OF THE TULIP-TREE

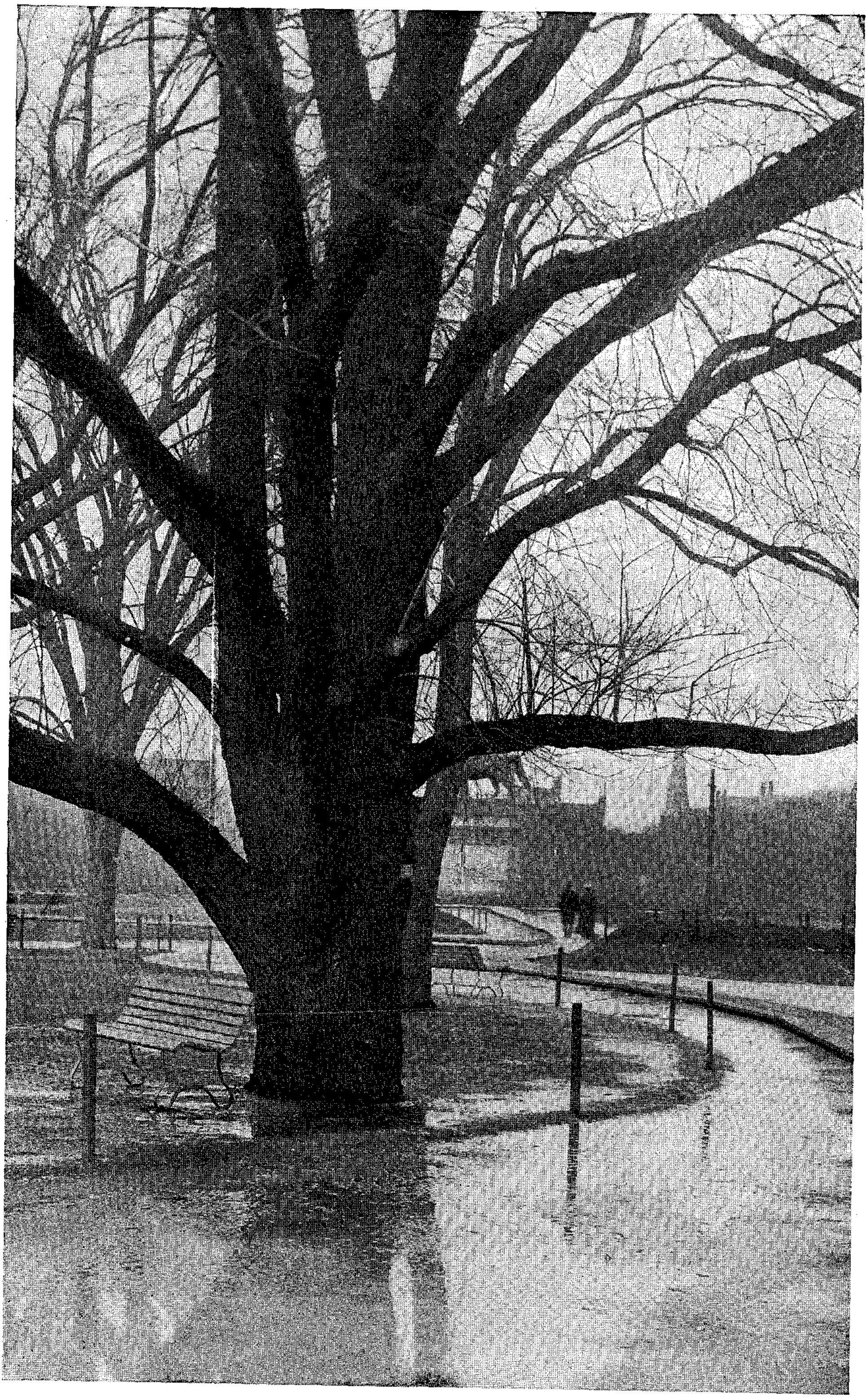
little-known forests. They have undoubtedly taken advantage, in their art forms, of its peculiarly shaped leaves, if not of the flowers and the curious "candlesticks" that succeed them.

Let us consider this liriodendron first as a forest tree, as an inhabitant of the "great woods" that awed the first intelligent observers from Europe, many generations back. Few of our native trees reach such a majestic height, here on the eastern side of the continent, its habitat. Ordinarily it builds its harmonious structure to a height of seventy or a hundred feet, but occasional individuals double this altitude, and reach a trunk diameter of ten feet. While in the close forest it towers up with a smooth, clean bole, in open places it assumes its naturally somewhat conical form very promptly. Utterly dissimilar in form from the American elm, it seems to stand for dignity, solidity, and vigor, and yet to yield nothing in the way of true elegance. The botanists tell us it prefers deep and moist soil, but I know that it lives and seems happy in many soils and in many places. Always and everywhere it shows a clean, distinct trunk, its brown bark uniformly furrowed, but in such a manner as to give a nearly smooth appearance at a little distance. The branches do not leave the stem so imperceptibly as do those which give the elm its very distinct form, but rather start at a right angle, leaving the distinct central column of strength unimpaired. The winter tracery of these branches, and the whole effect of the liriodendron without foliage, is extremely distinct and pleasing. I have in mind a noble group of great liriodendrons which I first saw against an early April sky of blue and white. The trees had grown close, and had interlaced their somewhat twisty branches so that the general impression was that of one great tree supported on several stems. The pure beauty of these very tall and very stately trees, thus grouped and with every twig sharply outlined, I shall always remember.

The liriodendron is more fortunate than some other trees, for it has several points of attractiveness. Its stature and its structure are alike notable, its foliage entirely unique, and its flowers and seed-pods even more peculiarly interesting. The leaf is very easily recognized when once known. It is large, but not in any way coarse, and is thrust forth as the tree grows in a peculiarly pleasing way. Sheathed in the manner characteristic of the magnolia family, of which the liriodendron is a notable member, the leaves come to the light practically folded back on themselves, between the two protecting envelopes, which remain until the leaf has stretched out smoothly. Yellowish-green at first, they rapidly take on the bright, strong green of maturity. The texture is singularly refined, and it is a pleasure to handle these smooth leaves, of a shape which stamps them at once on the memory, and of a coloring, both above and below, that is most attractive. They are maintained on long, slender stems or "petioles," and these stems give a great range of flexibility, so that the leaves of the liriodendron are, as Henry Ward Beecher puts it, "intensely individual, each one moving to suit himself."

Of course all this moving, and this outbreaking of the leaves from their envelopes, take place far above one's head, on mature trees. It will be found well worth while, however, for the tree-lover to look in the woods for the rather numerous young trees of the tulip, and to observe the very interesting way in which the growth proceeds. The beautiful form and color of the leaves may also be noted, and in the autumn the soft, clear yellow early assumed will delight the color sense.

It is the height and spread of the liriodendron that keep its truly wonderful flowers out of the public eye. If they were produced on a small tree like the familiar dogwood, for instance, so that they might be nearer to the ground, they would receive more of the admiration so fully their due. In Washington, where, as I have said, trees are planted by design and not at random, there are whole avenues of liriodendrons, and it was my good fortune one May to drive between these lines of strong and shapely young trees just when they were in full bloom. The appearance of these beautiful cups, each one held upright, not drooping, was very striking and elegant. Some time other municipalities

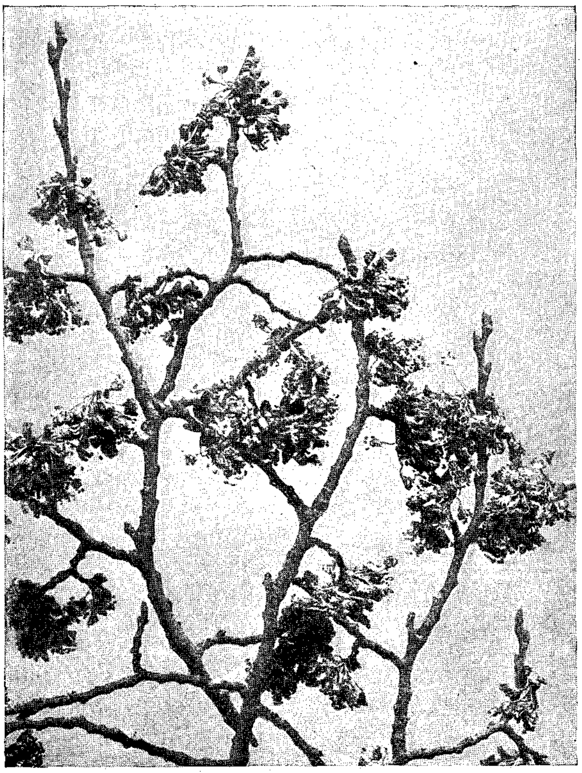


AN ENGLISH ELM IN BOSTON

will learn wisdom from the example set by Washington, and we may expect to see some variety in our street trees, now monotonously confined for the most part to the maples, poplars, and a few good trees that would be more valued if interspersed with other equally good trees of different character. The pin-oak, the elm, the sweet-gum or liquid-ambar, the ginkgo, and a half-dozen or more beautiful and sturdy trees do admirably for street planting, and ought to be better known and more freely used.

I have seen many rare orchids brought thousands of miles and petted into a curious bloom—indeed, often more curious than beautiful. If the bloom of the liriodendron, in all its delicate and daring mingling of green and yellow, cream and orange, with its exquisite interior filaments, could be labeled as a ten-thousand-dollar orchid beauty from Borneo, its delicious perfume would hardly be needed to complete the raptures with which it would be received into fashionable flower society. But these lovely cups stand every spring above our heads by millions, their fragrance and form, their color and beauty, unnoticed by the throng. As they mature into the brown fruit-cones that hold the seeds, and these in turn fall to the ground to fulfill their purpose of reproduction, there is no week in which the tree is not worthy of attention; and when the last golden leaf has been plucked by the fingers of the winter's frost, there yet remain on the bare branches the curious and interesting candlestick-like outer envelopes of the fruit-cones to remind us in form of the wonderful flower, unique in its color and attractiveness, that gave its sweetness to the air of May and June.

These two trees—the elm and the liriodendron—stand out strongly as individuals in the wealth of our American trees. Let all who read and agree in my estimate, even in part, also agree to try to preserve, when opportunity offers, these trees from vandalism or neglect, realizing that the great forest trees of our country are impossible of replacement, and that their strength, majesty, and beauty are for the good of all.



FLOWERS OF THE AMERICAN ELM

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY

BY JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES[1]

THE Cabinet of President McKinley was a body of earnest and patriotic men. The President, while guiding its counsels, yet directed them with an amiability and good nature which insured the sympathetic co-operation with him of these associates in his administration. There was, of course, never a set speech; there was no parliamentary procedure, and never a formal vote. Nobody ever "addressed the chair" or stood upon his feet. Matters were discussed in a conversational way. When the President had arrived at a result, he nodded to each member in succession, saying, "You agree?" until the last one had assented, and then wound the matter up by saying, "You all agree." Rarely was there any non-consent, though always full interchange of varying views till usually a common ground was reached. Cabinet meeting occurred at eleven o'clock on Tuesdays and Fridays, the members gathering at that hour each with or without a portfolio and one of them with a green bag. Almost always at that moment the President was having a last word with a group of Senators or Representatives or citizens with whom he had till then been in conversation, and a few moments would elapse before the room was cleared of them. Frequently some child would be among them, and invariably in that case the President would draw a flower from the buttonhole of his coat and put it in the happy little one's hand.

The Cabinet is not an over-solemn body. Usually sittings were started with an anecdote or merry word or bit of gossip. The President was an admirable raconteur, and not only his previous experiences but the incidents of his office were attended with all sorts of amusing instances which he would relate to us. Settling down to business at the end, sometimes, of fifteen or twenty minutes, he would call upon the various Secretaries in the order of their precedence. Mr. Sherman, Secretary of State, whose sensitive and beautiful face was like a benediction and whose legislative record is that of the highest and most useful service, was then in that broken health which soon after ended in his resignation and later his death. Judge Day, who succeeded him, easily gave evidence of the judicial quality which has since led to his promotion to the Supreme Court. Mr. Hay, who followed him and is still in office, has made a career as Secretary of State of the most distinguished character, and there is no more brilliant page in the annals of the State Department than his. He was a delight to the Cabinet board, full of humor, apt in anecdote, showing in every word and phrase the cultivated scholar without the slightest trace of the pedant. Each of these men rarely occupied much time with the diplomatic budget, and readily despatched such business as he presented. Then the President turned to Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury. With the enormous business of that department it was noticeable, as indeed was the case with the other departments, how comparatively much of it was disposed of by its head at his office and how little was brought up by him for Cabinet consideration. Mr. Gage had never been in political life, and brought to his duties the business habits and the non-partisan spirit of a thoroughly trained, conscientious, and high-minded

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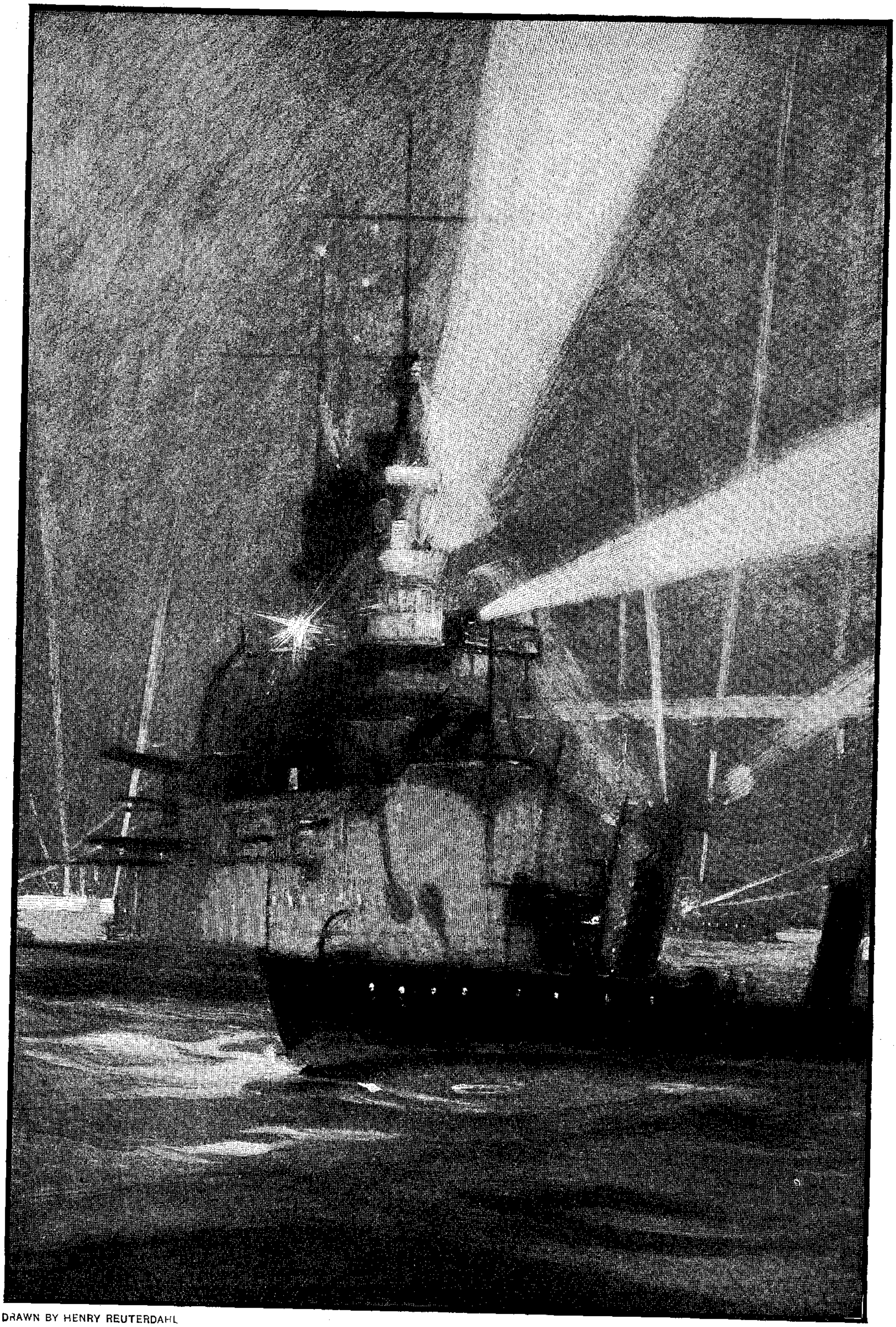


DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

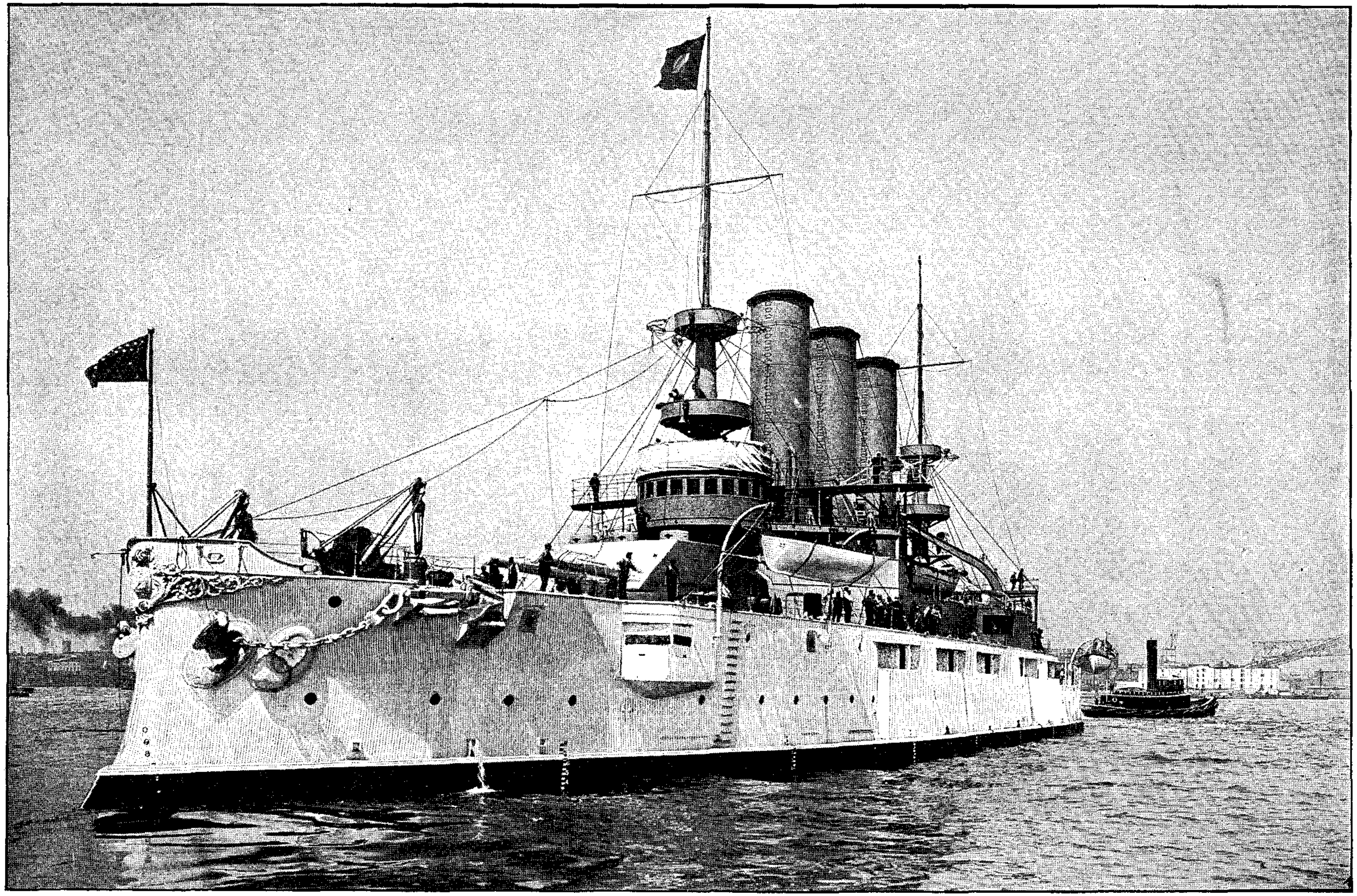
THE NEWEST NAVY AT SEARCHLIGHT DRILL

man of affairs. He had a ready wit, and, in any sparring in pleasantry, always gave as good as he got.

General Alger was Secretary of War, as kind and generous a heart as ever beat. There never was a meaner conspiracy, for it seemed to be hardly anything else, than what proved on the resulting investigation to be a baseless attempt to discredit him with regard to the supplies furnished to the soldiers during the Spanish War. If there was one man who would have given all he had to make a soldier's lot happier, it was Alger. I used to think him a little sanguine, as when, as early as the latter part of March, 1898, the President used to turn to him and say, "General, how soon can you put an army into Cuba?" and he would reply, "I can put forty thousand men there in ten days." A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men, and there was a kindly laughter in his eye as he joked Secretary Wilson about his gray trousers, or referred to my battered silk hat, which he over and over again promised to replace with a new one, but has, unfortunately for me, failed to do so up to the present moment. His successor, Mr. Root, is justly recognized as a man of exceptional ability. With the burden of the Philippines resting mainly on his shoulders, he had, in dealing with them, practically to act not only as Secretary of War but as Attorney-General and Secretary of State, inasmuch as their administration, which devolved on him in the first instance, involved the most important diplomatic and legal as well as military questions. When, therefore, his turn at the Cabinet table came, it was recognized that there would be little time left for anybody else, especially as he spoke with a trained lawyer's fullness. He was always lucid, and maintained his positions with great force. He, too, had a quick sense of humor, and added to the gayety and sparkle of the talk.

Of the three Attorney-Generals, Mr. McKenna was quickly transferred to the Supreme bench as a distinguished judicial representative of the Pacific Coast; Mr. Griggs, just from the Governorship of New Jersey, was a lawyer of marked acumen and directness in the treatment of the legal phase of public questions; and Mr. Knox, appointed late in McKinley's administration, with clear convictions and judgment, had a rare faculty for pointed and concise discussion. Of the Postmaster-Generals, Mr. Gary, of Baltimore, had been all his life a strong Union man and especially successful in the conduct of large manufacturing interests in Maryland; and Charles Emory Smith, a lifelong journalist and an orator of rare excellence, brought to our counsels not only familiarity with the workings of his department but generous and progressive views on all political questions. Next came the Secretary of the Navy, and after him the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Bliss, one of the best types of the New York merchant and man of business and public-spirited citizen. He was succeeded by Mr. Hitchcock, of St. Louis, equally distinguished in the same respects and just returned from the Ambassadorship to Russia. Then came Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, Scotch by birth but thoroughly American in every fiber. When Mr. Root finished his docket, the time was usually so far exhausted that we at the foot of the table used to suggest merrily that it would be a fair thing to begin, sometimes, at the other end of the line. Still, it often happened that Wilson, whose word of hard common sense always weighed with the President, did get in a sentence or two that went directly to the heart of whatever subject was on tap. The Department of Commerce had not then been established, but its present Secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, who was then acting as the President's private secretary, displayed in that capacity the striking ability for organization and system, as quiet and efficient as the running of a consummate machine, which later marked him as the man to install the new department of which he is now the head.

President McKinley was exceedingly companionable with his Cabinet. He never seemed hurried or impatient, doing things in a thoroughly effective but quiet and never in a tempestuous way. He often took a member to drive with him, or to walk with him in the White House grounds. When he made



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THE NEW MAINE

One of the newest ships of the navy

extended journeys, like his trips through the South, the Northwest, and on the Pacific slope, he had with him as many of them as could go. On every occasion he put them forward to speak or for recognition. On those trips his comradeship was only the freer and larger expression of what it was at all times, even in the press of official business. Every year he gave a dinner to his Cabinet officers and their wives, and each of them in turn a dinner to him and the same company. These were delightful meetings, not formal, but with all the neighborliness of provincial life. It could be said that at these times everybody unbent, if it were not the fact that nobody was ever at any time bent. The administrative circle was as democratic as a New England country sewing circle. Indeed, this might be said of all Departmental and Congressional Washington. On these occasions, too, we saw the habitual tender devotion of President McKinley to his invalid wife, which is one of the sanctities of the American home. It is grateful to get under what seems the hard surface of public life and to find there so often the homely and gentle currents of the common heart of us all.

During the summer of '98 the excitement was intense. Often of an evening members of the Cabinet would gather at the White House discussing the campaign in the Philippines and West Indies, staying often beyond midnight. There was constant telegraphic communication in the executive apartments with our army and navy officers, and in one room was a map so arranged with little movable flags that a glance showed the position of our several ships and of our army forces. On the night of the fateful third of July we received a despatch from General Shafter stating that "all the Spanish fleet with the exception of one war-ship destroyed and burning on the beach." The President, taking this despatch in connection with one earlier that afternoon that the Spanish fleet had escaped, translated it to mean that the whole fleet had escaped with but one exception. I immediately took the other side—that the whole fleet was destroyed with one exception. And I ventured to guess that when he got the report from Sampson he would find that that one had not escaped but had been overtaken and destroyed; and so it turned out.

A Cabinet officer should always have physical vigor, especially at such times. It is not necessary that he should be particularly familiar with the details of his department before assuming its duties. He is really its representative in the councils of the administration, and does not so much represent it before the people as he represents the people in it. The great need in every department is thorough organization, the ability to secure which is an essential requisite in a Cabinet officer. While he has the final decision and must keep a level head, he should give his bureau chiefs great power, but hold them to a correspondingly strict responsibility. He is pretty sure to be subjected to a good deal of criticism and now and then vituperation. We are a free and independent people, and every one of us is conscious that he could run any department of his government better than the head of it for the time being. This criticism is not merely that of the opposition party or of a partisan or sensational press seeking whom it may devour, but of friends as well. It is sometimes with a good purpose and sometimes with a purpose to make partisan capital or to hit a head or to raise mischief. But, on the whole, the Cabinet officer fares well and in the long run gets his desert. Honest and even somewhat undue criticism does him no harm and helps keep his rudder true. There is one comfort to him and to every holder of a responsible post, in the certainty that, no matter how much he is depreciated at the time of his service, yet a generation later—a little too late perhaps for his enjoyment—his successor, though very likely a much abler man, will be regarded as comparatively small potatoes. We are always praisers of past times and men and belittlers of the present.

During the war, of course, I saw a great deal of General Alger, with whom my relations were most delightful, our offices being near each other. His responsibilities were overwhelming, and even he, with all his good cheer, was sometimes a little depressed by the hardships to which the army was subjected, the danger of yellow fever, and the necessary delays. I could not help rallying him a little after he had declined the aid of the navy in landing his troops. In the absence of other provision, there was no way of landing them except by the navy, to which he had to come and the services of which in meeting this necessity were handsomely acknowledged. It then turned out that the army also lacked means of landing its provisions and stores. Alger came in one day and said he was going to send a tug and lighter for this purpose, some of those already sent having foundered, and asked if I could furnish convoy. When I arranged that, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "By the way, can't you lend me also the lighter and the tug?" I remember rather a pretty scrimmage between him and Captain Mahan in the White House when President McKinley was present. The navy had been helpful in connection with the army transports and in landing troops, and especially efficient in destroying the Spanish fleet. The Secretary of War was complaining because we did not take the risk of blowing up our ships by going over the mines at Santiago Harbor and capturing also the city, which the army was undertaking to capture, though the navy was bound to help, of course, all it could. Mahan at last sailed into him, telling him that he didn't know anything about the use or purpose of the navy, which rather amused the President, who always liked a little badinage. The Secretary of War, with his usual good nature, took the matter in good part. The fact is, he had the hardest burden of all upon his shoulders. The army, as he has stated in his excellent story of the war, was in a state of comparative unpreparedness, while the navy was in a state of comparative readiness. To call out and get ready for service more than 200,000 soldiers was a task which few have appreciated.

It is advantageous for the head of the department to have served in Congress. He is better able to understand the demands which Congressmen are under, representing as they do the wishes of the people, and bringing to the departments their numberless requests for all sorts of consideration. However burdensome in their number and detail these may be upon the Congressman or the department, they are the natural and just demands of the people at large. In every district there are scores of men who want government employment or have errands to be done in Washington in the way of departmental information about contracts or relatives in the service or pensions or what not, and of bright, ambitious boys who desire entrance into the military or naval academy or into the various scientific avenues of government work. Their applications the Congressmen present in all the various ways of the working of human nature. The word office-seeker has come to be a term of reproach, but often unjustly so. Office-seeking is no more limited to politics than it is to the pulpit, or to teaching, or to any of the active walks of life. In every profession each ambitious member of it is looking for a better place and more salary, and resorting to every means to that end which the office-seeker in the political arena resorts to. We are continually instructing our youth that it is the duty of the citizen to interest himself in politics and good government, and yet if he seeks a position under the government, although there he can work to this end, he incurs the risk of criticism. In other words, office-seeking is an entirely proper thing, and becomes reprehensible only when it adopts objectionable methods. The reform in the civil service has been not only a reform in making political appointments depend upon merit and not upon favoritism, but it has also been an immeasurable relief both to the appointing power and to the Congressional representative.

During my time in the Navy Department my relations with members of Congress were of the most agreeable sort, especially with the Naval Committees of the Senate and the House, at the head of the former of which was Senator Hale, of Maine, and of the latter Representative Boutelle, of Maine, succeeded by Representative Foss, of Illinois. The services of these committees are hardly appreciated in the glare of the greater glory of battle. The pressure upon the Congressman for place varied very much according to the locality from which he came. Districts in which exist navy-yards or naval stations made, of course, more numerous claims than others. Employees in the navy-yards are constantly pressing for better rating, and outsiders are seeking to get employment in them. The reform rules which have been adopted in the navy-yards, however, now regulate these matters, and the Secretary himself cannot set them aside in the interest of any individual unless he is willing to violate his own rules and thereby give proof of the propriety of his own dismissal. His duty, on the contrary, is to see that they are enforced and that any violation of them is punished.

It was often interesting to see a member of Congress, perhaps himself a man of wealth and also, if he chose, of leisure, running his legs off to intercede for some watchman discharged for drunkenness or some janitor arrested for theft. On the other hand, it shows how democratic is our system and how thoroughly the representative of the people is the servant of the humblest of them. There are some districts the representatives of which still seemed to be under the old-time impression that the whole government administration was a partisan machine and that it was a vested right of theirs to control the running of it in their districts and to run it in their own political interest. I remember instances where members from two districts contiguous to a navy-yard wrangled over the selection of a ship-keeper at two dollars per day, which office, till I put it under the labor rules, was the only one left out of them—left perhaps as a warning example of the old spoils system.

It was amusing, also, sometimes to read debates in Congress in which the severest criticism would be made upon the Navy Department for not sending more officers to sea, and to recall the fact that not infrequently some of the most emphatic orators were those who at various times had most vigorously, in individual cases, pressed the Department to retain on shore officers in whom they or certain of their constituents were especially interested. Naval duties require a certain proportion of officers on shore duty, and there are some officers who resort to every method in order to avoid sea duty. I remember one who had been at sea only two years out of ten, and even then in a soft berth where he did no watch duty. I ordered him to sea, and the very next day came an old personal friend of mine, a very leading member of the House of Representatives, who not only brought every influence to bear upon me to relieve this officer from doing his duty, but, although the case was so plain, expressed and for a long time bore resentment toward me because I would not let up. These, however, are only occasional instances, for Congress as a body, as is shown by its record of legislation for successive years, seeks the interest of the country at large, though sometimes hampered by the demands of individual constituents of its respective members. In debate, the orators of either House sometimes seem called upon, for home effect, to attack a department much more severely than their personal feelings and better knowledge would otherwise induce them to do. It struck me that heads of departments who had not served in Congress were, therefore, too sensitive to these innocuous assaults and too much annoyed by them, and, if they had themselves served in Congress, would have looked only to the general worth of the legislative work actually done and to the finer spirit of legislative helpfulness.

I remember one good Senator who came now and then with the usual errands of his constituents, but was exceedingly sensitive if, complying with his suggestions, as was done in all such cases if practicable and right, they were referred to as requests on his part. He desired to have it understood that he never requested anything; and as it was a matter rather of form than of substance, it was easy to gratify him by use of the appropriate epistolary circumlocution.

There was also great difference in naval officers in respect to their assignments to duty. Most of them, with manifest propriety, simply accepted whatever duty was assigned them. Others directly or indirectly endeavored to obtain orders which they regarded as agreeable. Sometimes this was done in a manly way by direct letter or personal application to the Department, giving the reasons for the wish expressed. But there were a certain number who, in roundabout ways and by securing interposition of Senators and Representatives and "friends," besieged the Department and endeavored to manipulate their assignments. I was obliged to prepare a form of letter which in such cases I sent to officers, warning them that this practice would be noted on their record as indicative of demerit. Sometimes officers even in the upper grades came in for a word of this sort, suggesting to them that such a practice is not quite in keeping with the dignity of high rank, and that outside pressure from even the most "distinguished" and "influential" political and social sources in their behalf produced an effect prejudicial rather than favorable to them on the mind of the head of the Department, who is bound to look at the interest of the service more than at that of any individual in it. However, these defects are small compared with the general rule of loyal and efficient service by the great body of the navy, in which there is to-day, more perhaps than ever before, a high standard of professional spirit and duty.

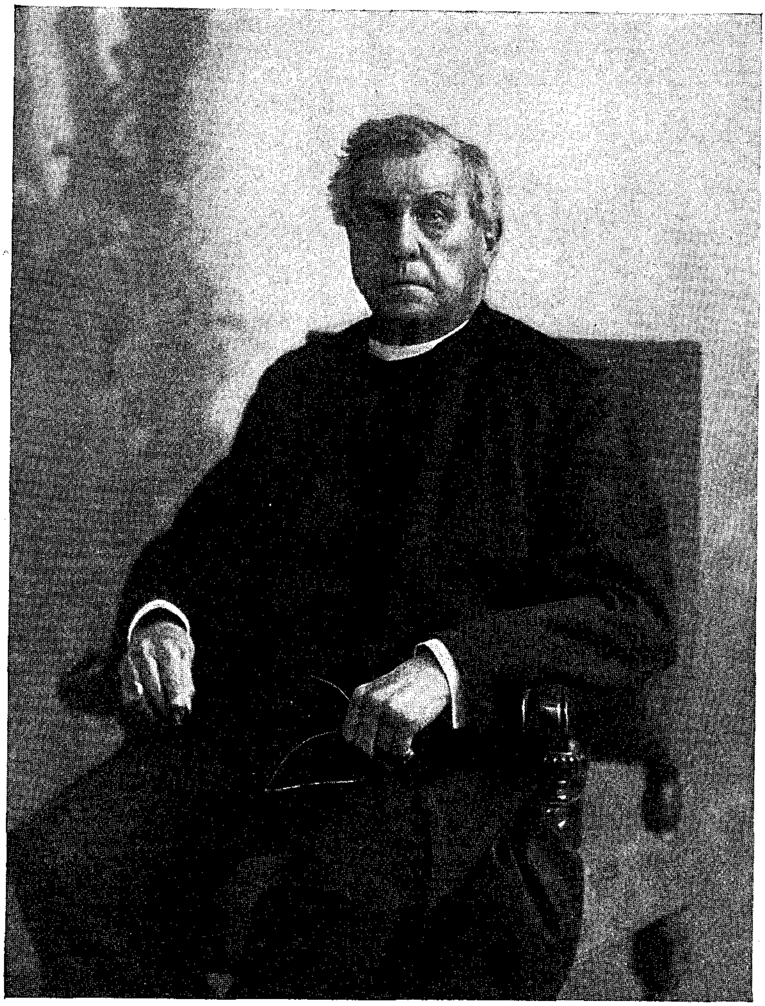
Social functions in Washington are apt to be accompanied with a good deal of sensitiveness on the part of those participating in them as to rank and place. A reception at the White House was pretty sure to be followed by heartburnings. If an officer high in the army was invited and the officer of the corresponding rank in the navy not invited, or if a naval officer with a rich wife and social affiliations was there, while a senior officer with no such appurtenances was ignored, there was unhappiness. I remember that Roosevelt one day came to me laughing in his hearty way because one of his subordinates, loyally jealous for Roosevelt's rights, was very much aggrieved that while the latter, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was not invited to some social administration function, a civilian clerk in the Navy Department, on a salary of some $1,200 a year, but whose wife was the daughter of a millionaire, had been a guest. It was about this time that the whole army was "mad" because one of its senior generals had a seat at the White House dinner not in the exact spot where he thought it ought to have been. Funnier still, a chairman of a leading Congressional committee threatened never to attend another similar occasion because no lady was allotted to him to take out, there not being a sufficient supply of that article to go round, but sat crustily between two men. This was fun for everybody else. The great web of life in government as well as everywhere else has in it, here and there, its pettier threads.

The women are an interesting and constant feature in the business of every department, certainly in the Navy Department. Hardly a day passes that some wife or mother or sister of an officer or an enlisted man or an employee does not in his behalf visit the Secretary. Sometimes the interview is a pathetic one. An officer has been court-martialed for intemperance or breach of duty, or an enlisted man for assault or desertion, or an employee has been pulled up for improper conduct, and the offender is liable to reduction in rank or perhaps dismissal. The devoted woman, with disgrace or poverty staring her and her children in the face, is heartbroken. Or the errand may be to secure an assignment of duty suited to the domestic convenience, or to meet the necessities of sickness in the family. Oftener it is the mere matter of getting a pleasant or comfortable station where the associations or other opportunities may simply be more attractive for the officer or his wife or his girls, who wish to be in an agreeable social swim. Wives of officers who from the nature of their profession have no residence and therefore no means of securing appointments to the Naval Academy from Congressional districts, plead with the Secretary to aid them in getting from the President an appointment at large, though generally they have already interviewed the President, for they let no chance slip. One cannot help feeling a genuine sympathy with a desire so natural and praiseworthy as the dedication of a son to the service to which his father has devoted his life.

All these appeals are made not only by personal interview but by correspondence, and vary, according to the character and manner of the applicant, in their method from those which are utterly selfish and unreasonable to those which carry a very strong appeal to sympathy. Sometimes the grounds urged will not bear scrutiny. A highly dignified gentleman comes in and urges in behalf of a boy who desires to enter the Naval Academy that he belongs to a family an unusual number of the members of which, he says, have occupied situations in the service of the Government. "Indeed," he adds, "this young man has an ambition to be in the Government service and no ambition for any other service." It is hard to keep one's countenance and to refrain from paraphrasing this sagacious remark by saying that he is one of the numerous dependents who prefer to be supported by the Government than to attempt to support themselves. And yet this dear man fancies that he has put his case in a really eloquent and impressive way.

Another man, himself in the service, and having lived on a Government salary nearly all his life, clamors for more pay than he is earning, or for some appointment or favor for his son or his sister or his uncle or his aunt, on the ground that he has given all his best years to the service of his country. His view is not that the Government has given a better return, as is very probably the case, than his abilities would have obtained for him from any other source, but that the fact of his having had a good position entitles him to exceptional favors over other people who have not had the same good fortune.

There are also many women in the clerical force of the Department. Most of them are admirable clerks; but a very few of them are shirks. And it is often the shirk, male or female, who, while having the least merit, makes the loudest claim for advance in place or salary, for which all are properly eager, and is most active in pressing Congressmen and outsiders for assistance. As a general rule, however, the whole clerical force, male and female, are, for the most part, efficient and satisfactory. Some among them are of superior ability, with qualities which, had they not become anchored in a Government berth, would have probably given them good success in business life. They are intrusted with large responsibilities and often with those of pecuniary funds and expenditures, and their record as to these is a high tribute to their integrity. Though these clerical places are desirable, and the hours only from nine to four, with an intermission for lunch, there is always pressure for an extra hour in summer on Saturdays and for a half-day before every holiday. There is, of course, no legal warrant for either of these favors, but I could never get the other heads of Department to agree upon the correction of a violation of the law which had become a custom.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT HORTON

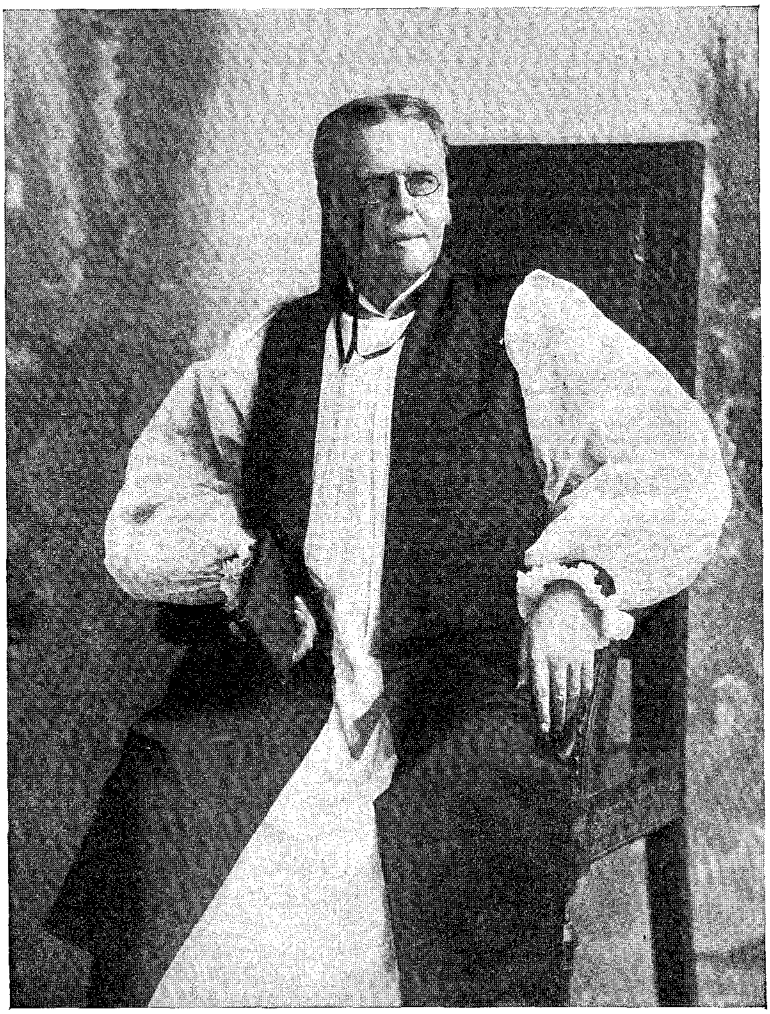
THOMAS MARCH CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop Clark and His Successor

IN his earlier life the late Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, was rather better known as a popular writer than as an ecclesiastic: for ten years he contributed an article a week to the New York "Ledger." As a public speaker, too, during the Lyceum Lecture period his services were in great demand. After he had delivered one of his lectures three hundred and fifty times, he used to say that he could start in with it and carry it through successfully and yet be thinking of something else all the time. In his "Reminiscences" he states that his entrance into the Episcopal Church "was precipitated by the consciousness of my unfitness to express in extemporaneous prayer the sentiments of an intelligent congregation, whose church experiences had in a great many cases been matured before I was born." His election as Bishop of Rhode Island came as an entire surprise to him; he had not known that his name had been mentioned as a candidate. His life as priest and Bishop covered the great formative period of the Episcopal Church as a social force in

America, now coequal with its religious power. One of his great services was the emphasis which he placed, in both his spoken and his written word, on directness. As Bishop Potter says: "Bishop Clark had an intense sense of the real; he was, and he taught others to be, natural and direct and homely, without becoming vulgar. When I was Secretary of the House of Bishops some years ago, the then Presiding Bishop, who bore the Christian name of Benjamin, while attempting to clear up a question . . . became involved in great difficulties of speech. His attempts to make the subject lucid were positively painful. Bishop Clark immediately tossed a scrap of paper on my desk, upon which he had written, mindful of a passage in the early Scriptures: 'And Benjamin's mess was five times as great as theirs.'"

Dr. Clark is succeeded as Bishop of Rhode Island by the Rt. Rev. William Neilson McVickar, D.D., S.T.D., who for four and a half years has been Coadjutor Bishop. Bishop McVickar was graduated at Columbia and at the Union Theological Seminary. The two parishes which he served as priest are both named Holy Trinity—the first in Harlem, New York City, the second in Philadelphia. Bishop Clark, like Dr. McVickar, was one of Phillips Brooks's intimate friends.



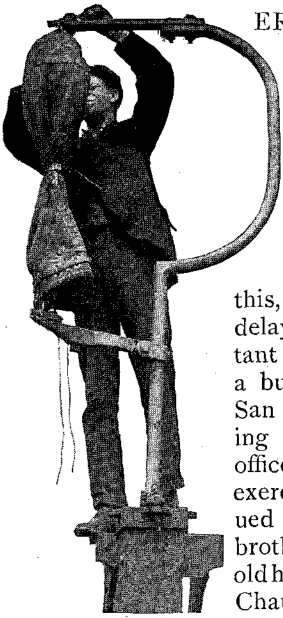
PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT HORTON

WILLIAM NEILSON McVICKAR, D.D., S.T.D.

POST-OFFICE WORK AND METHODS

BY EARL MAYO

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT



PERHAPS it is about half-past six when Mr. Brown emerges from his office on the fourteenth floor of the big sky-scraper in lower Broadway. Usually he leaves an hour or more earlier than this, but to-day he has delayed to pen an important personal message to a business associate in San Francisco. Finding the quiet of the office conducive to this exercise, he has continued it by writing to his brother, who lives on the old home farm among the Chautauqua hills of western New York, and to the proprietor of a little hotel up in the Adirondack wilderness arranging for his summer outing.

As he steps into the corridor he drops the three letters into the glass-fronted chute that leads from top to bottom of the big building, and they slip swiftly out of sight. His part in the important matter of communicating with three widely separated sections of the country is completed, and he gives no thought to the effort that will be expended and the many activities that will be called into play in carrying out the remainder of the undertaking.

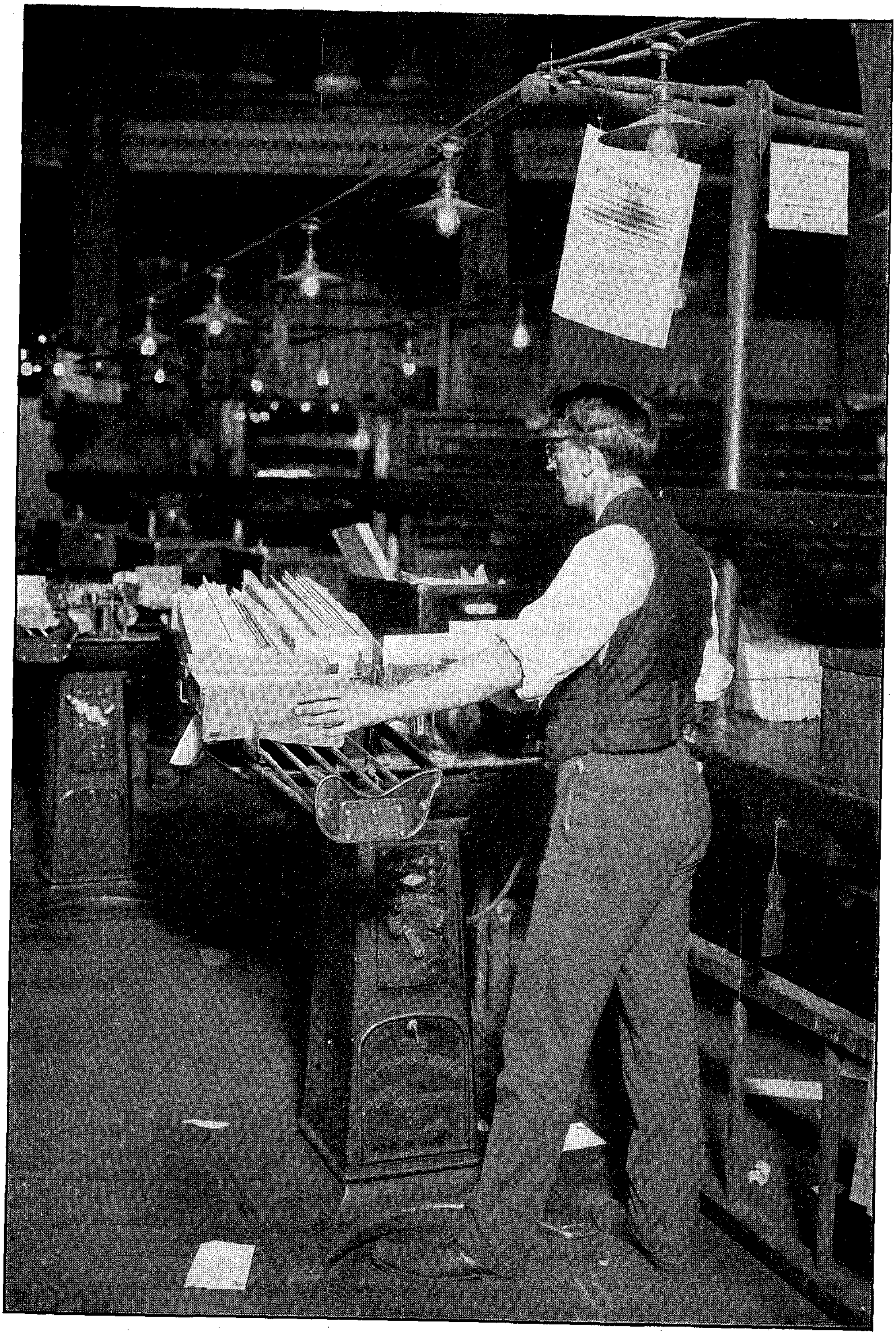
Before the elevator has had time to respond to the waiting man's impatient ring the three letters are reposing in a big steel mail-box in the lower hallway of the building. Five or perhaps ten minutes later the box is emptied by a perspiring postman, whose leather pouch is already overflowing and who is forced to find room in his pockets for some of the mail that he takes out. In this part of the city there are twenty-seven mail collections between seven in the morning and eleven at night. During the rush hours at the close of the business day these collections are made at intervals of fifteen and twenty minutes, and even then it is difficult for the carriers to handle all the mail.

By 6:40, while Mr. Brown is journeying homeward on the elevated train, his letters are dumped upon a long table in the big gray post-office building on the south side of Printing-House Square, forming part of a white avalanche that has been pouring in from the drops, the carriers, and the special messengers from the big offices for three hours, and that threatens momentarily to engulf the crowd of clerks who are working desperately to reduce its proportions.

Some of these clerks are rapidly gathering up the envelopes that lie before them in an indiscriminate heap, and arranging them in order, all standing on their sides and all facing the same way. Then they are carried to the receiving-table of a busy little contrivance that hums like a sewing-machine while it is in operation and is somewhat like one in size and shape.

This is the automatic canceling-machine. The letters are fed into it from the receiving-board by swiftly revolving rubber wheels. They pass through one at a time, but with such swiftness that the eye cannot follow them, and in the process each stamp is canceled and the postmark is stamped upon each envelope.

In more primitive days all letters were postmarked and all stamps canceled by hand stamping-machines, as is still done in rural offices. This required two distinct operations for each letter, and the limit of accomplishment for a rapid clerk was from fifteen to eighteen hundred letters per hour. The canceling-machine, which is operated by electricity

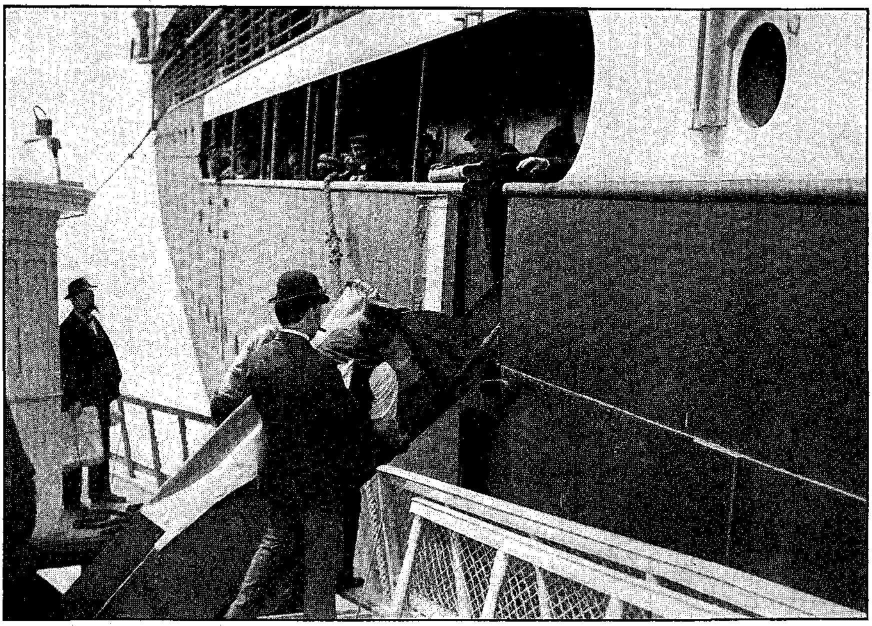


THE STAMPING-MACHINE

Worked by electric power and capable of postmarking thirty thousand letters an hour.

and requires a single clerk to attend it, eats up thirty thousand letters or forty thousand postals in an hour, and there are no uncanceled stamps or indistinct postmarks on the letters after they have passed through it.

There are fourteen of these machines in the main post-office in New York, and during the closing hours of the business day they are worked to their full capacity to cope with the flood of mail that is pouring in from all directions. During this rush period these machines are handling the mail at the rate of over a quarter-million pieces an hour.



THE BOAT "POSTMASTER-GENERAL" RECEIVING MAIL FROM AN ATLANTIC LINER AT THE QUARANTINE STATION OFF STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND

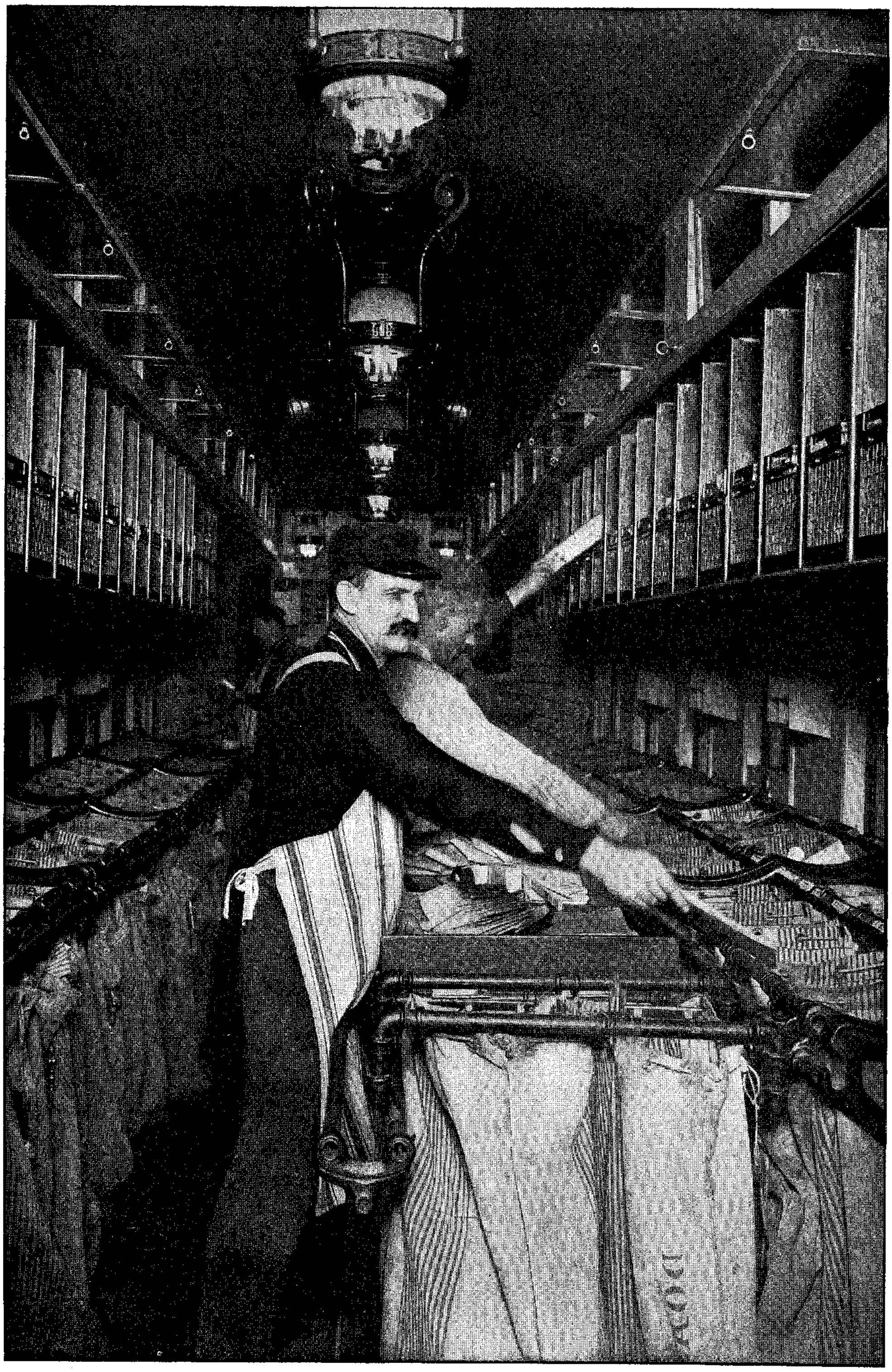
That the mail may be the more quickly distributed in New York, it has already been sorted by States during the voyage by the "Sea Post-office" clerks.

From the canceling-machines the letters are carried to what is called the primary separation-table, where the first step in the process of sorting out the different letters and starting them properly on their various journeys takes place.

The primary separation-tables are faced by pigeonhole cases made up of compartments about a foot square. Space is left between the table and the case for the clerks to move about. Beneath each compartment is pasted a printed slip bearing the name of some city, State, or group of States. The classification is made according to the amount of business, so that while Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago have each a box, and New York State has two, there are groups of a half-dozen distant States which have only one.

The clerks take up the letters in armfuls and run hastily through them, glancing at the lower line of the address on each, and pitch them rapidly into the proper compartments. The letters fly through the air like the flakes of an April snow-storm, and it seems impossible that the clerks can read the inscriptions on the envelopes, so swiftly do they work.

Every few minutes, while this is in progress, other clerks come and empty these compartments, bearing the contents away to other tables for a more complete distribution. For instance, one clerk gathers up all the letters intended for points in the State of New York and carries them to the New York separation-case; another takes those for Pennsylvania; another those for the division known as "South and West." A large part of the space on the ground and basement floors of the New York Post-



NEW YORK AND CHICAGO RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE CAR
Taken just before its departure for the West at 3:16 A.M., when it takes out the New York dailies.

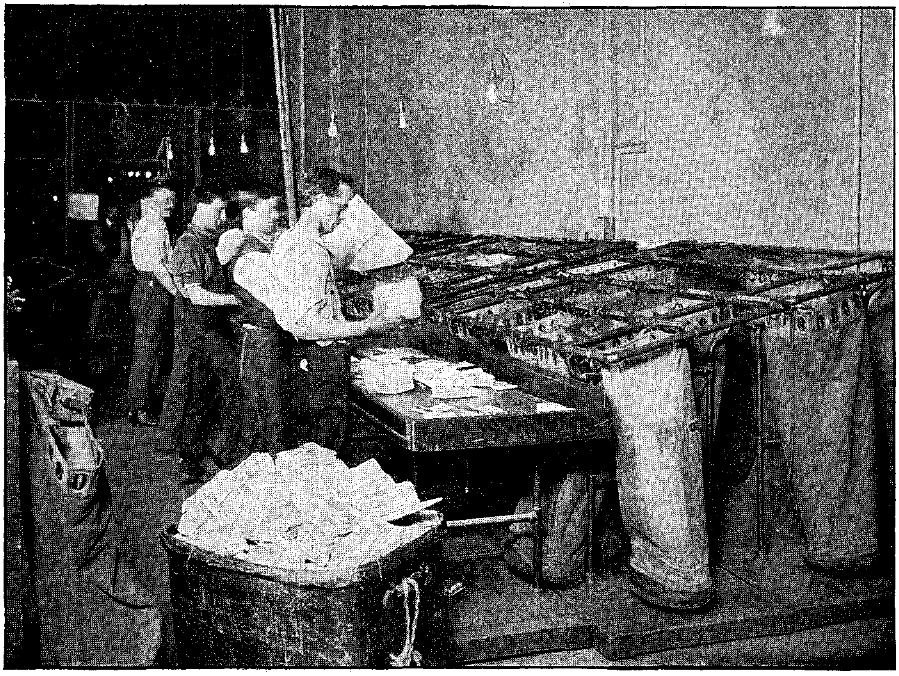
Office is given up to these separation-cases, which are crowded together as closely as possible, so that they form a perfect labyrinth and leave scarcely room for the employees to move about. Each of these separation-cases is like the one first described, except that the compartments are smaller and far more numerous. There is a pigeonhole for each important post-office in each division, while those less important are grouped under the routes by which they are served.

A letter for Providence, Rhode Island, will go to the New England division and will be placed in the compartment marked "Providence," but one addressed to a smaller town on the same line of railway or on some connecting line will go into the compartment marked Boston, Providence, and New York Railway Post-Office. This means the Railway Post-Office, as the mail cars are designated, between New York and Boston, and the letter will be further examined by the mail clerks on the train.

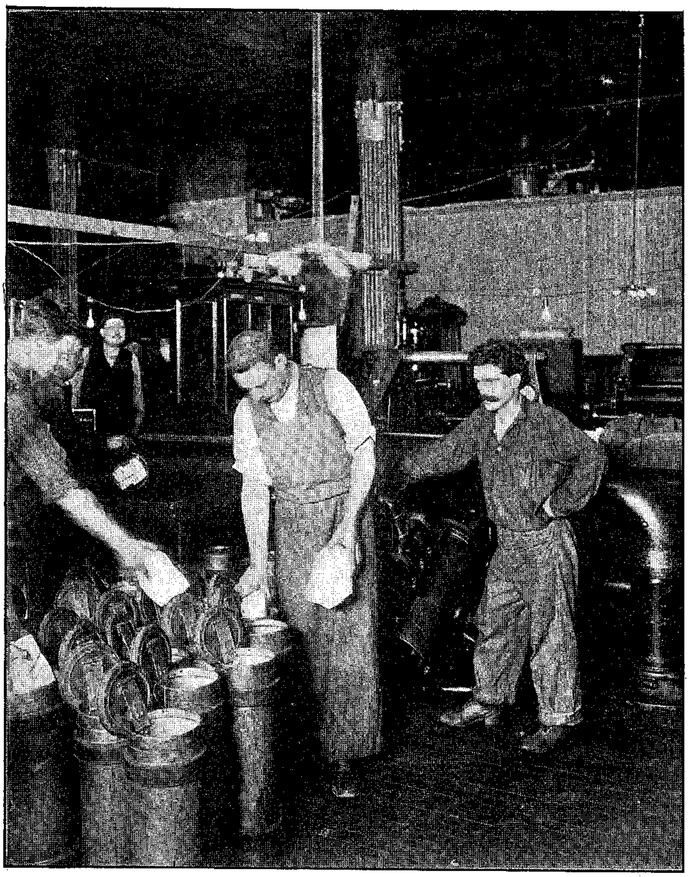
The work at these secondary cases is more difficult and exacting than that at the primary separation. Each clerk in handling a letter must read the two lower lines of the address. Incidentally he must observe if it is properly stamped, if it is overweight, and if it is illegibly addressed. In any of these contingencies the letter is thrown into a separate pigeonhole for further attention from clerks assigned to this particular duty.

The most severe requirement of this work, however, is that the clerk must carry in his head the names of all the post-offices included in his division, and must know their location and the route by which they are reached; and this must be a sort of sub-conscious knowledge, so that he will not have to think about it. Of course he knows his case, too, but that knowledge is quickly acquired, and is like that of the typesetter, who never thinks of looking to see in which box a particular letter is to be found; habit carries him unerringly to it. The compartments are arranged in the order of importance, the ones which receive the greatest number of letters being within easiest reach and those less used toward the borders of the cases.

What it means to be an efficient separation clerk may be imagined when it is said that there are 5,500 offices in the State of Pennsylvania, and the clerks in



SORTING FOR STATE POUCHES



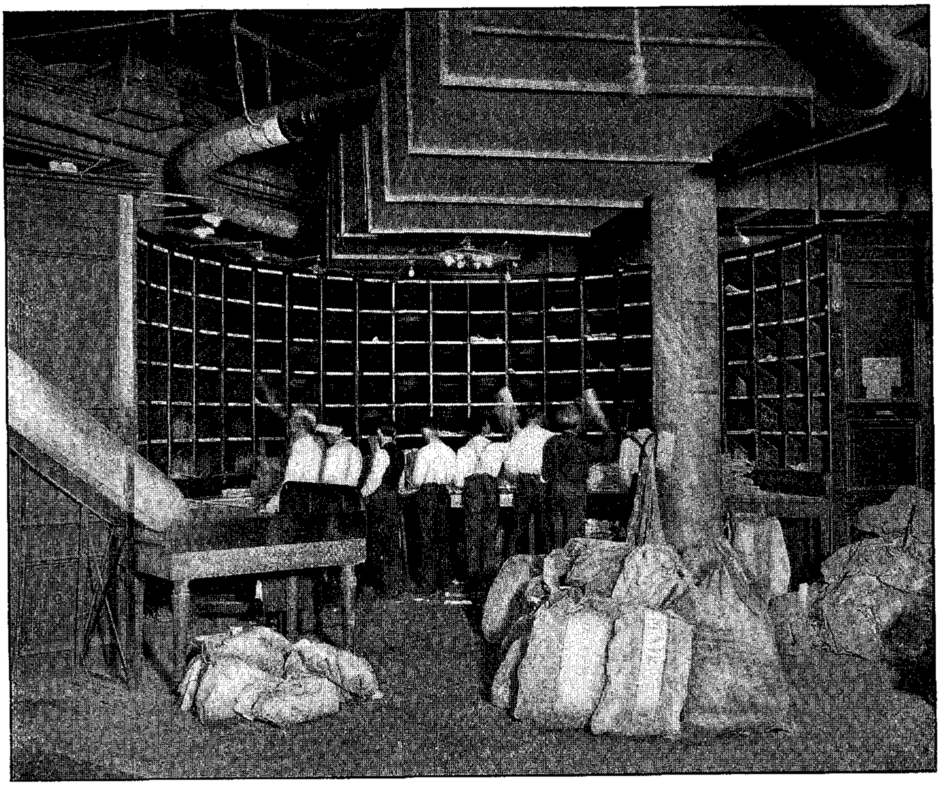
FILLING TUBES FOR THE PNEUMATIC SERVICE ROUTE TO GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT

this section must know the location of all these offices and the routes by which they are reached. Some of the divisions are larger even than this. Until recently the "South and West" case, the largest in the New York Post-Office, included 12,500 different offices! It was found that this division was too large and that the clerks were not equal to the mental strain of carrying this tremendous number of names and locations in their minds. The case has been subdivided, and the largest of the present divisions includes about 7,500 offices.

At their work the separation clerks stand a few feet back from the cases and throw in the letters as fast as they can read the addresses. For an experienced clerk the average is from fifty to fifty-five letters distributed per minute. This is rapid work, and is the rate maintained during rush hours.

Three or four clerks work at each of the larger cases, and as they walk back and forth, flipping each envelope to its proper compartment while scarcely looking up from the pile in their arms, the air is full of flying missives and the scene is one of seemingly hopeless confusion. The men soon acquire an unerring aim, and it is seldom that a letter goes into the wrong pigeonhole or overshoots its mark, although clerks constantly patrol the spaces before and behind the cases to pick up any that may fall on the floor. As the New York Post-Office handles daily about three million pieces of mail matter, and as each of these pieces must be properly separated by the method described, it will be seen that this is no small task.

The three letters which we have traced thus far part company in the process of separation. The one directed to San Francisco goes directly to the compartment at the primary separation-



SORTING NEWSPAPERS

The packages are thrown with wonderful precision into the right compartments.

table devoted to that city. The others are taken forward to one of the secondary cases and then distributed to two of the railroad post-office routes.

As the clock moves on the clerks work more and more rapidly. At length the heaps on the receiving-tables cease to grow; then they diminish, and finally the tables are swept clear of envelopes, which now are all in the separation-cases or on their way outward bound.

The first mail train by which our three letters can leave the city departs from the Grand Central Station at 9:14 P.M. It is now 7:50, and time to begin "tying-out" the mail for this train. In tying-out the clerks place on top of each bundle a "facing-slip," marked with the name of the route to which it is assigned, and wrap it about with cord. All the bundles going by a certain route are then thrown into a big basket together and are trundled away to the pouching-cases, where they are put into pouches and loaded upon one of the big mail-wagons waiting to convey them to the train.

In this particular case, however, our letters have a more rapid means of transit than the lumbering mail-wagon. Consequently it is possible to wait about twenty minutes longer for any further letters that may come in. Then, at 8:20, the final tie-out occurs.

All the letters that are to go by this particular train are wheeled in baskets to another part of the basement, where is the terminus of the pneumatic tube which leads underground to Station H, one block from the Grand Central Station and three and one-half miles uptown.

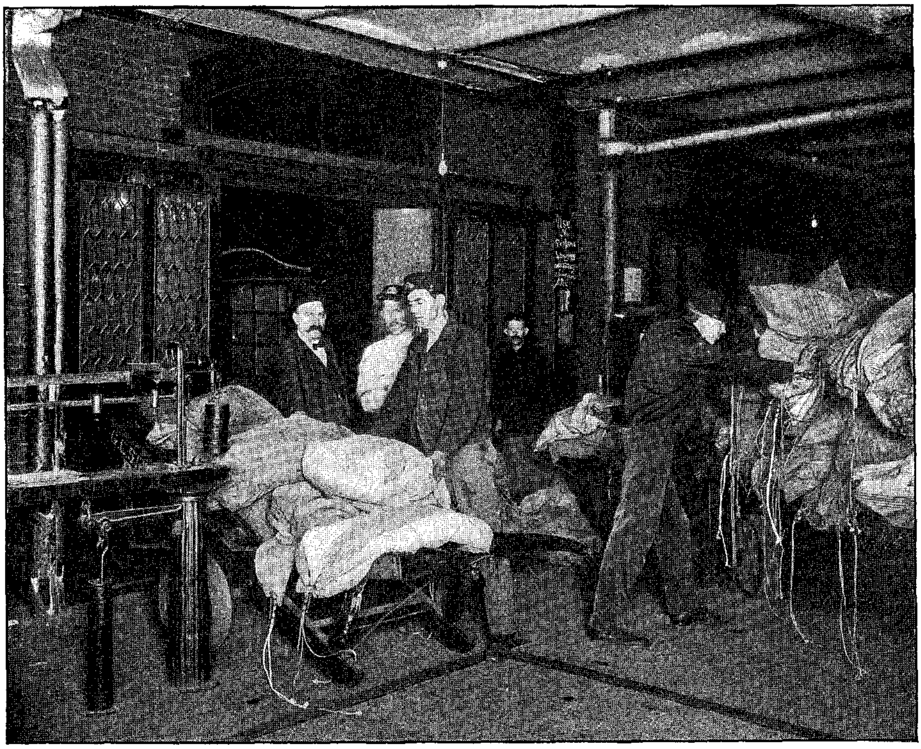
The pneumatic tube system is one of the modern appliances for facilitating the movement of the mails. The main line in New York consists of two parallel pipe passages eight inches in diameter, through which shells not unlike those used in an eight-inch gun are shot. The shells hold about a half-bushel of letters each, are tightly sealed by screwing on a metal cap, and are made to fit closely in the tubes by bands of solid rubber encircling each end. They are driven by compressed air and are fed into the tubes by an automatic apparatus which regulates their departure at intervals of fifteen seconds.

The tube carries mail at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and in seven minutes our letters are at Station H, having covered a distance that would have required forty minutes by the old system of wagon transportation.

At Station H the mail received through the tube is pouched—that is, the letters are put in bags, each marked with the route to which it is assigned. Wagons hurry it around to the railway station, and a few minutes after nine o'clock it is loaded upon the train which is to bear it on the next stage of its journey.

The first of the three letters reposes in the San Francisco pouch. It will speed across the continent as fast as steam can turn the wheels, and will never leave the mail-bag until the last stage of its journey, when the Ogden and San Francisco Railway Post-Office will make a further subdivision of the mail intended for different sections of the latter city. It is mailed in New York on Monday evening, and completes its 3,000-mile journey in almost exactly four days, an average rate of travel of a little more than thirty miles an hour for the whole distance, not allowing for stops and transfers. It is sent direct to the station from which it is to be delivered, where it is stamped with the receiving postmark, assigned to the proper carrier's route, and goes out in the first delivery on Saturday morning, or, if it bears a special delivery stamp, by messenger on Friday evening.

The second letter is in a pouch consigned to the New York and Chicago Railway Post-Office. As soon as the train pulls out of the station the railway mail clerks begin opening the different pouches, taking them in order, those for the nearest stations and junction points being assorted first. The work is very much like that of the clerks we have previously watched in the New York



RECEIVING MAIL AT GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT

At 3 A.M. the New York dailies arrive in immense quantities and are rushed on the waiting train.

Post-Office. Everything moves like clockwork. Pouch after pouch is emptied upon the tables. The letters are sorted out, tied up into bundles, and put into other pouches. At every stop one or more of these is thrown off and others taken on, the contents of which must be immediately sorted, because some of their letters may be intended for the next stopping-point. It means lively work sometimes, and there is constant, intent, hard work through all the first part of the trip. Later on the tension will slacken somewhat, and some of the clerks may even be able to snatch a half-hour's sleep. At many stations where no stop is made a bag is thrown out as the train thunders past the station, the iron hook known as the mail-catcher is brought into play, and a pouch comes swinging into the car while the traveling post-office goes rushing on with no slackening of its fifty miles an hour.

The letter in which we are particularly interested goes through the same treatment as the others. After the last stop before Buffalo is passed, and it is certain that there is no more mail for its particular route, it is tied with two or three fellows in a package bearing a slip with the name of a certain Chautauqua town, and placed in a pouch tagged for a railway line extending out of Buffalo.

Arrived in that city it is hurried across the station to another train, on board which it is again removed from the pouch and put into another one, which is presently thrown out upon a station platform, carried away by a waiting messenger to the local post-office, stamped, given over to the care of a young man, who places it with many others in a light wagon, and drives away to the home of Farmer Brown, five miles out in the country, where it is delivered at one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. It has traveled a distance of 476 miles in about sixteen hours, which is a rate of speed almost equal to that of the transcontinental letter.

Two years or more ago, before the days of the rural free delivery, it is likely that Farmer Brown would not have received his letter much earlier than the San Francisco correspondent. If the season was a busy one, he could not afford to drive to the post-office more than once or twice a week. Now his letters and papers come to him daily. He is almost as much a part of the world as his city brother, and he uses the post-office at least twenty-five per cent. more than he did when the mailing of a letter meant the spending of a half-day's time.

The third letter—the one for the Adirondack hotel-keeper—leaves its fellows at Utica, where the pouch which holds it is thrown from the train without having been opened. It is for another division of the traveling post-office, is put upon another train, here redistributed, and finally dropped off at a little mountain town. Here it remains in the local office for another twenty-four hours, until the stage is ready to convey it to its ultimate destination. The stage makes an all-day trip of the intervening twenty miles over rocky roads, and finally, three days from the time of its posting, it is delivered. It has traveled a distance of about 300 miles, but has taken almost as long as the San Francisco letter has required to cover ten times the distance.

These examples fairly illustrate the operations of the post-office, the methods by which its ordinary routine is performed, and the varying facilities for reaching different points in its system. The post-office is a great business institution, and is conducted on business principles. That is to say, it affords the best service where there is the most business, the most demand. But it also affords an efficient service where the demand is slight, and where the returns from mail operations do not begin to pay the cost. In this respect it is administered as a public utility, and does work which it would not do if conducted by private capital.

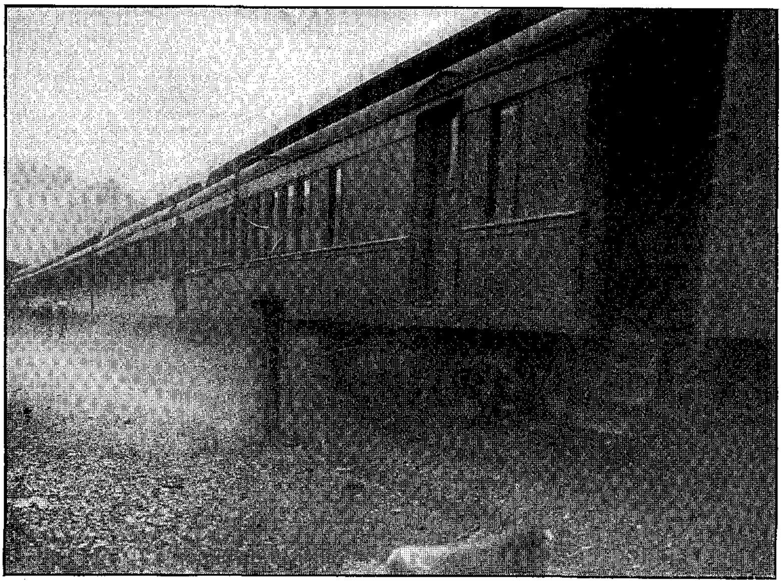
The Post-Office Department has been criticised many times because it is not self-supporting. It is said that an enterprise of this sort, engaged in a business pursuit, should contribute to the expenses of government instead of requiring annual appropriations to meet its expenses. This is entirely different from the official attitude of the Department, concerning which Postmaster-General Payne says:

"It is the policy, whenever the postal receipts exceed or come near the expenditures, to extend the postal facilities and cheapen the cost of the service to the public."

As each step in the direction of improvement or cheapness increases the business of the post-office and swells its revenues, it is a good investment, and if this policy is consistently followed there is no reason why we should not in time reach that desirable situation where all the facilities of the post-office will be carried direct to every citizen and when penny postage will prevail.

Some idea of the extent of the business transacted by the United States Post-Office may be gained from the fact that last year its receipts amounted to over $121,000,000, while its expenditures were about $3,000,000 greater. Of second-class matter alone the post-office handled last year nearly 250,000 tons. As the result of some observations made about five years ago, it was estimated that the average distance traveled by each piece of mail matter was 328 miles. To carry a letter over 300 miles to any point in the country for two cents, and to transact a business of over $120,000,000 with a net loss of only two and one-half per cent., implies a highly effective organization.

The efficiency of the post-office depends largely upon the rapidity with which its work is done. It is natural that in this respect there has been a steady advance keeping pace with the improvement in the railway facilities of the country. The most important phase of this improvement is apparent only from a careful study of the schedules in the various division headquarters, and is quite unnoticed by the general public. We marvel when it is announced that five or ten or fifteen minutes has been cut off the transcontinental trip, but what is of more real importance is the saving of fifteen or thirty minutes in the time required by the average letter in traversing its average course of 300 miles. It is in this direction that the most important recent improvements have been made.



AN EXPRESS GOING AT FULL SPEED

The mail-bag has just been snatched automatically from the standard and has already disappeared into the car door. The mail-bag in the foreground has just been hurled out.

The actual movement of mails between important business centers is not likely to be made more rapid in the immediate future. Many practical railway men believe that their lines, in the keen rivalry for business and for the advertising it brings, have overdone the fast mail train business. They hold that the heavy expense of operating these fast trains, the interference with freight traffic, and the loss through the frequent imposition of Government fines for failure to come up to schedule requirements make the operation of these contracts a positive source of loss to the roads in times of great freight congestion like the present. There is a movement on foot among some of the Western railway managers to decrease the speed of some of the fast mail trains, and, while this is not likely to be done, there probably will be no increase in the immediate future.

The chief delays in the transmission of mail at the present time arise through its lying in the mail-box awaiting collection, through its lying in the post-office awaiting the departure of trains, through its lying at junction points awaiting train connections, through its lying at the terminal point awaiting delivery. In other words, while the mail is actually in transit, whether by carrier, pneumatic tube, trolley, train, or free delivery wagon, it moves at the highest practicable rate of speed. The room for greatest improvement lies in closing up the gaps indicated above, in providing for more frequent and rapid collections and deliveries, more rapid movement in the short hauls, and the substitution of mechanical devices for hand labor whenever possible in handling the mail.

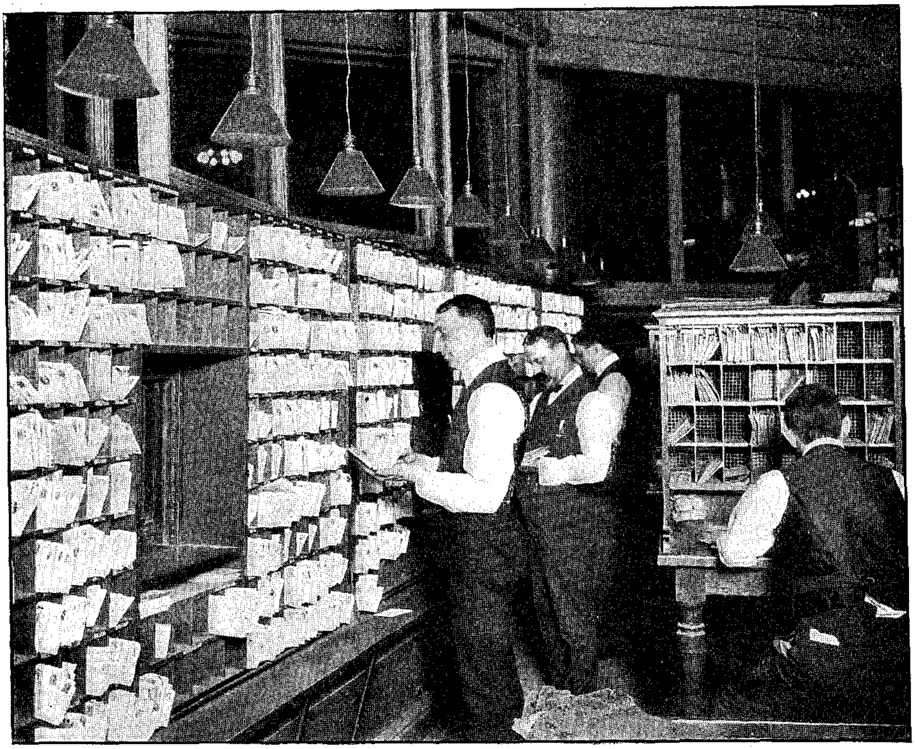
One important factor in the improvement of mail transportation is the trolley. It gives quick and regular service between the big cities and suburban towns not so easily reached by the steam roads. It saves time in transferring mails between offices and railway stations and between junction points. For instance, between Council Bluffs and Omaha, on opposite sides of the Missouri River, where much through as well as local mail is transported, the use of electric lines has resulted in a gain of from fifteen to twenty minutes in getting letters into the hands of the persons to whom they are addressed. In many other places a similar saving is effected, and there are now over three hundred electric car mail routes in operation. It seems likely that in time the electric lines will do away very largely with the comparatively slow wagon service and will take a large part of the short-haul business from the steam roads. They have the advantage of greater economy, for the cost of trolley carriage per mile is just about one-half that of the regular railway service.

An interesting branch of the work, somewhat similar to that of the mail trains, is the sea post-office, which is operated on board several of the transatlantic liners. The letters are separated during the voyage and made up in packages according to the routes they will travel after landing. When the steamer reaches Quarantine in New York Harbor, it is met by the mail-boat Postmaster-General, which takes off the mail and steams at once to its berth, whence the mail is sent direct to the stations from which it is to be distributed locally or which will afford the quickest connection for through routes.

Another odd phase of the service is the marine free delivery which at Detroit distributes and collects mail in connection with the lake steamers passing through the Detroit River. As the number of vessels passing this point in the season of busy navigation is one in every three minutes, this is a great convenience.

In the perfection of mechanical devices for the handling of mails there is a field for the inventor to which considerable attention is coming to be paid. For example, a work that requires several clerks in the New York Post-Office is the arranging of letters so that all shall face in one direction ready for the canceling-machine. A device has just been perfected which, while intended for use in business offices rather than in the post-office, will do away with this part of the work. This is an automatic sealer, into which unsealed letters are fed as in the manner of the canceling-machine. The apparatus moistens the flaps, seals them down, and delivers the letters arranged in order so that they may be tied together and taken in this shape to the office, thus saving one step in the work performed there.

Another automatic device which the Post-Office Department is now testing is a box for special delivery letters in



GENERAL DELIVERY DEPARTMENT AT NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

which one may drop a letter by inserting a dime in a slot in lieu of a special delivery stamp. Collections are made from these boxes by special messengers at frequent intervals, thus saving considerable time.

For some time past the Government has been testing a machine intended for use in the offices of business concerns that send out a large amount of mail. This machine seals the letters as already described, and also stamps and postmarks them so that when delivered to the post-office it will be necessary only to go through the operation of sorting them before they are forwarded. The machine keeps an exact record of the number of letters passing through it, and if adopted the plan would be for the users to make a regular accounting to the post-office authorities at daily or weekly intervals for the sums due in postage. Such a contrivance, of course, would be used only by firms sending letters in large quantities.

It is possible that the general adoption of the machine described above and the extension of the pneumatic tube service may make possible the delivery of mail from the big office buildings and from sub-stations convenient to the general public direct to the post-offices already postmarked and canceled and ready for the separation clerks.

There is no branch of the public service more efficient or more arduous in its requirements than the work of the post-office. The carriers make their rounds bearing heavy loads and exposed to all kinds of weather. The employees in the railway branch of the service pursue their work at irregular and broken hours and under constant pressure. They have not even the assurance that if, as has happened in many cases, they lose their lives in the course of duty, provision will be made for their families. The office clerks work at high pressure and with the necessity of having all their faculties alert at all times, often, especially in the older offices, under conditions that are unsanitary and that make the efficient performance of their duties almost impossible.

It is a peculiar fact that in the New York Post-Office, which is the best-paying plant, so to speak, in the entire service, the conditions of work are worse, perhaps, than in any other office in the country. While the Post-Office Department last year showed a deficit of $3,000,000, the New York office turned in a net revenue of over $4,000,000. And yet this office is so crowded that it seems to an outsider impossible that its work can be done properly. Every inch of space is utilized, and in many places there is not even elbow-room. Hundreds of clerks work in the basement, where the supply of fresh air is always insufficient. Hundreds of others on the ground floor are so hedged by the many partitions that even with the use of many electric fans and blowers the heat of summer is stifling and almost overpowering.

Considering the great amount of revenue contributed to the Department by this office, and the fact that it occupies a position of prime importance in handling the mail business of the country, since practically all the European mails pass through it, the fact that Congress has allowed its present congested condition to exist so long seems little short of a public disgrace.

There is promise that the existing condition will be greatly relieved by the erection of two offices in the uptown section of the city, one in connection with the new terminal of the Pennsylvania Railway and one in connection with the improved station of the New York Central. The plans for these mark a departure in post-office arrangement which may be followed in other large cities. It is proposed to erect one of the new offices directly over the tracks of the Pennsylvania terminal, so that mail can be delivered to and from trains by elevators and trucks without the use of wagon transportation. The other office is planned to be erected alongside the Central's tracks, with a subway leading from it to the train platforms. This will mean a saving in the time and labor of handling the mails, and with pneumatic tubes connecting these offices with the main office and principal sub-stations the mails can be shot from one part of the city to another in the shortest possible time.

Doves in the Rain

By Clinton Scollard

Dull and ashen the day;
Drip,—you may hear the eaves;
Drip,—you may see the leaves;
Rillets bubble and run;
Never a gleam of sun
While the gray hours wear away.

Over the slanting slates,
Under the cupola's crown,
Snowy and blue and brown,
Crouch the forms of the doves,
Cooing their matin loves,
Mates to amorous mates.

Lo, the gloom is gone,—
Gone like a deep-night dream,
Lost in the sunrise beam!
Dazzles before my eyes
The sweep of Venice skies
With its pageantry of dawn;

Venice skies and the square,—
San Marco's domes ashine
Like the amber Asti wine;
The giant in the tower
Hammering out the hour
On the hush of the southern air.

This, and the throng of doves
On the palace cornices,
Flocking crevice and frieze,
With flutter and perk and preen
In the gold-shot azure sheen,
As they murmur of their loves.

Woo and coo again!—
Yea, I am well content
With all that is blurred and blent
(Hours of the radiant past
As though in a mirror glassed)
In the rhythmic fall of the rain!

Priscilla's Maying[1]

By Una L. Silberrad

I.

HOW MICHEL LEDBETTER AND PRISCILLA WENT MAYING

THERE was a man called Ledbetter. He was an alderman and a rich man, but somewhat hard in his dealings, and so busy in his counting-house that it is said if an angel of God came to his door he would not have made time to see him. Be that as it may, the man was prosperous and hard-working, and now, in his age, rich, though he sprang from small beginnings, having, indeed, been a pauper boy of no parentage.

This man lived by the city wall, which, though in parts ruined, was still the pride of the town it had defended in the Civil War. The Alderman, as I say, lived close by it in some dignity, troubling not at all about his neighbors. There was perhaps only one who could be called neighbor to him; that was Tobiah the Dissenter. The Alderman's great house stood partly at a right angle to the street in which Tobiah lived, so that some of its upper windows looked on to those of the Dissenter. But the neighbors had no dealings with each other; both were well occupied with their own business, even if the possession of wealth on the one side and dissenting opinions on the other had not been a barrier to intercourse.

Ledbetter had one son, Michel, a youth not altogether like his father, but of a more gentle and generous nature. This young man was kept close at his work, though without urging he applied himself diligently, being no time-server. But for a little each day he was free to amuse himself. It was after dinner, when the Alderman dozed in his chair and the clerks and apprentices were not yet come back to work. At that hour, which was also the one when Tobiah strolled forth to take the air, Michel could do what he pleased. In the course of time it came about that he was pleased to look from his window—which lay at the back—towards the house of the Dissenter.

Early that year, before the trivial feast of Valentine, the Lord had seen fit to afflict Tobiah and take from him his sister. This sister left behind her little but her daughter Priscilla, a fair maiden, but perhaps not of the meekest sort. Tobiah took the girl home with him, and she tended his house with diligence, he, in return, striving to instruct her in the way in which she should go. She also found attractive the windows at the back when her uncle was out and the Alderman slept.

There was some distance between the two windows; neither the boy nor the girl could reach across, nor could they whisper and be heard. But then neither could any see them; the only house near was that of Simon Scroat, the apothecary, empty now since the winter. Old Thomas and his wife, servants to the Alderman, never looked out or noted, so the two were safe from interruption and observation. And since they could not meet in any other way, this one served them well enough—it is wonderful how well.

Thus things were when it befell that Alderman Ledbetter must go away on business. He went one midday, and reckoned to be back by the next. Before he started he laid many commands upon his son, and left him enough work to well occupy his time. But the work did not so fill Michel's time that he was not able to be at his window at the usual hour. Indeed, he was early, having hurried over his dinner much, and so had to wait awhile before Priscilla appeared. At last she came; first Michel saw her hand stretched out to push the window open; then, as she looked forth, not knowing he was there, he saw her fully—a flower face, cheeks like roses and throat like may, and envious hair that curled about little pink ears as if it would fain hide them from the common gaze.

He leaned from his window, and she

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[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

saw him. "You are there, then?" she said, as if it were the strangest thing.

He answered "yes," and afterwards seemed content to gaze on her in silence. She, however, must be talking, telling him little things of the house and her uncle. Afterwards he told her things of his house, chiefest of which was the going of the Alderman.

"He has gone till to-morrow?" she asked; and then, thoughtfully, "To-morrow is May-day."

Michel said, "Yes; there will be merrymaking in the town. Do you go?"

She shook her head. "People of our sect know better," she said, sedately. "Do you go?"

"You know I do not," he answered.

She looked up towards the sky, which promised a fair to-morrow. "Will it rain?" she asked; and when he answered "No," she said, "I am glad; it were bad for those who go a-maying."

He nodded; then, without any reason, she said: "Uncle Tobiah is a mighty sleeper; I wonder—" She stopped, and went on, "Mr. Smallpage's John—"

"John? Who is John?" Michel asked.

She told him in many words. At the end he said, "And you go maying with him to-morrow?"

"I did not say so" (which was indeed true, for John was the last in the town to think of such things).

But Michel did not know that, so he said somewhat bitterly: "You are afraid of your uncle? It is a pity it is not you who is left instead of me."

Priscilla turned away. "It is a pity your father did not take you with him," she pouted. Then she pulled the window almost shut, but before she shut it quite she looked out again. "'Twill be a fine dawn to-morrow," she said, as if to herself, and then, softly, "I have never seen the coming of May."

Michel was perplexed, but "Neither have I," he ventured.

She did not shut the window nor catch him up.

"Shall we? will you—?" he began; and as she still did not shut the window, rather pushed it wider, he managed in some way to learn that perhaps she might, if the day was good and her mind did not change, find it in her heart to go forth with him at to-morrow's dawn.

He was scarcely able to believe his fortune, and said with truth that he did not know what rites were observed when one went for the may. She said she must instruct him, and though he learnt little, something kept them in talk until Tobiah's step sounded on the stair of his house. Then, with a last word, they parted, the windows in either house shut demurely, but not before the hour of to-morrow's meeting was fixed. Thus it is that trouble springs up behind a man, even such as Tobiah, when he thinks all safe-guarded.

Early on the next morning, before the busiest lad or gayest lass in the town was astir, Michel came forth from the house by the city wall. He did not wear his best clothes, as others did, but his hair was wet, for he had bathed himself as if he were preparing for some solemn feast. By and by Priscilla crept out on to the wooden steps of Tobiah's house. He came to her, and with scarcely a word of greeting they met and took their way down the street. The round cobbles of the roadway and the steep gable roofs were gleaming wet with dew, the street looking all soft and gray as if night still lingered, gathering her shadowy skirts before she stole away. As they went by winding ways the light grew brighter, and in a lilac-bush in some little yard a bird began to sing as if all the love in the world were in its heart.

Soon they were out in the country lanes, where violets lurked and primroses could still be seen. The great elms met overhead, all wet and glistening, clapping their little hands for the coming of day. There were fields on either side where the grass was soft and green and the buttercups drooped their heads for the weight of the dewdrops the fairies had hung there. Sleeping trees, too, all gold and green from their new-opened leaves, and hawthorn, white-veiled for the year's bridal, shining out on every hand. Here the lark rose from under their feet, singing joyously; here the blackbirds piped from every bush, while the thrush and chaffinch and all the feathered choir joined voice in glad accord. Here, too, the light was fine-drawn, films of mystery, neither green nor white, softening the distance, filling the wood aisles as incense fills a cathedral nave, and lingering on the meadow grass as a kiss lingers on the lip.

It was here, where the grass was long and soft, that Priscilla must take off her shoes to feel the dew on her little bare feet. She had bathed her face with the morning drops, she had plunged her arms till they were wet to the elbow; now she must try how its touch felt to her feet. So she took off her shoes and stockings while Michel decorously turned his back; then with a shiver and a gasp she thrust her feet into the soft green grass. Michel turned about: the little gasp made him. The sun just then looked over the hill, smiling all down the land as he touched the earth with his golden wand. He touched Priscilla; aye, and he touched Michel too, so that he forgot himself, and seeing the little pink feet that hid themselves in the grass as wild roses between leaves, he knelt suddenly and kissed them.

"Michel!" Priscilla put out a hand to stay him.

He took it, but reverently, as if to do so were a sacrament. "I love you," he whispered—"I love you, sweetest of all the world." And he stooped as if he would kiss her feet again, but stayed, fearing it were outrage.

She tucked them out of sight, scrambling them deep in the grass. "Silly," she said, with her head away, "you are very silly!" And so he was, to content himself with her feet when her lips did not send him away.

"Forgive me," he prayed in contrition, and drew back a pace.

"My shoes!" she cried; she had dropped them an arm's length behind her.

Michel turned about to find them; but, "The beetles!" she said—"the beetles in the grass! They run over my feet!"

What could he do but pick her up and carry her to the stile, that was but a pace away? What could he do, with her face so near and the hair that hid it blown to his lips? He tried not to kiss the curls, he looked straight before so as to see nothing; but she turned her head so that her lips touched his ear. "I love you," she murmured, "I have loved you so long."

In this way did these two go maying, and in this manner, when the year was young and the world new-decked for bridal, did they tell each other the old story, which is never old but always young, young as the gods and fresh as the beech-leaves of spring.

II.

HOW TOBIAH THE DISSENTER AND ALDERMAN LEDBETTER HAD SOMETHING TO SAY

Now Tobiah the Dissenter was, as Priscilla had said, a mighty sleeper. He was also a good man, but for all that not all unversed in the ways of mankind. Therefore, calling to mind that the morrow was the Pagan festival of May, and fearing that the maiden under his charge might be tempted to some folly, he told his conscience to call him betimes in the morning.

But a good man's conscience is no match for a maiden, and Tobiah's did not call him as early as some other thing called Priscilla, so it happened that when the Dissenter arose he found the bird flown. This naturally angered him, but, knowing the uselessness of pursuit, he did not attempt to follow her, but instead lay in wait for her return.

By and by she came. He was in the back kitchen, but he heard her let herself in, thinking, no doubt, that he was still above stairs. She came towards the kitchen, intending, he supposed, to light the fire as if nothing had happened and set the breakfast as usual. Expecting this, he had forestalled her and already lighted the fire, so that as she opened the door she must at once see it and consequently know that he was about and she discovered. She pushed the door and came in; he heard her, and listened for her to pause and exclaim. She did neither, but began to move about the kitchen setting the breakfast-things, he judged by the sounds, and singing the while:

> When first of work I light the fire,
> Jesu, first of thoughts inspire.
> When I wash each cup and plate,
> Jesu, wash the sins I hate.

When clear the kitchen, make it neat,
Jesu, clear me from deceit.

So far had she got when Tobiah snorted aloud, astonished that one could so sing the while she was trying to deceive. But Priscilla did not appear to hear the snort, for she went on with her litany:

When I watch and stir the pot,
Jesu, watch me, slumber not.
When the rooms I sweep and clean,
Jesu, sweep ill thoughts unseen.
When I set the midday meal,
Jesu, set on me thy seal.
When I clean each dish and knife,
Jesu, clean from sin my life.
When spread the supper or the tea,
Jesu, spread thy love on me.
When at last my work is o'er,
Jesu, last, thy blessing pour
On me sleeping in my bed,
All I've done and all I've said.

So she sang, and Tobiah, when she ceased, pounced out upon her. "Mistress," he said, "are you not afraid to use such words? How is it that you dare to ask a blessing on what you do and say, when your doings are the works of the devil, and your sayings the words of deception? First you would deceive me, and then you sing 'clear me from deceit.' You blaspheme, mistress, you blaspheme!"

Priscilla turned upon him innocent eyes of wonder. "Dear sir, what do you mean?" she asked.

"Mean!" cried Tobiah: "do you take me for an ass-head, that you think I do not know that you have been out? You hope to deceive me, do you, by stealing in before I should be astir, and setting about your household tasks as if all were as usual!"

Priscilla was not shamed; she pointed to her bonnet, conspicuous on a chair, and still wreathed with may, the branches of white blossom that she had carried home lying beside it.

"Why should I deceive you, uncle? Such a thought never entered my head"—as, indeed, it did not when she saw the fire and her necessary discovery, she not being of the sort that commits the waste of a useless deception that does not deceive—"of course you must know I was out: have you not lighted the fire—for which I owe you thanks?"

"Of course, and of course!" cried Tobiah, indignant. "Of course, mistress, too, I must, I suppose, be pleased that you should wander the lanes and race the streets with all the ne'er-do-wells of the town, in the hours, too, when decent folk are abed?"

She did not answer this, so he asked, "Where have you been?"

"To gather may."

"For what? To wreath their maypole and deck their Jack-in-the-green? Pagan idolatry, sin of the Israelites, who set up their groves on every high hill and under every green tree, dancing before them to the dishonor of themselves and the wrath of God! Truly has the Lord humbled me, that one of my house should fall into this sin!"

Priscilla pointed to the branches that still lay on the chair. "There are all the carnal decorations that I have this morning plucked," said she, with curling lips.

Tobiah took the poor flowers and crammed them into the blaze. "What, then, have you been doing?" he asked. "If you have not payed the heathen rites for which you rose early, what have you done? Some company must have engrossed you—tell me his name."

Priscilla's lip curled even more, and lowered lids only half hid her angry eyes. "It seems, good Uncle Tobiah," said she, in the soft voice of a woman who strokes to scratch, "it seems that you know the ways of iniquity well to so suspect; almost I am tempted to think that you judge me by the doings of your own unregenerate youth."

But this was too much for Tobiah. It was seldom that one answered him back, never a maiden, and she one under his care, owing obedience and gratitude. For a moment astonishment checked anger, and both stayed utterance; when he recovered himself sufficiently, he took the girl by the arm and led her upstairs, rebuking her wicked sauciness the while. When he reached the top of the house, he put her in the garret and locked her there, that she might consider her misdemeanors, while he considered their punishment and the form his exhortation should take.

Thus it fared with Priscilla. With Michel matters were more peaceful for a time, for Alderman Ledbetter did not return till noon, and at first he was full of business, setting his 'prentices and clerks flying, and seeing that Michel had done what had been set him. Fortunately, the youth had worked that day as one inspired by that spirit which makes the irksome pleasant and the common beautiful. Of the reason the Alderman did not know, but with the result he was satisfied; and when he left the counting-house to dine, he was in a good humor, and so spoke of things other than business. As he had come through the town that morning he had seen the maypole set up, and heard the singing and laughter of those gathered there. He did not approve of such follies, reckoning them but a waste of time; still, though he certainly would have opposed it, he asked his son if he did not wish for some share in the junketing.

Michel answered, "No."

And his father said lightly, "Perhaps, young dog, you have taken your share before I returned?"

He said this feeling sure that it was impossible, but Michel hesitated for a moment before he answered. It was true he had had no share in the merrymaking, yet after another fashion he had celebrated the coming of May, and he was of a truthful sort. So, after a moment, he said, "I went a-maying this morning, but early, before the day's work began."

"Oh, ho!" said the Alderman, "you did, did you?"

Then he stopped. After all, since the work was well done it did not greatly matter what his son did beforehand—at least, so it seemed to him just then; so he only asked, "With whom did you waste your time?"

Michel blushed at the thought of saying her name aloud, but answered, "Priscilla, she who is niece to Tobiah the Dissenter."

The Alderman had never seen the maid, and he said so; whereupon Michel began to tell of her, shyly, but by degrees growing so warm in his words that his father looked up sharply.

"Hoity-toity!" said he. "What have we here? I will have no coil with maidens, fair or black; it wastes the best of a man, his time and his strength. Let the women alone—d'ye hear, boy? Most of all let this one be, for the man Tobiah would make himself troublesome. I'll have none of it; it's as well you bear it in mind."

Michel rose to his feet, his face before flushed now paled. "Sir," he said, with quietness, "you mistake me. I love Priscilla, and she me, and—and one day we hope to be man and wife."

For a moment the Alderman looked at him in blank amazement, then he burst out laughing. "Gad's zooks!" he cried: "what's come to the fool? Sir," he mimicked, "you mistake if you with Priscilla think to set up housekeeping in an empty walnut-shell. First grow a man, boy, and afterwards I'll provide a wife; and she'll have nothing to do with the Ranters, I promise you, and more than a penny-piece to her name."

"Father," so Michel protested earnestly, "I am a man—"

"Son," old Ledbetter broke in, "you are a fool, and"—with a sudden access of fury—"I'll have no more of the folly, d'ye hear me, sir? No more of it, no more of it!" and he struck the table so that the glasses jumped.

Michel set his lips, but said nothing, the which angered his father the more. "Where have you met with this hussy?" he asked.

"You mean Mistress Priscilla?" Michel said. "She is no hussy, sir, but—"

"But!" roared his father—"But, Master Impudence, she is what I call her, and she shall be, what's more! Where have you seen her, I say, before to-day?"

"At the window."

"Her window or yours?"

"She at hers and I at mine: they are not such a great space apart, both looking out at the back."

The Alderman stalked to the door. "Thomas!" he called; and when the old man came, "Go you," he said, "and shut the shutters at the back, shut them all, the kitchen and your own chamber too. If your wife haggles, tell her it's my will; she can have 'em open when you're there, not otherwise: one can't trust a woman when there's any billing and cooing in the wind. And, Thomas, move the boy's goods—take 'em somewhere to the front. No more windows at the back for you, young fool," so he added to his son when Thomas went off on his errand.

And again Michel said nothing, so that for a time there was silence. The Alderman drank his port slowly, then he turned to his son. "How far has the matter gone?" he asked.

"We love each other," Michel answered, "and so we have said."

"Poof! That is nothing," and the Alderman turned his glass to the light.

But Michel said, "I have given my word."

"To what?"

"To keep true, and to wed."

"And what of that?" so the Alderman asked. "What is your word? Your word, forsooth! D'ye think you're a gentleman, to talk of your word, your honor? I tell you you're no gentleman, but a good burgher's son; son of a man who worked for himself, and, having gotten for himself, means to keep what he's got and not have it wasted on pink-faced wenches. We're getting too fine, with our 'words' and our 'loves' and 'our promises to wed.' We are getting high in the stomach, proud and wanton by reason of idleness; it's time we had some real work to do. There's a cargo of hides 'll be at the wharf this evening; you can go down there, Master Lover, for the unloading. Sampson Shore's going? Oh yes, I know that. He's going to check and to oversee; you can go with him, and work with the men. They'll be working all night—they must for the tide; they'll have lanterns in the hold. It will help the stench, I dare say; what of that? I've done unsavory jobs in my time, and worked with my hands too; you can do likewise. Off with you! you'll not be at the riverside before the boat now. And mind, no coming back till the work is done."

So spoke Alderman Ledbetter, and, as was usual when he spoke, he was obeyed. Michel set off for the wharf and the boat laden with hides, roughly pickled and of evil smell; there to work among the men in the hold, where the stench rose and the lanterns burned smokily.

III.

HOW ALDERMAN LEDBETTER AND TOBIAH THE DISSENTER CAME INTO STRAIT PLACES

While Alderman Ledbetter was talking to his son, and for the sake of discipline and the judicious occupying of his time sending him to pass a painful night at the wharf, Priscilla was still shut within the garret. It was a small room at the top of Tobiah's steep house. From its window one could see far over the town, sloping roof-eaves and twisted chimney-pots, with here and there a tree in fresh spring dress shooting up between. Priscilla looked out, and listened as the day waned to the changing noises of the town below; she heard the distant sound of voices and steps in the street, with now and again faint notes of music brought from those who kept holiday. She turned away from the window and sat down on the dusty floor—there was nothing else whereon to sit. The voices and music mocked her; no maid in the town had spent such a May-day as she; not one, even the plainest, had been so left to her own reflections, so she thought, and her heart grew hot with anger. Then, like a waft of cool breeze, came the memory of the morning, the day's first hours spent in the golden dream with the young, young world, that loved even as she and Michel loved. Tobiah could not take that from her—it was verily her own, even to the name of her lover. For a while she sat turning this thought in her mind and living again the morning's hours. Gradually she grew more at peace with the world, more forgetful of it, until at last the dream became reality to her and she slept in the garret corner where she sat.

She must have slept some time, for the day was beginning to wane when she awoke; the corners of the room were shadowy, and the dark marks where damp had stained the white plaster stood out like evil eyes. For a little she sat listening. The house was very quiet; Tobiah must have gone out later than usual for his walk. She went to the window, but not with any hope of seeing her lover; it was past the hour when the Alderman took his sleep. She had looked out at the usual time, and, not seeing Michel then, had tormented herself as to the reason. She could not have spoken with him had he come—only by craning herself far over the sill might she have seen the top of his head; while, a high coping hiding her from view, he would still less have seen her. But from her perch she could see some of the windows of the Alderman's house, and so had seen the shutters set up. She asked herself what it could mean; surely, surely Michel was not dead? He had not shown himself at the usual hour, and the shutters were all up. Did this darkening of the windows while it was yet day mean death—death of the father or of the son? Sometimes she told herself it was one and sometimes the other; and sometimes, drawing nearer the truth, she guessed that the Alderman had discovered the friendship that had grown about the windows and so had ordered the shutters to be put up.

These thoughts recurred to her now, as she looked out at the roofs and chimneys, still sharp against the pale sky, where the swallows circled and wheeled. High up the light lingered, but lower down the shadows were creeping fast. Here and there lamps were beginning to show, but the Alderman's house was still dark, and the narrow way by the city wall was unlighted too. She could see part of this, almost to the lantern that hung at the bend; and she could see, too, the door in old Ledbetter's wall which gave on to the path and by which he sometimes went in and out. As she looked she saw coming that way a man who hurried from shadow to shadow. She wondered what could be his business, and where he was going by that retired way; while she wondered, he passed out of sight round the bend by the unlighted lantern.

Then for a little there was nothing to look at but the swallows passing to and fro, and the elder-tree that grew near the wall. Old folks said the elves hid in elder-trees and showed themselves at twilight, when the wind shakes the leaves and children are going to bed. She wondered if it were true: none but children ever saw the elves, they never came but to trees that grew by nursery windows. There were no children in the Alderman's house, but the elder-tree was shaking now, as if the elves were preparing for flight. She leaned out looking for them, as she had looked before about her clean-swept hearth at nightfall—though Tobiah had told her that all such was heathen wickedness.

Just then something caught her eye: not one of the fairy-folk, but the door in old Ledbetter's wall opening, as if it were pushed cautiously from without. The house cast a deep shadow; nevertheless she could still see the door open slowly, slowly, till at last there was room for a man to squeeze by. He came—not the little stooping figure of the Alderman, but the man who had come by the city wall. He shut the door after him, and Priscilla fancied it seemed but to close to, as if the lock no longer caught. He was crossing the stable-yard now and coming to the darkened windows of one of the lower rooms. He had tools with him; he was trying them on the window-pane, perhaps even on the shutter within. She could not see well, and no one else could see at all; on the one hand was the apothecary's house, long empty, and on the other was Tobiah's, with but few windows commanding a view. Of the pair who served the Alderman, Thomas was out, and Mary, his wife, angered at the darkening of her kitchen, had gone to sit in a little room near the street with a window which let her see those that passed by. Truly the man who came so quietly had chosen a wise time for his nefarious errand; there was but one person who saw him, and she high up in the attic, of little account.

For a while Priscilla debated. It was useless to call from the window—there was none but the thief to hear. Useless, too, to creep out by the narrow opening; even if the space had been big enough for her to pass through, there was nowhere to go but the dizzy ledge. While she still thought, the man below finished his work and stepped into the Alderman's house. Quickly she rose and went to the door of her prison: perhaps Tobiah had come in without her knowledge; perhaps she could make him hear. She lifted the latch to rattle it, and prepared to shout her loudest. But there was no need, for when she lifted the latch the door opened easily. Tobiah had softly drawn back the bolt before he went out; "for," thought he, "it is not likely she will try the door again so late, unless some urgent need—a fire, to wit—arise." And if such a thing did happen, and she being bolted in perished, he would then, he felt, be her murderer before the Lord; therefore he took precaution against such a contingency. This he did the more readily since he did not know that she had a lover near at hand.

Of this Priscilla knew nothing, and when the door opened thus magically she half thought that the elves had come to her rescue and so at last rewarded her for her good housewifery, and that in a better way than chopping wood or doing other drudgery. Elves or no, she did not stop long in her prison now that the door was open, but took her way out into the little scrubbed passage and down to the floor below. The house was all very still and quiet, warm from the warmth of the day and full of soft shadows that came from nowhere and lurked everywhere, making the familiar strange. Carefully she stole down stairs to the hallway. There she paused a moment to listen, but still there was no sound, so soon she had the door open and was out in the street.

There were but few people about—one or two who talked far down towards the twist at the bottom of the road; but they did not notice her, for as yet the lamps were not lighted here. She slipped round the corner without any seeing her, and came to the street where the Alderman's house fronted. It looked to her so commanding, when she came to it, that she was more than half afraid of going up and knocking at the door. But the matter was one that admitted of no delay, so she mounted the step and knocked a sounding rap with the great brass knocker. The sound echoed through the house strangely, for the door stood on the jar; but no one came. She waited a while, then, growing fearful lest Tobiah should come down the street and see her, she knocked again. Again the knock echoed, but still no one came. How should they? Old Mary, who should have minded the door, had just stepped out to speak with a neighbor passing below her window. She and the other goodwife stood but a few paces up the road, but their heads, nid-nodding together, were over-full of their gossips' news to heed such a trifle as her. So she waited and waited, and at last, growing desperate, pushed open the door and walked in unbidden.

"They can't all be out," she said, and stepped into the wide hall-place.

But it seemed as if they were. She peeped into the room on the left, but there was no one there; straight-backed chairs, and painted wainscot, and china jars from Nankin bought when the Alderman's wife was alive, but never a sign of life. On the right was the room where old Ledbetter had dined, and where he sat when he sent his son to the wharf. But it had been empty some time, for Michel was gone to fulfill his father's command, and the old man was in his counting-house, where he sat with his books, though his men had all gone. Priscilla went on and came to the foot of the stairs. For a moment she stood listening and looking up. The stairs were wide and firm—there was no creaking under the feet there. In a little while she began to go up, for she thought she heard the sound of one moving above, and it came to her mind that maybe Michel was locked in, even as she herself had been. But when she reached the top she stopped, for she did not know which way to go, and in the gray twilight she could not tell where she was nor whom she might suddenly meet.

So she stood in a corner and waited, trusting to find some guidance. Suddenly, as she waited, she heard a small sound near at hand; a rasping noise it was, such as a file makes when it is used with care. She knew it, and guessed that it boded no good. Softly she slipped off her shoes, and on stockinged feet tiptoed to the door from whence it came. She stooped to the keyhole and listened, holding her breath lest he who was within should hear. There was a sound of cautious steps. He was moving. To the door? she wondered, and held herself ready to fly. No! the other way; he must be near the window now. Now was the time! She seized the handle; quick as thought she opened the door and looked in; quick as thought closed it again, and, before the man within could reach it, or her, had bolted it firm and tight. Then, without stopping to seek her shoes, she fled downstairs as quick as her feet would carry her, for her look in the room had shown her a man who worked at an iron chest, and the man was he who had come creeping by the city wall.

He had seen her, truly; he had looked round when she looked in. He had sprung to the door, but not in time; she had reckoned to get the bolt home before he could reach her, and she had done it. He was safely trapped, if only she could find some one before he forced a way out. So she flew with swift feet downstairs—anywhere that she could find one to take her captive.

Now Alderman Ledbetter sat in his counting-house, closely studying the books where his moneys were all set down. A lamp burned before him, and one could see that he smiled, for the moneys read well. To him, thus pleasantly busy, one came by way of the door which joined the counting-house to the dwelling and which none but himself and his son ever used. "Push!" and the door flew open, and there on the threshold stood a little maid with flushed face and eyes that shone.

"Alderman Ledbetter!" she cried, "there is a man in your house who breaks open your great box and seeks for something within!"

"What?" said the Alderman: "what?" and he turned him slowly round, not knowing yet what to make of the news or the bringer.

"Quick!" was all she answered: "I have him shut in; if you are quick you will take him; he is in the big room at the top of the stairs."

"That room!" the Alderman cried, with a catch at his heart. "My room!" and he sprang up and took a weapon from his drawer. "Thomas, Thomas!" he roared, so that the old man, who had but just come in, heard him and came flying. "Thomas, there's a thief in the house!"

"Lord! sir!" says Thomas, and goes to the window and bawls "Watch!" and "Help!" with the Lord knows what to-do beside.

To Priscilla, who had seen her thief and taken her thief with no more noise than the patter of her little feet, it seemed that a deal must be done before he could be made secure. But there was one thing done which surprised her much, and disconcerted her some: Alderman Ledbetter made her fast in the counting-house while the business was going forward; safe locked her in the dusty room, with the desks and papers and great ledgers that stood soberly side by side.

So it was that again that day she found herself a prisoner; but she felt sure this time that it could not end very ill, so she waited with patience, looking about her at the room where Michel spent the most of his days. She had found his place and seated herself in it, she had even taken the pen she deemed his, and, if the truth must be known, put a kiss on its ruffled feathers, before any one came back to her. She was perched high on a stool, scribbling with the kissed goose-quill, when the Alderman came in, and so busy was she that she did not hear him open the door.

"Mistress," he said, looking her over with his little shrewd eyes, "I owe you a debt."

"Which, sir, you have paid by locking me in."

"I must crave your pardon," he protested: "I am an old man and suspicious even of pretty faces, but I will make what amends I may."

"Will you?" she said, and examined him from under lowered lids, as if she doubted.

"Most certainly," he answered gallantly, for assuredly it was a pretty flower for a man to find in his counting-house, especially on such an errand. "You have to-night saved certain valuables for me. Tell me how you did it, and how you came here."

She told from the beginning, but

omitted to tell where she was when she saw the thief—omitted, too, her own name and place of abode. Old Ledbetter did not notice the omission. He laughed when she had finished her tale. "By the Lord," he cried, "'twas well done! There's the making of a man in you, mistress! I would I had you for a son."

Priscilla blushed and looked down: "I could but be a daughter," she said.

The words brought a sudden thought to the Alderman. "You could be that!" he said. "Why should you not? Why not, forsooth! You shall! At least I may get a grandson worth his salt! What say you, mistress, to taking my son for the debt I owe? He is a fool, I know, but a gilded fool, and without vice; I have seen to that."

Priscilla held the pen to her lips, as if she bit the feathers in thought. "Supposing," she said—and her voice was low, so that it seemed to her that she could hear her own heart beat above it—"supposing he won't take me?"

"Suppose no such thing!" the Alderman cried. "He shall take you if I say it. Do you give the word, and the thing is done. Were you the dustman's daughter, he should wed you at my bidding."

Priscilla turned away and put down the quill. "Very well," she said, "I give the word. I will take your son for my reward; but I am no dustman's daughter." She twisted about and faced him. "I am niece to Tobiah the Dissenter."

Whether it was obstinacy that kept old Ledbetter to his bargain, or whether Priscilla's self won some hold upon him, is not clear. Certain it is, however he may have faltered at one time, in the end he was pleased to go on with it; indeed, so fully decided was he to wed the girl to Michel, that he must go then and there to propound the match to Tobiah.

Priscilla tried to dissuade him from such hasty action; she knew that it were well to consider times and seasons in broaching some matters to her uncle. But the Alderman would not hear of delay; he could think of no reason for it, and Priscilla could not tell him of this one. So off he went to the Dissenter's, and off went Priscilla with him, inly praying that they might find Tobiah in a soft and yielding mood.

But the fates willed otherwise. When they came to the steep house, the good man was but lately in, and so but lately aware that Priscilla had escaped, and accordingly in a mood of stern righteousness. He was about to set forth to seek the girl when she appeared, and he hailed her return as that of a prisoner to justice. Alderman Ledbetter he thanked stiffly for having brought back the truant. He did not so much as ask him to come within doors, but stood on the step to hear what he had to say of Priscilla's doings. It was there, perforce, on the wooden stairs that led sideways to the street, that the Alderman had to speak of the alliance with which he proposed to honor the maid.

Priscilla had been bidden go within, but she stayed in the dark of the passage to listen; she drew bated breath while the Alderman spoke, and held it when Tobiah answered.

"Sir," so said the Dissenter, "I am obliged for the offer of your son, but I must beg leave to decline. My sister's child will not wed with one so much more wealthy than she, neither will she wed with any but one of her own creed—and not that until she has learned sundry things which, as yet, appear to be unknown to her."

There was a little noise behind him; Priscilla would have spoken, but he stood the more squarely in the doorway, so that she could not so much as look out. "If," said he, "she is purposed to sell herself for a silk gown, I am not so purposed, and I will explain the same to her. I have the honor to wish you a good-night."

And upon that he closed the door, leaving the Alderman to go home swearing, the which he did with great heat. Indeed, when he was within doors, he cursed himself, among others, for a fool, in that he had ever stooped to propose the match to a Ranter and an addlepate Dissenter, as he then called Tobiah. He vowed he would never again speak of it, or for a moment entertain the thought, no matter who prayed him. Yet he was not at all satisfied even with this vow. The girl had taken his fancy, and he deemed her suitable above any to be the mother to his grandson; moreover, it always pleased him ill to be thwarted. Accordingly he rampaged in his counting-house, and before bedtime, even, went to a room at the back of his house and took down a shutter.

"Curse you!" he said, shaking his fist at Tobiah's dark windows. "Curse you for a fool and an obstinate, high-stomached knave!" and he committed him to the care of the devil both here and hereafter.

In the meantime Tobiah set about his own affairs. When he shut the door upon Alderman Ledbetter, he was already determined as to what he would do; and when, afterwards, he talked with Priscilla, and learned that the proposed marriage was not only the Alderman's doing, but also Priscilla's earlier choice, he was the more determined. He was astonished at the duplicity of the girl, and at the way in which he had himself been beguiled; feeling that indeed the Lord had made women of strange stuff, that the old serpent should so be in them. The decision to which Tobiah came was that Priscilla should go to spend some toilsome months at the house of a worthy woman who lived some miles from the town. This not because he was himself unequal to the task of bringing her to reason, but because it were well to put some distance between one so willful and the object of her fancy. Also because at the house of this good woman she would be very constantly employed—a pretty and wholesome way of reducing both the spirit and the flesh.

Having settled this affair in his own mind, and having communicated the same to Priscilla with suitable reproofs, he ordered the maid to bed. After that he secured her chamber door on the outside (trusting to the Lord to protect her in the case of fire), and went out to seek the good woman before mentioned. At that time this sister was visiting relatives who lived by the river. She would leave for her own house on the morrow, so there was no time to be lost. Accordingly, although the evening was now advanced, Tobiah set out at a brisk pace for the house, where he arrived just before those within retired for the night.

Whether the business took long a-settling, or whether other matters, questions of doctrine and the like, came to be discussed, one cannot say; certain it is that the hour was very late when Tobiah left. Certain, also, that he scarcely heeded where he went; perhaps he was wrapt in thought, or perhaps in a state of holy exaltation—those with whom he had conversed were powerful and eloquent professors of his creed. However that may be, he did not pay much heed to his steps; and, what with the darkness, and the state of his own mind, and the unfamiliarity of the way, it befell that he stepped over the edge into a ditch or hole near the river.

There were more than one of such pitfalls hereabouts, some filled with mud, some water, some both. The one into which Tobiah fell had not more than a foot of water, but three of mud; and though there was little chance of drowning, there was none of getting out, and but little more of being pulled out before morning. This in itself would have had no terror for so stout a man as Tobiah: he would have chanted psalms the whole night with a good heart. The thing which troubled him was that his rescuer (when he came) was certain to be of the scoffers, who would not only mock him, but also his sect, inquiring rudely as to the cause—spiritual or spirituous—of the exaltation that had brought about his fall. Thinking on these things, Tobiah made the utmost efforts to get himself out. But it was useless; his feet were held tight in the miry clay, himself fast in the pit; the hole, small but deep, had sides over-straight for climbing and an edge over-high for reaching. There was nothing to be done but wait with what patience he might; therefore he waited, but silently, listening in case by any chance he should hear some person of respectability pass within hail.

It was while he thus waited that a certain stench was blown to his nostrils. He snuffed the air with his great nose, but at first could not tell what it was; then all at once it was borne in upon his mind that it was the odor of raw hides. He wondered how it might be, for all the riverside hereabouts was dark and quiet now; while he wondered there came the sound of steps. He lifted himself all he could, but still could not see over the edge, so he raised his voice and called with caution. The steps ceased; then one asked—

"Who calls?"

"It is I," Tobiah answered: "I have fallen into a pit and am stuck fast. Find a piece of rope and help me, I pray you."

The passer-by, thus adjured, fetched rope from some boat that lay near and came to the edge. But before he lent his assistance he looked over to see who might be below. The night was darkish, though not so dark but that Tobiah could see the face which looked over at him. A very white face it was: working among the hides had taxed Michel's stomach even more than the unusual strain had taxed his arms. It was because of this that Sampson Shore, the supervisor, had sent him from the hold a while, fearing lest he should grow too ill to continue till the end unless he had some breathing-space. Tobiah did not recognize the young man; he was not well enough acquainted with his face to see who he was at so unlikely a time and place. Michel, however, recognized him, and when he cast the rope the thought of Priscilla made the service sweet to him.

Deftly, but with effort, with admonitions from Tobiah and much pulling and hauling, the job was done. At last the Dissenter stood upon the edge once more; plastered with mud, and in unsavoriness second only to his rescuer, but safe and sound.

"Sir," said Tobiah, "I thank you: by the Lord's will you have rendered me a service this night."

"It is nothing," Michel answered, and made as if to let such trifles pass.

Tobiah looked at him straightly. "It was by misadventure that I found myself engulfed," he said: "the night was dark, the way strange."

"An accident that might happen to any," Michel answered.

Tobiah perceived that it was a young man of a proper nature, and was relieved. "If," he said, "there is a small service I can do at any time, command me: the servant of the Lord is not unmindful of favors received."

Michel thanked him, saying there was nothing he needed or indeed deserved, and they walked on together. For a little they were silent, but at last Michel made up his mind to speak. "I would like to tell you something of myself," he said; and Tobiah answered, "Why, certainly; tell what you like, young man; I will listen with patience, and give what counsel I may."

They seated themselves on some piled timbers, and Michel began to tell of his affairs, but awkwardly, being nervous, and missing many things which would have made the matter clear to Tobiah. He did not say his name, for he thought the Dissenter must know him; and he did not say Priscilla's, being shy as a girl of speaking it aloud. Thus it came about that Tobiah heard but a garbled tale.

"It seems," said the good man at last, "that your father would have you wed with one and you would wed with another? Your father's choice is doubtless the wise one."

"But," Michel protested, "my father has made no choice; he cares not who the maid is, or what like, so long as she is well dowered, and not of the Dissenters."

"Is the maid of your choice of the Dissenters?" Tobiah asked.

Michel nodded. "She is—" he began; and paused, finding it hard to speak of so holy a thing.

But while he stopped to choose his words to say what she was, Tobiah broke in. "Marry her," he cried, slapping his hand down upon the timbers. "Marry her, I say, and the blessing of the Lord be upon it! I do not altogether hold with this wooing and wedding and loving and marrying that turn folks crazy, but there are times and seasons when it is comely enough, and I say, marry this maiden of the Dissenters."

Michel looked up in surprise. "Oh, sir," he said, "how can I thank you!"

He did not even then know that he had drawn Tobiah's opinion unfairly; he believed truly that he could now easily win the Dissenter's consent to the match, so he thanked him warmly.

But Tobiah partook of the nature of the good Samaritan, and was never willing to leave unhelped any cause that he deemed to need help, even though the worldly and reprobate might say that he stirred in other men's pots. Accordingly he was not content to give advice only; he said that he would himself help in this affair, should his aid be required.

Michel thanked him even more warmly, and would no doubt have unfolded the whole business to him if the striking of some distant clock had not just then reached his ears and recalled him to work.

"May I speak with you to-morrow?" he said, rising. "I must go to the ship now; it is my father's will that I help to unload the hides."

He turned about as he spoke, as if to set forth in the opposite direction.

Tobiah rose too. "Your father?" he said, and some inkling of the truth began to come in his mind. "Who is your father?"

"Alderman Ledbetter," Michel said over his shoulder. "You know him; he lives close to your house. I will come to-morrow, when work is done; I can slip in unobserved." And with a "good-night" he hurried away.

But Tobiah stood where he was. "Alderman Ledbetter," he said to himself—"Alderman Ledbetter!" And again: "Michel Ledbetter—Michel and Priscilla!" and it seemed that the names were like buckets of cold water poured upon him.

Truly the ways of the Lord are past finding out, and His dealings with some of His servants wondrous strange at times.

It was in this way that it came about that another besides Alderman Ledbetter spent but an ill night. The Dissenter did not swear as did the Alderman, but he wrestled mightily with himself and the Lord, sorely puzzled what to do, and also in his heart somewhat hot against Ledbetter. Verily Tobiah was in a strait place. He had counseled a young man to wed the maid of his choice in despite of his father; he had even offered to lend his help, and behold, the maid was his own niece, whom he had that night refused! He could not tell what would be right to do: to refuse the maid, and so give occasion for the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme—for Michel so enraged might spread foolish tales of the misadventure at the pit, and also he would certainly mistake Tobiah's motives; or to give the maid, and so put a stumbling-block in the way of some, for Priscilla would then deem her deception justified and crowned with success. Also the Alderman would think that he had abased the servant of the Lord, and that he was truckling to him and Mammon, should Tobiah go to him praying him to take the girl for his son. The matter was one of difficulty, and Tobiah, when he reached his house, looked from a window at the back towards the dwelling of the Alderman. "Good Lord," he prayed, "deal Thou with the man and his money-bags; deal justly, but forget not even his minor offenses."

IV.

HOW MICHEL LEDBETTER AND PRISCILLA WERE MARRIED

The wedding of Michel Ledbetter and Priscilla, the niece of Tobiah the Dissenter, was in this manner: Early one May morning the maid set forth from her uncle's house. She had not yet been bestowed with the good woman aforementioned; Tobiah had deemed it wiser to wait. Early that morning she set forth in her cotton gown and week-day bonnet for a church that lay on the outskirts of the town. Thither also went Michel Ledbetter in his work-a-day clothes. They met before the church porch was reached, so that they went in together, hand in hand like two children, who, half fearful and half glad, enter some holy place.

Together they knelt at the altar steps, together listened to the words the good vicar read, and together set their names to the musty register, and so were made man and wife. Thus and thus only did each feel to be safe from other wooing. None should know it, so they planned; they must wait for time to bring them together, but in this wedding they would possess the sweet, sure certainty of each other's love. So they thought as they walked down the church together, stepping among the fretted lights and shadows that the sun cast upon the pavement; at the doorway looking back at the tall pillars and the dusty windows and the walls where hung tablets to dead folk who had lived and loved long ago. They paused and looked, then they turned to each other, and Michel kissed the maid with the reverence of lover, not the mastery of husband; and she, shy and trusting, yet wholly glad, yielded her lips to his. Afterwards, still hand in hand, they stepped out into the spring sunshine, and the busy world that was stirring to work.

But outside the church, as they came down the steps, two suddenly approached them. From the right side of the church came Alderman Ledbetter, little and shriveled; from the left Tobiah the Dissenter, gaunt and tall. In amazement the young couple stopped, and the two came together on the step below.

"Sir?" said the Alderman.

"Sir?" said Tobiah.

"For what are you here?" asked the one.

"For what you?" asked the other.

Then Michel cried, "Father!" and stretched out a hand to the Alderman.

But Priscilla faced Tobiah, standing still. "You are too late," said she.

"Not too late, but just in time," came a voice from behind; and, looking about, she saw the parson in the doorway. "Your pardon, sirs," he said, "but since I too have had a part in this matter, it were perhaps as well for me to speak. 'Tis a runaway match, it is true, but since from each of you separately I had private news of consent, I thought neither would be angered if the thing were done. Now that these two are wedded, according to your wishes, it seems that you are just in time to give your blessing, to kiss the bride and wish the groom joy."

For a second no one moved, then Tobiah stepped forward. "Sir," he said to the Alderman, "I ask your pardon; I have been a fool and obstinate, blinded with pride."

"Tut!" the Alderman answered, "it was I." Then he put his arm about Priscilla and kissed her soundly. "Heh, Sauciness," he said, "trust a woman to find a way!"

The while Tobiah observed to Michel, "I am glad that you had the wisdom to follow my counsel of a surety it was good."

Of this wedding, planned by the young couple but discovered and secretly assisted separately by their elders, not one concerned afterwards repented. Michel and Priscilla loved each other truly and dearly to the end of their days. The Alderman, perhaps, was a greater gainer than Tobiah, for he took the pair to live with him, and so really got himself a daughter. But it was undoubtedly some gain to the Dissenter to have the maiden well and happily disposed of, for it was clear that he was not in every way fitted to cope with one both fair and willful; moreover, he had over-many calls upon his time for a family man.

Thus did Priscilla go Maying, and thus did Tobiah the Dissenter gain a victory over the devil. For what greater devil is there than pride, and what greater victory than the mastery of a man's own weakness?

"In Tentationem"

By Baroness von Hutten

Author of "Our Lady of the Beeches"

THROUGH the purplish-brown of the winter birch branches gleamed the rain-washed white of the slim trunks.

Beyond, the gradual hill spread away, spring-green, chocolate, and dead yellow in clean-cut sections.

Then the mountain, mistily splendid in its December hues, plum-colored where the beeches grow, and mossy-green where the narrow pine forest stretches to the summit to meet more beeches, a rough fringe sharp drawn against the glaring yellow of the sky.

The air was damp and cold down by the quiet river where the ragged flags waved and twisted huskily.

The church door was open, and out of the dusk came the young priest, accompanied by a little boy whose uncouth little face wore an expression of chastened delight as he rang the bell.

"He's going at last," said the baker, turning from his window to speak to his wife in the back room. "There goes the sacrament, in the name of the Father and of the Son—"

The sound of the bell was very distinct in the evening stillness.

A girl with curly red hair stopped her work at the village pump and crossed herself as the priest passed.

The pig-herd, coming home with the pigs of the Commune, withdrew his flock into a lane to make way, cursing the refractory members as he took off his cap.

The priest's face was towards the keen glow of the west. A rough, honest face, with thick, sensual lips and a low brow. As he drew near the cottage where the dying woman lay, a woman passed, her eyes fixed on him. He paled suddenly, but went on into the house, into the stuffy, low room, and knelt by the bed.

He had seen her, and saw her still, as he administered the sacrament. Her rosy, round face with the curving red lips—and there were feathers in her hat, and she carried a black fur muff.

When he stumbled down the steps again, the evening light had faded and the west was filled by a great gray cloud.

At the church door stood a child.

"If you please, Herr Pfarrer, there's a lady who wants to confess."

His thick brows met fiercely, and then with a sigh he went into the darkness of his little church.

A few minutes later he sat in the confessional.

"Confiteor Deo omnipotens—"

Through the half-drawn curtain he could see her curving profile against the rosy light of the lamp in front of the altar.

Hurriedly she told her tale. It was what he had known before, but in silence he listened until she paused.

Then, before he could speak, she went on in a different voice: "And so, now that I have decided to marry, Herr Pfarrer—he is a very good man, a master sausage-maker—I thought that I must come and confess to you."

"It makes no difference to whom one confesses," he began, but she broke in with a little laugh:

"Oh, yes, it does. To *me*. I always knew that there was no one like you, Anton—Herr Pfarrer, and, after all, it was mostly your fault, you know."

Her voice, rather deep, with a husky edge to it, recalled so many things.

"It was just such an evening," she went on, peering at him, "that I saw you last. Do you remember? It was on the Main-wiesen, and you—kissed me!"

"Be silent!" he cried, sternly.

"But you did! Even though you were going to be a priest. Ah, Anton, if you only had not—yes, I will stop. I know. I will go back to Frankfort and marry the Oskar. I *do* repent my sins, and perhaps the holy Mother of God will forgive me."

She buried her face in her muff, and,

after a short silence, he gave her absolution. Then, without speaking, he opened the door of the confessional and walked out of the church, his footfalls ringing as though he had been shod with iron.

An hour later he reached the monastery in the Beechwood, where the Holy Picture is. Pulling the chain at the door, he leaned heavily against the cross of one of the two thieves, and wiped his forehead with his icy hand.

The door opened and one of the brothers appeared in the lighted square.

"Grüss Gott, Herr Pfarrer! You—so late!"

"Yes," said the other man, stumbling past him. "I have come to confess myself."

Spanish Painting[1]

THE sensitive instrument used by Signor Marconi, with its marvelous wireless transmission of messages, needs to be in perfect accord on all points with the transmitter in the hands of the sender of the message. So, aptly says Mr. Williamson, does the mind of the Velasquez student need to accord, not only with the spirit of the artist's period, but also with his intention. Without this accord Velasquez's pictures might appear to some pretentious and formal. As a matter of fact, they are as simple, sincere, and dignified as he himself was both in purpose and manner. With surprising realism, yet with truest art, they are full of the grave dignity of the Spanish court as it existed in the seventeenth century. They are masterly in modeling; they are marvelous in decorative effect; and they alone of all Spanish pictures *paint the mind.* Mr. Williamson's biography is especially valuable to the student of art because it gives just emphasis to this last and vital point; as he says, "We can understand the very thoughts of Philip IV. as we gaze at the portraits painted by his noble servant and devoted friend." It cannot be too often reiterated that, while other artists excelled in other fields, the portraits of Velasquez are more than excellent likenesses; they are exact indexes to the character of the persons represented.

Velasquez and Murillo were men who thoroughly respected each other's appreciations. Both had been stirred by the works of the great Italians and Flemings which Charles IV. had introduced into Spain. Both were inspired by the same aspiration to excel, each in his own special field of painting—an enthusiasm which had brought the young Murillo hundreds of miles on foot from Seville to sit at the feet of the great Velasquez, then at the very summit of his fame. The two were quickly bound by a common enthusiasm for art. The instinct of Velasquez had already led him to become the painter of the mind. More emotional, Murillo's instinct led him to become the painter of the Roman Catholic faith.

Outside of Spain neither Velasquez nor Murillo can be properly appreciated either in the majesty or in the variety of their powers. Velasquez was not only a delineator of human character, he was also a great genre, landscape, and animal painter. As to Murillo, it is a pity that the illustrations in Mr. Williamson's excellent biography include none of the canvases exhibited in Seville and Madrid nor the familiar Madonna of the Louvre.

We are apt to think of Murillo especially with regard to his representations of the Madonna. Apparently no artist ever lived whose mariolatry was so strong. In addition, he painted at a time when the strength of the Madonna dogma in Spain had become noteworthy, although it was not yet an official article of faith in the Roman Catholic world. It approached so nearly thereto, however, that no one was allowed to preach or speak anything contrary to it—indeed, when Murillo established his school, he would not accept any member who did not subscribe to the Divine Presence, the Holy Sacrament, and the pure conception of the Madonna. Thus to Murillo his academy was not only a school of art, it was also a school of religion. To it he gave free instruction, and, while he lived, it flourished; he drew many pupils to him, whose affection he won by unfailing courtesy and patience; but when he died the academy went to pieces; its successors had neither the personal character, the noble aspiration for art, nor the fervent religious spirit of their master.

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[1] *Velasquez.* By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Murillo. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Madonna pictures are Murillo's chief representatives outside of Spain. The best are appealingly spiritual, but we must admit that reason exists for the criticism that the poorest are oversweet, sometimes even to insipidity. Hence it is unfortunate that Murillo's more virile work is so little known. His vigorously brilliant subject-pictures, especially those painted toward the end of his life, are characterized, as Mr. Williamson justly says, by a "wondrous misty golden haze," and are as well "the frankest and the most truthful expressions of the life of the people ever painted."

One needs to go to Spain to realize that a marked characteristic both of Velasquez and of Murillo was their passionate love of their country. They have reproduced its brilliant light, its glorious color, and the soft rich depth of its shadows, and they have reproduced Spanish life as have no others. Their pictures of that life are exquisitely and wholesomely sensuous.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Big Jack and Other True Stories of Horses. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 181 pages. 75c., net.

Bishop's English (The): A Series of Criticisms. By George Washington Moon, Hon. F.R.S.L. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×6 in. 186 pages. $1.25, net.

Cavalry Horse and His Pack (The). By First Lieutenant John J. Boniface, Fourth Cavalry. Illustrated. Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Child's Letters to Her Husband (A). By Helen Watterson Moody. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 125 pages. $1.25.

These letters, from a little girl to her imaginary husband of the future, are deliciously naïve and childlike. To the author double thanks are due, first for the charming bit of entertainment she has afforded us; secondly, because she has known when to stop, giving us just enough and not too much of the delicately and seemingly unconscious humor.

Cities of India. By G. W. Forrest, C.I.E. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 354 pages. $3.50, net.

Fifteen cities are taken up one by one and described historically and with reference to their present condition. Reproduced photographs help tell the story. The tragedies of native rule, the great architectural monuments of faith or superstition, the incidents of the Great Mutiny, and much else invest these city-histories with thrill and romance. The author's style is conscientious rather than thrilling.

City of Is and Other Poems. By Frederick Milton Willis. Mercury Press, San Francisco, Cal. 5×7 in. 122 pages. $1.

Enlargement of Life (The). By Frederick Lynch. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 188 pages. $1, net.

A volume of short sermons of exceptional power. Its underlying thought is the increasing divinity of lives which nurture and expand the divine essence in our own souls.

General Zoölogy. By Charles Wright Dodge, M.S. Illustrated. American Book Co., New York. 5×8 in. 512 pages.

Heart of Hyacinth (The). By Onoto Watanna. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 251 pages. $2, net.

A pretty and tenderly sentimental love story of Japan, written in the author's now well-known vein. The volume is illustrated in colors, and every page has marginal drawings by Kiyokichi Suno. Evidently the holiday season is in the publishers' minds, and it is safe to say that the book will be largely used for gift purposes.

How to Beat Game. By Garrett Brown. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4×7 in. 117 pages.

Illustrations for Sermons or Helps to Effective Preaching. By Clarence Edgar Rice. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 211 pages. $1, net.

Into All the World. By Amos R. Wells. Illustrated. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass. 5×7½ in. 231 pages. 50c.

Jeffersonian Democracy. By John R. Dunlap. The Jeffersonian Society, 120 Liberty St., New York. 5×8 in. 479 pages.

Le Petite Robinson de Paris. By Madame Eugénie Foa. Edited by Louise de Bonneville. American Book Company, New York. 5×7 in. 155 pages.

Life of Benvenuto Cellini (The). Written by Himself. Translated out of the Italian by Anne Macdonnell. The Temple Autobiographies. Two vols. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 273 and 243 pages. $2.50, net.

The reappearance of this standard autobiography calls for no further notice than a comment on the form and making of the books, which are extremely tasteful in cover design, with long page, clearly printed. The translation from the Italian is new, and comes from the hand of Anne Macdonnell, who also furnishes an introduction, which may be regarded as a biography of the autobiography as well as a brief and comprehensive characterization of the genius of the artist. The volumes contain a series of reproductions of portraits, and the quality of the portrait-printing as well as of the binding of these volumes gives them a touch of distinction.

Life-Work of George Frederick Watts, R.A. (The). By Hugh Macmillan. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 302 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Little Comrade: The Story of a Cat and Other Animal Stories. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 192 pages. 75c., net.

Madame Chrysanthème. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Laura Ensor. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 335 pages. $1.25.

A prettily illustrated and decorated edition of Pierre Loti's now almost classical tale of Japanese life and sentiment. Some of the pictures are poorly printed.

Masterpieces of Latin Literature. Edited by Gordon Jennings Laing, Ph.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 496 pages.

One is glad to have in translation and in collected form these famous passages from Cicero, Cæsar, Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Tacitus, and Livy, and the less familiar excerpts from Terence, Lucretius, Martial, Petronius, and others. Professor Laing's Introduction offers an outline of the tendencies of Latin literature.

Monna Vanna. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexis Irenée du Pont Coleman. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8 in. 144 pages.

This is distinctly the most effective and striking piece of dramatic work which Maeterlinck has written. It shows a radical departure from the method of his earlier dramas, which were dramas of the mind rather than of the stage, psychological studies very subtly worked out—subjective rather than objective in character. "Monna Vanna," on the other hand, is a real drama. There are action in the progression of events, a very striking climax, and development of character. The theme is a difficult and dangerous one, but it is handled throughout with great delicacy and restraint. As an acting play everything would depend upon the spirit and insight of the actors. It might be made very offensive, and it might be interpreted on such a plane as to throw the sensuous suggestion into the background and the element of sacrifice and devotion into the foreground. Maeterlinck has written nothing so admirable from a dramatic point of view. It is full of beautiful passages and shows both psychological and dramatic insight of a very high order.

Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant (The). D. Appleton & Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 418 pages. $2, net.

The Roslyn Edition, which is issued in one substantial, well-made volume, contains chronologies of Bryant's life and poems, a bibliography of his writings by Mr. Henry C. Sturgis, and a memoir of his life by Richard Henry Stoddard. It includes all the work which had been collected by the poet before his death and all since collected by his literary executor. It justifies its claim to be accepted as the most complete one-volume edition of Bryant's works, presenting as it does more than fifty poems not heretofore collected in any one-volume edition. The chronology of the poet's life and the bibliography of both his prose and poetical writings are the result of very careful research by Mr. Sturgis, and constitute one of the most valuable features of the edition, occupying about one-fifth of the pages of the volume. Mr. Stoddard's memoir is succinct and very readable.

Romance of Old New England Churches (The). By Mary C. Crawford. Little Pilgrimages Series. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 378 pages.

To the ordinary reader this little volume is especially restful and attractive. It does not offer a history of the old churches in New England, nor is it a detailed account of the influence of the New England clergy in the pre-Revolutionary period and afterwards. Instead, from these pages the reader should gain the conviction that our colonial churches are of priceless merit, architecturally and historically; secondly, that their parsons were no prigs. In other words, the story-side of our old meeting-houses and ministers is interestingly presented. At the close of the volume, the author describes a modern building and man in the description of Trinity Church, Boston, and of its most famous rector, Phillips Brooks.

Sir Walter Raleigh. By I. A. Taylor. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 214 pages. $1, net.

Simple and clear in style, this compact life of Raleigh may be commended for its sense of proportion as well as for its readable quality.

Wingtown Parson's Linen Duster (The). By Isabella Pierpont Hopkins. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 89 pages. 30c., net.

Young Pretender (The). By Charles Sanford Terry. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 222 pages. $1, net.

The romantic adventures of "Prince Charlie," the darling of Jacobite novel and ballad, are put well to the front in this brief but readable biography. For one who wants to get the personality of the Young Pretender in an hour or two's reading, nothing better has been written. There are several admirable portraits.

Correspondence

New England Ideals

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In an article on "The Making of Americans" is this sentence: "Down in the foreign quarters on the East Side of New York there is more evidence of sheer delight in the beautiful than can be discovered in all the annals of conscientious New England."

The writer of this article contrasts the "annals of New England" with the social or domestic condition of illiterate foreigners who now crowd the East Side of New York to show the superiority of the latter over the former as to love of the beautiful. A rather singular ground to take for comparisons, to say the least. "A fiddle," "a bit of colored cloth," "a little puppet show," are the results given of the writer's observation of this love of the beautiful. I have my summer home in the "Old Colony," twelve miles from Plymouth. The whole country about is full of old New England. I chose it because it brought to my mind and to my children what old New England was and what their inheritance is in their ancestral associations. If one thing more than another impresses me as the months and years go by, it is the love of the beautiful which must have been a part of their character.

Were these rocks cleared from the fields and piled into stone fences which are to-day the wonder and admiration of all who love beauty and strength in one of their best combinations and most artistic forms; were these graceful curves in the roads which have been so carefully preserved; were these beautiful elm-trees which are one of the distinctive glories of New England, planted or transplanted in double rows on many of its choicest avenues; was the colonial style of house which we are reproducing as well as we can—were all these and many more such permanent and abiding indications of the true and beautiful, evidences of a race who were "flat Nothing" as to any ideas of the beautiful? The glory of our ancestry in New England is that, with so little to attract and encourage in the possibilities of the soil and nothing but the wilderness before them, they succeeded, by a supreme faith in God and in themselves as having been planted here—and by an indomitable energy and pluck that no nation of Southern Europe ever dreamed of—in making the rocks and sandy shores of New England things of beauty and the environments of a civilization such as the world never saw before. Beauty and strength were wonderfully mated in their characters and work, and they brought a godliness from England and a cleanliness from Holland that have made and ever will make the old New England home a thing of beauty and a joy forever in memory.

We do not envy the Italian immigrant his conception of beauty in "the fiddle, the colored cloth, and the puppet show." New England men and women were not built of such stuff as that, and their descendants have no wish to copy from the illiterate immigrants from southern Europe their conception of beauty, or learn any lesson in that direction from them. Rather let us educate them so that some day they will know and appreciate "the true and the beautiful" as illustrated in New England character and recited in New England annals.

JAMES M. W. HALL.

The Grand Jury System

To the Editors of The Outlook:

From time to time there is talk at the Bar Associations and sometimes by the Judges themselves of abolishing the grand jury as a useless relic of a former age of jurisprudence. But twice within the past year it has been demonstrated that it has not outgrown its usefulness, and that it can be made an instrument for the ferreting out of crime and bringing evildoers to justice. Circuit Attorney Joseph W. Folk, of St. Louis, would have been seriously handicapped, if not defeated, in his prosecution of boodlers if it had not been for the existence and assistance of the grand jury. A courageous prosecuting officer, backed up by an equally courageous grand jury, becomes an irresistible force for decency and honesty, and the experience of St. Louis affords a striking illustration. The grand jury there has not hesitated to send for witnesses and papers wherever there was a doubt as to the honesty and legality of a transaction, and where the former proved recalcitrant, and refused to answer for fear of incriminating themselves, gave them the choice of furnishing the evidence or being indicted. This course has proved most effective, and as a consequence the whole corrupt system of franchise granting and grabbing has been laid bare, and a steady stream of indicted and convicted criminals, taken alike from the bribe-givers and the bribe-takers, is on the road to the penitentiary. The experience of Minneapolis is equally in point. It had been known for a considerable time that things were going wrong in the Police Department, but until the grand jury took the matter up, the possibility of convicting offenders was regarded as doubtful. The jury, under the foremanship of an energetic and level-headed business man who was willing to give his personal time and attention to the matter, went into the whole situation, and, like the St. Louis jury, ferreted out the whole corrupt system of police complicity with vice. The net result of its work: the conviction of the Chief of Police and several other officials, the virtual driving out of the city of the Mayor, who was the responsible head of the department, and, after his departure, a general house-cleaning and reorganization of the police force, with a strong and well-known man at its head as acting Mayor. The municipal machinery of Minneapolis, or that part of it connected with police administration, has never been so completely overhauled. The other departments of the city have been well managed, and do not come under the ban of the former Ames administration. In Philadelphia the grand jury served a similar end, and indicted, at the suggestion of the then District Attorney, John Weaver, and without any previous prosecution or binding over, the local school directors subsequently convicted of soliciting and accepting pay for the election of teachers.

Clinton Rogers Woodruff.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Patronage and Settlements

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. André Siegfried, in his article "Why the French Have No Settlements," printed by The Outlook for August 22, mentions personal patronage on the part of the residents as one of the principal features of the Anglo-Saxon settlements. To this intimation regarding the attitude of the settlement toward its neighborhood it seems proper to protest, at least as to the fact in this country. For here as well as in Paris a settlement that stood for personal patronage would fail in its purpose; and, particularly, the point of view for which our settlements stand is neither to do for another nor to get him to do for us, but rather to know our neighbor and to work *with* him.

Walter Vose Gulick,

Ex-Resident Chicago Commons.

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the interesting article by Miss Fallows entitled "The Practical Religion of the College Girl," which was published in the issue of The Outlook for August 1, I find this statement: "Holyoke, so far, is the only woman's college which has found it best to accept the strictly evangelical basis which makes affiliation with this body [the American Committee—*not* the World's Student Federation] possible."

Taking account of the women's colleges in New York and New England only, Radcliffe College, Pembroke Hall (Brown University), Barnard College, and Wells College may all be mentioned as having Young Women's Christian Associations on the evangelical basis and affiliated with the American Committee. The Young Women's Christian Association has been organized at Radcliffe for seven years and should be mentioned as a strong center of religious life in the College.

Alice B. Cook,

Chairman of Student Committee, Young Women's Christian Associations of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

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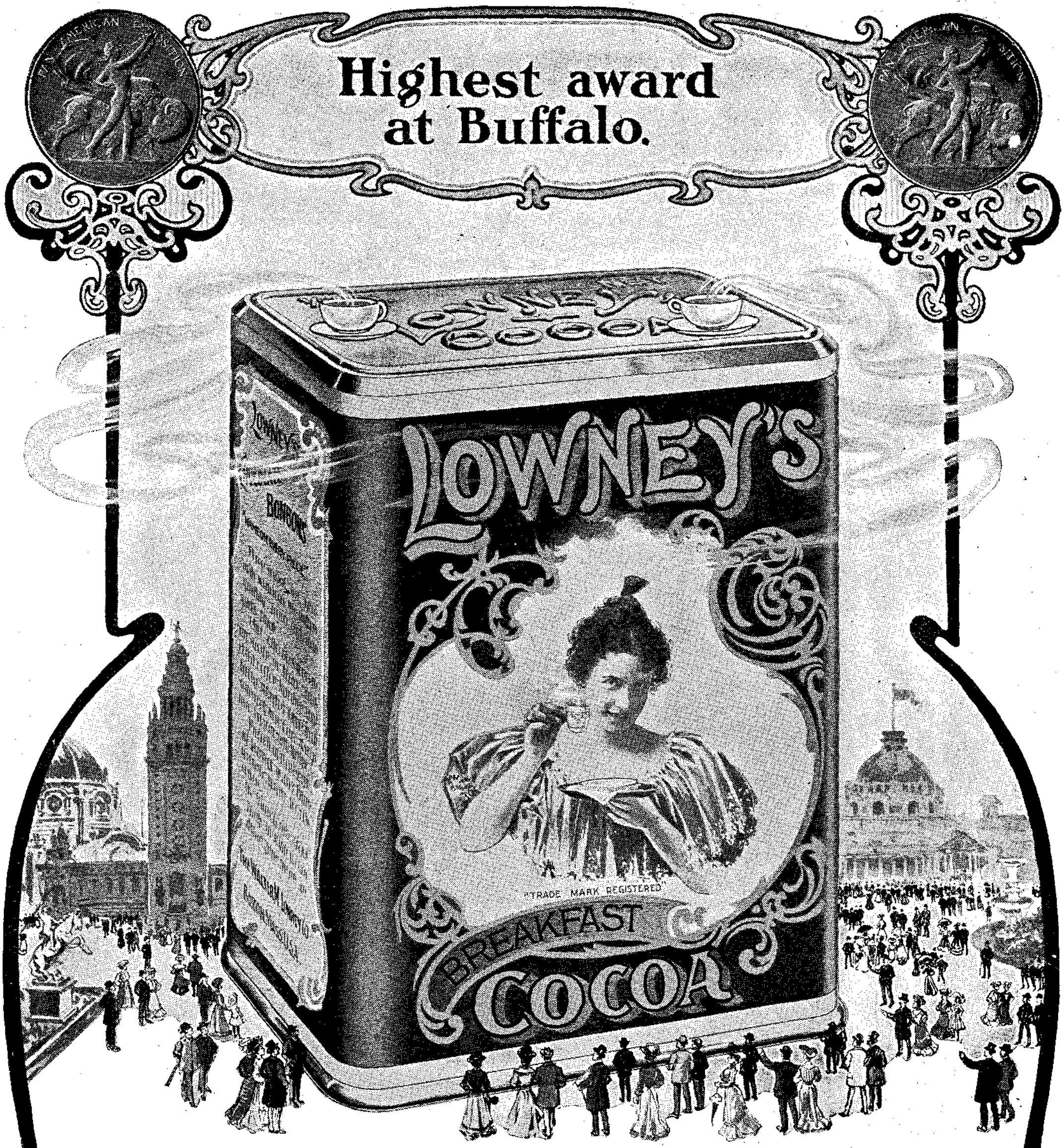
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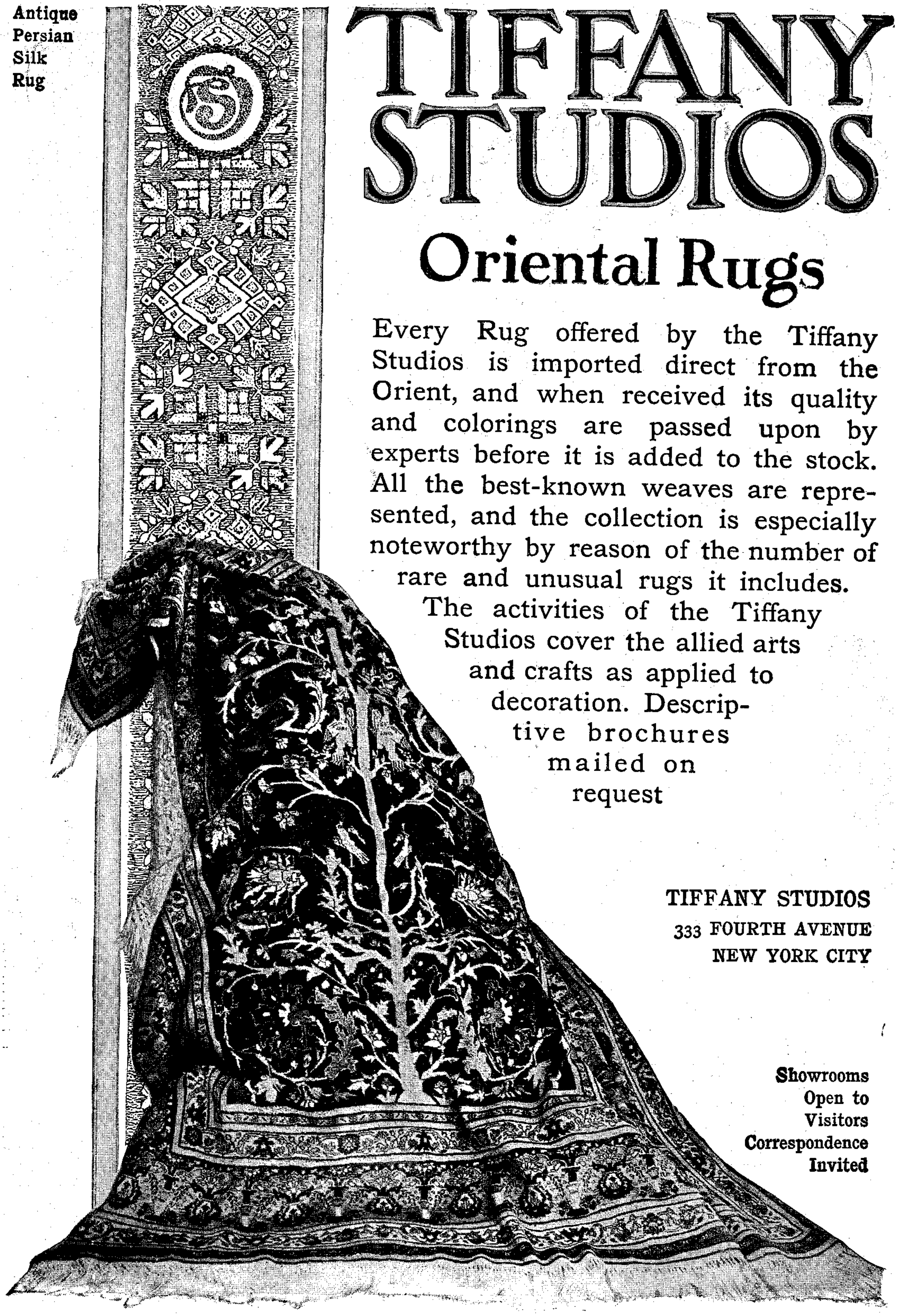

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